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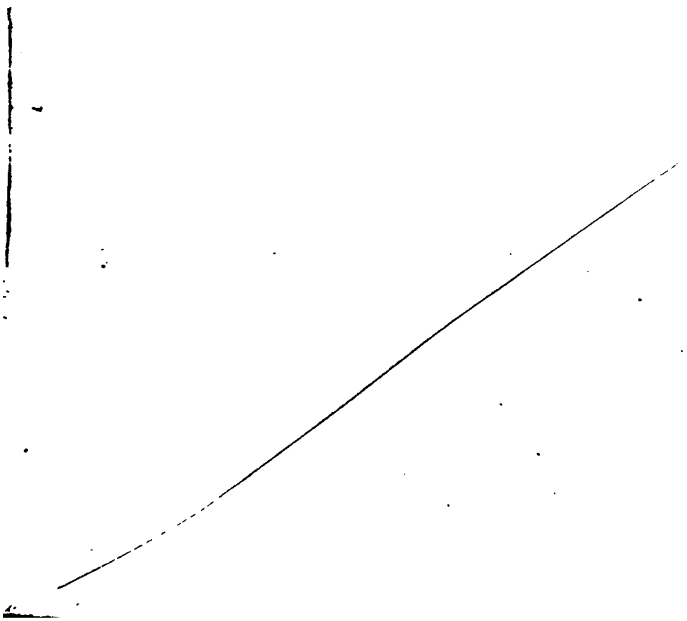

Alfred De Vigny.

CINQ-MARS:

OR

A CONSPIRACY UNDER LOUIS XIII.

An Historical Romance.

BY

COUNT ALFRED DE VIGNY,

OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE NINTH PARIS EDITION,

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

LONDON:

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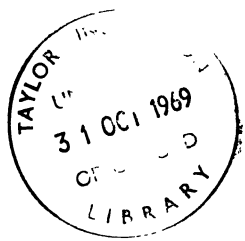
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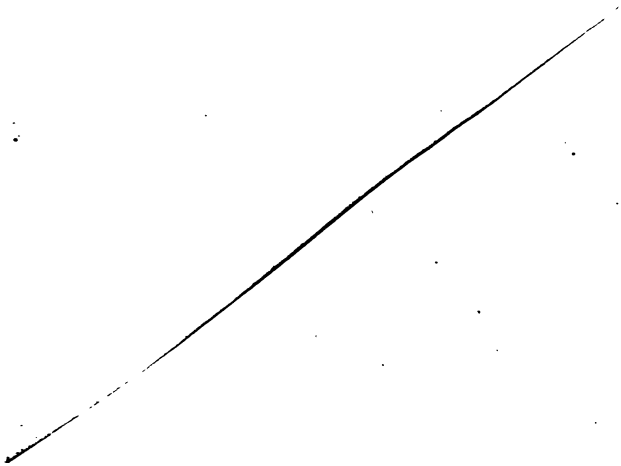

young de Vigny received a commission in the red household musketeers. Every one knows that in the hundred days, the red companies attended Louis XVIII. to the frontier; M. de Vigny went with them, and during fourteen years service, destiny willed that this should be his first and only campaign. In 1816 the red companies were disbanded, and he passed into the infantry of the guard. Then began the disenchantment of the warlike gentleman; he had dreamed of the field of battle—he found the Champ de Mars; for a camp, he had the barracks, and the parade instead of a battle field. As a boy, he had seen himself entering vanquished towns as a conqueror; as a soldier, he had to carry an inoffensive sabre from garrison to garrison.

Not finding in the trade of arms what he sought there —war, M. de Vigny turned towards poetry, or rather, he felt then, what he expressed at a later period, that he had taken a youthful flame for an irresistible vocation; that his first career had been a mistake; that into an entirely active life he carried a wholly contemplative nature; that he was born a poet, and that he was wrong in having become a soldier; and yet he waited a long time, not venturing for honour's sake to quit the sword, fearing lest the day of his resignation should be the eve of a campaign. In 1823 he passed into the line, hoping that it would at last be permitted him to burn powder in Spain; fate denied him this favour; he was fain to accompany an expedition with sheathed swords, cantoned in the Pyrenees; and the only trophies he brought back were two of his poems, "Dolorida" and "Le Deluge." At last, two years after his marriage, which took place in 1826, he determined upon ridding himself of the prosaic gorget, and for ever to lay aside his epaulettes of captain of infantry, so tediously and painfully acquired.

During the interval, the wings of his muse had grown; poetry gained ground, and his verse ran more freely from

the more developed source. In the year 1822, there was certainly not in the whole French army an officer of three-and-twenty like him. While all that vain, smoking, gambling, fighting youth crowded to the taverns round the billiard tables, or such places, the poet, altogether out of his place, grave and thoughtful, would walk apart for a portion of the day, with a few old officers of the empire, men of stooping backs and grey moustaches, soldiers of fortune, sons of the sword, silent and cold as Trappists before presumptuous sub-lieutenants, stuffed with pseudo-science, but kindly open and conversive with this young companion in arms, who venerated their manly character, gave a serious and eager attention to their rough stories, beautified by truth, and loved them as Desdemona loved Othello, for the dangers they had faced. At night, M. de Vigny would return to his solitary room, open his Bible or Homer, murmur a few fragments of André Chénier, published by M. de Chateaubriand in the *Génie du Christianisme;* and in proportion as the beloved night mounted the heavens, the poetic inspiration descended into his soul, diffused itself in harmonious waves, and he wrote his poems—strange poems for the period, and which one would imagine far rather to have grown under the gown of some young, fervent, simple, thoughtful Benedictine, than under the shako of a sub-lieutenant.[1] Not that his poems do not

[1] I have had communicated to me a letter of M. de Vigny written about this period, or rather, two years later, at the end of 1824, from Pau, where he was garrisoned. At this time he had already published some of his poetry. The letter I speak of is chiefly upon political matters. Upon them the young officer expresses very decided royalist ideas, but it closes with a few lines far more valuable to me, inasmuch as they plainly show the disposition of mind which I have mentioned above. 'My Bible,' he here says, 'and some English prints follow me about like my *penates*, and here, as everywhere else, I pass regularly from my sword to my pen. I know nothing of Paris, where, I am told, they have excommunicated me, as I predicted to you, and yet I work just the same as though I were to be read; every one has his illusions and his wants.'"

partake of the general movement which then began to draw men's minds into the paths of idealism; that they may not, up to a certain point, be named in connexion with the early inspirations of Lamartine and Victor Hugo; but there is in them a certain character of strangeness in the form, something elaborately negligent, a certain vagueness which leaves the soul unsatisfied, though gently moved, softly lulled. With the exception of a few poems, such as *Eloa*, *Moïse*, and *Héléna*, which are complete and finished creations, most of the pieces that form the collection of M. de Vigny have reference to fugitive thoughts, suddenly caught, and immediately framed into a brief drama; we feel that the inspiration was abundant, but that the poet was unwilling to give it all its development, in fear of its losing its freshness; they are so many epopees in the rudimental state, admirable sketches, but still only sketches.

Let us rapidly glance over them in the order of their production: *Symetha*, which is dated 1815 (the poet was then sixteen), is a Greek elegy in the manner of André Chénier; it is a reminiscence of the *blanche neere*.

> "Neere, ne va pas te confier aux flots
> De peur d'être deésse," etc., etc.

said Chénier.

> "Je vais mourir, hélas! Symétha s'est fiée
> Aux flots profonds; l'Attique est par elle oubliée,"

says M. de Vigny; there is the same antique perfume in the thought and form, but it is imitation: M. de Vigny is not yet himself; the same may be said of *la Dryade*, of *le Bain*, of *la Somnambule*, and some other pieces which belong to this first period of the life of the poet. *Moïse* flows from another source of inspirations. Despite its biblical title, Moses is an entirely modern psychological study, full of daring and depth. The nothingness of power, the painful isolation of genius, walking sad and

solitary in his glory, which can neither love nor be loved, and which would *sleep the sleep of the earth*, such is the idea that M. de Vigny has developed in beautiful verses: in this pious and precocious instinct of the secret sorrows of genius struggling with itself, awaiting the time when it shall appear to the poet struggling with the external world, we may already see the dawn of *Stello*. *La Fille de Jephté*, the grand and magnificent scene of the *Deluge*, *la Femme adultère*, glitter with that profusion of images peculiar to the biblical genius; the opening of the last piece reminds me of the beautiful verses of the *Moïse* of M. de Chateaubriand; the similarity of ideas and form is so much the more striking from its being purely fortuitous, for the *Moïse*, composed, I believe, at this time, (1819) did not appear until much later. *Dolorida* is the most beautiful of all the little dramas of two hundred verses, so much loved by M. de Vigny, and which he has reproduced in *M. de Soubise la Neige*, *le Cor*, and some other pieces. Dolorida, meditated at the foot of the Pyrenees, is a jealous Spaniard; her husband deceives her, he is at the feet of another; she waits for him, he returns to implore her pardon before dying, for he feels himself consumed by an unknown flame that circulates through his veins. She listens to him patiently, and he!

> "Oh! parle; mon cœur fuit, quitte ce dur langage.
> Qu'un regard—Mais quel est ce blanchâtre breuvage,
> Que tu bois à longs traits et d'un air insensé?
> —Le reste du poison qu'hier je t'ai versé."

With this matter others would have composed a thick book; M. de Vigny has painted a delicious miniature, somewhat incomplete, perhaps, for the transitions are abrupt, but still full of life and action, pure, harmonious, irreproachable as to form, with the exception of two paraphrases, which appear to me somewhat far-fetched, one implying *chemise* and the other *pendule*.

I now come to *Eloa*, M. de Vigny's poetical chef-

d'œuvre, which dates from the same year 1823, and which was composed in the Vosges: Eloa has often been compared with the *Messiah* of Klopstock; I could never myself understand what connexion there could be between an immense poem, brilliant in parts, but unequal, devoid of unity and *ensemble*—sometimes spun out in incomprehensible pathos and lost in endless prolixities, like that of Klopstock, and a poem of which it is not the least merit, that it forms a whole, admirably finished in its minuteness, modelled with exquisite art, from the first verse to the last, uniformly clear and harmonious in form, uniformly logical in the deduction of its ideas, and so happily compounded of grace, splendour, warmth, and passion. Füssly said, and not without reason, of the *Messiah*, that the ten first cantos are the song of a swan, and the ten last the croaking of a raven. From beginning to end *Eloa* is the song of a swan. The grand rock upon which poetry that is principally founded upon intuitive speculation strikes, is obscurity; a rock which the great Milton himself has not steered clear of, and which appears more especially in the descriptive portion of such poems. It is, in fact, difficult to paint with perspicuity what is only seen with the eyes of the mind. All ecstatic visions, beginning with the *Apocalypse*, the sublime of that class of composition, present an eternal confusion, resulting from the mixture of terrestrial reality and seraphic ideality. Man is a fallen angel whose *thoughts are turned back to heaven*, says a poet; true, but they are turned only vaguely, as men turn towards their early childhood, and when he speaks of it, and more especially when he describes it in writing—his language is often confused, illogical, incoherent, *velut ægri somnia*. M. de Vigny, having to speak of Heaven, has availed himself greatly of earth, and he has done well. I know no one who has a right to determine in what consists the local colouring in the description of Para-

dise. M. de Vigny has very lightly passed over the description of the abode of God and the angels, and here again he has done well. On the other hand, he has dwelt on the dramatic portion of his work; in being ideal, he has not entirely ceased to be human; his Eloa is a woman, though a deified woman. By this means M. de Vigny has succeeded in composing a religious poem which embraces, with beauties of the highest order, all the interest of a simple and touching romance. I would fain quote some passages of it for those who by chance may not have read it, but it would be useless to quote less than all. I shall content myself with analysing the leading idea of the poem, which, in the most eminent degree, presents that character of delicacy and spiritual fervour peculiar to M. de Vigny.

Lazarus is just dead; Jesus is affected at the sight of the corpse; he is about to restore to life, and drops a tear; this divine tear is caught up by the seraphim; they enclose it in a diamond urn and carry it to the foot of the Eternal, who fecundates it with a glance.

> " On vit alors, du sein de l'urne éblouissante,
> S'élever une forme et blanche et grandissante."

This is Eloa; the virgin is so beautiful that all the inhabitants of heaven press round to admire her. Born from a tear of pity, Eloa will live only to console and bless. She will be the guardian angel of angels. On a certain day her companions relate to her the history of Lucifer, the rebel banished from heaven, and hurled to the lowest gulf of the abyss, where he is alone, where he groans, and where no one loves him.

> " Et l'on crut qu' Eloa le maudirait; mais non,
> L'Effroi n'altéra point son paisible visage."

A tear only glittered on her eyelid: this was a tear of pity, and already almost a tear of love. Pensive and sad

at the thought that there existed a sorrow which she could not control, the virgin-archangel opened her golden wings, flew apart towards unknown spheres, and there hovering thoughtfully over the abyss, saw at a distance a pale and beautiful youth lying voluptuously on a bed of vapour, a sweet sad voice reached her.

" D'où viens-tu, belle archange? où vas-tu?" &c.

Nothing can equal the grace with which the poet has described this scene of seduction; the insinuating deceit of Lucifer, the chaste alarm of the virgin, who at first flees away, like a surprised bather, mounts recoiling in her starry path, and closes her golden eyelids to avoid the impure glance that fascinates her; the voice of the tempter pursues her, more and more affecting, suppliant, broken by sobs—pity struggling in the heart of Eloa with modesty and fear; the feigned remorse and ardent prayer of the one, the hesitation and anguish of the other, moved by that feigned sorrow, and who would fain console its despair, yet trembles in face of the danger her timid innocence foresees, descends, reascends, hovers at a distance, blushes, hesitates, and weeps: all these delicate shades are admirably touched; similitudes and images abound; the whole poem seems a shower of diamonds. At last, Modesty is conquered by Pity.

" — Descends jusqu'à moi, car je ne puis monter,"

cries the perfidious voice.

" Je l'aime et je descends; mais que diront les cieux?"

murmurs Eloa, falling into the arms of the seducer, and then the voice rises, triumphant, cruel, infernal.

" J'enlève mon esclave et je tiens ma victime.
— Tu paraissais si bon! oh! qu'ai-je fait?—Un crime,"

answers the pitiless voice.

" Seras-tu plus heureux du moins; es-tu content?
— Plus triste que jamais.—Qui donc es-tu?—Satan."

The last verse but one is sublime; those simple words of Eloa, almost consoling herself in her own destruction with the hope that she may mitigate the suffering of another, is a perfect personification of woman in that which in her is most ethereal, most divine—self-denial and devotion. I have never read this verse without subsiding into reverie; it seems to me that he who created it must have been something more than poet, however great a poet; it is one of those lines which at once fix themselves on the memory, but which nothing but the memory can supply us with.

A critic, as elegant in his language as he is sound in his judgment, whom it is dangerous to read when one desires as a writer to remain at all oneself, and whom I have, perhaps, read too attentively for the present notice to be altogether my own in its ground-work, M. St. Beuve, in speaking of the curious process of crystalization to which M. de Vigny subjects his thought, points out the terrestrial features of the admirable poem of Eloa. I have myself observed that this faculty of idealizing the real without destroying the reality, is the finest characteristic of M. de Vigny's poetry. In his verses, as in his romances, he is at times extremely minute, perhaps in a degree affected, but always elevated and always intelligible. In description, more especially, he is admirable for fertility, perspicuity, and truth. Read *Eloa*, *Stello*, or *Laurette;* in well nigh every page you will meet with a little picture, full of grace in the disposition of the figures and of charm in the contours. If I were a painter like Scheffer, I would learn the writings of M. de Vigny by heart, and so provide myself with an ample store of charming subjects for years and years to come.

As a poet, we conceive that the author of Eloa stands in the very first rank amongst us. How is it then, that, under this head, the common run of people place him

rather in the second rank? For there is no denying that his poems are far from enjoying equal popularity with those of Victor Hugo or Lamartine; perhaps, indeed, it was this comparative want of success in the outset, that chiefly served to direct to prose an intellectual organization eminently rhythmical, if I may so express myself. The public indifference with respect to the poems of M. de Vigny arises from several causes, which it is needless here to develop, and of which I will refer only to the principal.

In 1824, the period when most of M. de Vigny's poems were published, the spiritualist and morbidly pensive tendency had very decidedly manifested itself. Byron in England, and then Lamartine, had created and encouraged the movement; but this tendency was altogether full of individuality; poetry was converted into a personal history, men describing themselves either directly, as did the author of the *Meditations*, or indirectly like the author of Childe Harold; and it was just at the moment when the public had taken a great fancy to this analytical lyrism, this poetical psychology, that M. de Vigny offered to it verses whose strange and novel form partook of no other poet's style, except, perhaps—and that only here and there—of Chenier's; and the groundwork of which, though it was allied to the epoch, in its idealism, was visibly removed from it by a very decided impress of generalization, by a turn of thought, *human* not *individual*. The *poemes antiques, bibliques*, and *modernes* of the young officer, were accordingly little appreciated, out of a few select circles in Paris, which he frequented very assiduously while in the household troops, and which he visited from time to time only when he had passed into the line. Even now, whether it be that the prose-writer has made the world forget the poet, or whether it arises from the general indifference to poetry altogether, the first coolness of the public with reference to M. de Vigny's verses still subsists, and that is precisely

the reason why I have dwelt the more upon them; for I repeat, that of all our age has produced fine in poetry, I know nothing finer than *Eloa*.

Cinq-Mars, commenced at the foot of the Pyrenees, continued from garrison to garrison, completed by means of frequent journeys to Paris, and long studies at the Bibliothêque Royale, was published in 1826. Its success was as great as it was legitimate; before 1829, the work had already gone through four editions. There is no occasion to analyse a book which all have judged for themselves. There is no person of any reading who has not present in his memory the charming creation of Maria di Gonzaga, the touching episode of Urbain Grandier, the tall and noble figure of de Thou, the slight but genuine sketch of Anne of Austria, the portrait, somewhat exaggerated, but really fine, of Cinq-Mars, the mournful and feeble visage of Louis XIII. The delineation of Richelieu, I must confess, I don't so much like, because I think it scarcely just. M. de Vigny seems to have regarded the cardinal-generalissimo too much with the eyes of Bassompierre.

In 1828, M. de Vigny translated Shakespere's Othello, which was performed at the Theatre Français, on the 25th Oct., 1829, with no great success. The *Marechal d'Ancre*, played in 1830, also met with limited honours. In 1832, M. de Vigny published *Stello*, an episode of which, *Chatterton*, was prepared for the stage, and produced at the Theatre Français on the 11th Feb., 1835. M. de Vigny has since published *Servitude et Grandeur Militaires*, three charming tales; and *Le Sauvage*, *La Mort du Loup*, and *La Flute*.

M. de Vigny was elected a member of the academy in 1846.

CINQ-MARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ADIEU.

" Fare thee well! and, if for ever,
Still, for ever, fare thee well!"
LORD BYRON.

KNOW you that country which has been surnamed the Garden of France, that country where you respire a pure atmosphere in verdant plains watered by a great river? If, in the months of summer, you have traversed fair Touraine, you have, no doubt, followed long together and with enchantment, the tranquil Loire; you have regretted the impossibility of determining upon which of the two banks you would choose to dwell, and forget the world in the society of a beloved being. When you accompany the slow and golden waves of the beautiful river, you contemplate unceasingly the smiling details of the right bank. Valleys peopled with charming white houses surrounded with woods, hills yellow with vines, or white with the blossoms of the cherry tree, old walls covered with budding honeysuckles, gardens of roses from which a pointed roof suddenly rises, everything reminds you either of the fertility of the land or of the antiquity of its monuments; and everything interests you in the labours of its industrious inhabitants. Nothing has proved useless to them; it seems as if, in their love for so beautiful a country, the only province of France never occupied by the foreigner, they have desired not to lose the least portion of its soil,

the smallest grain of its sand. You fancy that this old ruined tower is inhabited only by the hideous birds of night? No; at the sound of your horse's hoofs, the smiling face of a young girl issues from the ivy, whitened with the dust from the high road; if you climb a hill-side bristling with vines, a light column of smoke makes you aware that there is a chimney at your feet, for the very rock is inhabited, and families of vine-dressers breathe in its profound caverns, sheltered at night by the nutritious earth, which they laboriously cultivate during the day. The good people of Touraine are as simple as their life, gentle as the air which they respire, and strong as the powerful earth which they dig. Upon their brown features you see neither the cold immobility of the north, nor the grinning vivacity of the south: their countenances, like their characters, have something of the openness of the true people of Saint Louis; their chesnut locks are still long and rounded about their ears, as in the stone statues of our old kings; their language is the purest French, without slowness, rapidity, or accent; the cradle of the language is there, hard by the cradle of the monarchy.

But the left bank of the Loire is of a more serious aspect; here, in the distance, you see Chambord, which, with its blue domes and little cupolas, seems like some great eastern city; there is Chanteloup, lifting its graceful pagoda in the air. After these, however, a more simple building attracts the eyes of the traveller by its magnificent position and imposing size; it is the chateau of Chaumont. Constructed upon the highest hill of the shore, it frames its broad summit with its lofty walls and its enormous towers; high steeples of slate increase their loftiness, and confer upon the entire building that air of a convent, that religious form of all our old chateaux, which casts a character of gravity over the landscape of most of our provinces. Black and tufted trees on all sides surround this ancient mansion, and resemble from afar the plumes which encircled the hat of King Henry; a pretty village spreads itself at the foot of the hill, upon the bank of the river, and it seems as if its white houses sprung up from the golden sand. It is connected to the chateau, which

protects it, by a narrow path which winds through the rock; a chapel stands half-way up the hill; the lords descended and the villagers ascended to its altar—the realm of equality, situated like a neutral city between misery and grandeur, which have been too often opposed to one another in battle array.

It was here that, one morning in the month of June, 1639, the bell of the chateau having, as usual, rung at mid-day, the dinner hour of the family, there were passing, in this ancient dwelling, occurrences of an unusual kind. The numerous domestics observed that, in repeating the morning prayer to the assembled house, the maréchale d'Effiat had spoken with a broken voice and with tears in her eyes, and that she had appeared in a deeper mourning than was customary. The people of the household and the Italians of the duchess of Mantua, who had at that time retired for awhile to Chaumont, saw with surprise that preparations were suddenly making for departure. The old domestic of the maréchal d'Effiat, himself dead six months, had taken again to his travelling boots, which he had sworn before to abandon for ever. This brave fellow, named Grandchamp, had followed the chief of the family everywhere in the wars, and in his financial labours; he had been his equerry in the first, and his secretary in the last; he had recently returned from Germany, to acquaint the mother and the children with the death of the maréchal, whose last sighs he had heard at Luzzenstein; he was one of those faithful servants, the like of whom are become too rare in France, who suffer with the misfortunes of the family, and rejoice with their joys; who advocate the formation of marriages, that they may have to educate young masters; who scold the children, and often the fathers; who expose themselves to death for them; who serve them without wages in revolutions; who labour for their sustenance, and who, in prosperous times, follow them everywhere, and exclaim at their return, "Behold our vines!" He had a severe and remarkable face, a copper complexion, silvery grey hair, of which, however, some few threads, black as his thick eyebrows, made him appear harsh at first; but a gentle countenance softened this first impression. At present,

the sound of his voice was loud. He busied himself much that day in hastening the dinner, and ordered about all the people of the house, who were in mourning like himself.

"Come," said he, "make haste to serve the dinner, while Germain, Louis and Etienne go and saddle their horses; M. Henri and I must be far away hence by eight o'clock this evening. And you, gentlemen Italians, have you admonished your young princess? I wager that she is gone to read with her ladies at the other end of the park, or upon the banks of the lake. She always comes in after the first course, and makes every one get up from the table."

"Ah! my good Grandchamp," said, in a low voice, a young chambermaid who was passing, and paused: "Do not speak of the duchess; she is very sorrowful, and I believe that she will remain in her apartment. Santa Maria! what a shame to travel to-day! depart on a Friday, the 13th of the month, and the day of St. Gervais and St. Protais,—the day of two martyrs! I have been telling my beads all the morning for M. de Cinq-Mars; verily, I could not help thinking of these things; and my mistress thinks of them too, great lady as she is; so that you need not laugh!"

With these words the young Italian girl glided like a bird across the large dining-room, and vanished into a corridor, startled at seeing the double folds of the great doors of the saloon opened.

Grandchamp had scarcely attended to what she had said, and seemed to have been only occupied with the preparations for dinner: he fulfilled the important duties of major-domo, and cast severe looks at the domestics, to see if they were all at their posts, placing himself behind the chair of the eldest son of the house, when all the inhabitants of the mansion successively entered the saloon: eleven persons, men and women, seated themselves at table. The maréchale came in last, giving her arm to a fine old man, magnificently attired, whom she placed upon her left hand. She seated herself in a great gilt arm-chair, at the centre of the table, which was oblong in form. Another seat, rather more ornamented, was at her right,

but it remained empty. The young marquis d'Effiat, seated in front of his mother, was to assist her in doing the honours of the table; he was not more than twenty years old, and his countenance was insignificant; much gravity and distinguished manners proclaimed, however, a sociable nature, but nothing more. His young sister of fourteen, two gentlemen of the province, three young Italian noblemen of the suite of Maria de Gonzaga (duchess of Mantua), a lady in waiting, the governess of the young daughter of the maréchal, and an abbé of the neighbourhood, old and very deaf, composed the assembly. A seat at the right of the eldest son still remained vacant.

The maréchale, before seating herself, made the sign of the cross, and repeated the *Bénédicité* aloud: every one responded by making the complete sign, or upon the breast alone. This custom was preserved in many families in France up to the revolution of 1789: some still retain it, but more in the provinces than in Paris, and not without some embarrassment and some preliminary words upon the fine weather, accompanied by a smile of excuse when a stranger is present, for it is too true that goodness has also its blush.

The maréchale was a woman of imposing figure, and her large blue eyes were of a remarkable beauty. She did not appear to have yet attained her forty-fifth year; but, oppressed with sorrow, she walked slowly and spoke with difficulty, closing her eyes, and suffering her head to fall for a moment upon her breast, after she had been obliged to raise her voice. At such times her hand pressed to her bosom showed that she experienced acute pain. She therefore saw with satisfaction that the personage who was seated at her left, having at the beginning engrossed the conversation, without having been requested to converse by any one, persisted, with an imperturbable coolness, in engrossing it to the end of the repast. This was the old maréchal de Bassompierre; he had preserved, beneath his white hairs, an air of youth and vivacity curious to see; his noble and polished manners had somewhat of a gallantry antiquated like his *costume;* for he wore a ruff in the fashion of

Henry IV., and slashed sleeves in that of the former reign, an absurdity which was unpardonable in the eyes of the *beaux* of the court. This would not have appeared more singular than anything else at present; but it is admitted that in every age we laugh at the costume of our fathers, and, save the Eastern people, I know of none who are not affected with this evil.

One of the Italian gentlemen had scarcely finished asking the maréchal what he thought of the way in which the cardinal treated the daughter of the duke of Mantua, than he exclaimed, in his familiar language—

"Zounds! sir, what are you talking about? what can I comprehend of this new system under which France is living? We old companions in arms of the late king, can ill understand the language which is spoken by the new court, and that in its turn does not comprehend ours. But what do I say! We speak no language in this mournful country, for all the world is silent before the cardinal; this haughty little vassal looks upon us as old family portraits, which every now and then he abridges by the head; but happily the motto always remains. Is it not so, my dear Puy-Laurens?"

This guest was about the same age as the maréchal, but, being more grave and cautious than he, answered in vague and few words, and made a sign to his contemporary in order to induce him to observe the unpleasant emotions which he had caused to the mistress of the house, by reminding her of the recent death of her husband, and speaking thus of the minister, his friend; but it was in vain, for Bassompierre, contented with the sign of semi-approbation, emptied, at one draught, a great goblet of wine, a remedy which he lauds in his memoirs as infallible against the plague and against reserve; and leaning back to receive another from his esquire, he established himself more firmly than ever upon his chair, and in his favourite ideas.

"Yes, we are in the way here; I said so the other day to my dear duke de Guise, whom they have ruined. They number the minutes that we have to live, and shake the sand to hasten its descent. When monsieur the cardinal-duke beholds in a corner three or four of

our tall figures, who never quitted the side of the late king, he feels that he is unable to stir those statues of iron, and that to do it would require the hand of a great man; he passes quickly by, and dares not meddle with us; who fear him not. He believes that we are always conspiring, and at this very moment they say that there is talk of putting me in the Bastille."

"Eh! monsieur le maréchal, why do you delay your departure?" said the Italian; "I know nowhere, save Flanders, where you can find shelter."

"Ah! sir, you do not know me; so far from flying, I sought out the king before his departure, and I told him that I did so in order to save people the trouble of looking for me; and that, if I knew when he wished to send me, I would go myself without being taken. He was as good as I expected that he would be, and said to me: 'How, my old friend, could you have thought that I desired to send you there? You know well that I love you.'"

"Ah! my dear maréchal, let me compliment you," said madame d'Effiat, in a soft voice; "I recognise the benevolence of the king in these words; he remembers the affection which the king, his father, had towards you; it appears to me that he ever accorded to you all that you desired for your friends," added she, with animation, in order to put him into the track of praise, and to draw him from the discontent which he had so loudly declared.

"Assuredly, madame," answered he; "no one is more willing to recognise his virtues than François de Bassompierre; I will be faithful to him to the end, because I gave myself, body and goods, to his father at a ball; and I swear that, with my consent at least, none of my family shall ever fail in their duties towards the king of France. Although the Besteins are foreigners and Lorrains, a shake of the hand from Henry IV. gained us for ever; my greatest grief has been to see my brother die in the service of Spain; and I have just written to my nephew to say that I will disinherit him if he passes over to the emperor, as report speaks of his doing."

One of the gentlemen who had as yet said nothing, and who was remarkable for the profusion of knots, ribands, and tags, *which* covered his dress, and for the black cordon

of the order of St. Michael which adorned his neck, bowed, observing that it was thus that all faithful subjects ought to speak.

"I'faith, monsieur de Launay, you deceive yourself very much," said the maréchal, to whom the recollection of his ancestors now occurred; "persons of our blood are subjects in heart, for God has caused us to be born as much lords of our lands as the king is of his. When I came into France, it was that I might take my ease, accompanied by my gentlemen and pages. I perceive, however, that the farther we go, the more we lose sight of this idea, especially at the court. But here comes a young man who arrives very opportunely to hear me."

The door indeed opened, and there entered a young man of fine form; he was pale, his hair was brown, his eyes black, his expression sorrowful and careless: it was Henri d'Effiat, marquis de Cinq-Mars, (a name taken from an estate of his family;) his dress and his short cloak were black; a collar of lace fell from his neck half way down his breast; his stout, small, and very wide boots, and his spurs, made so much noise upon the flags of the saloon, that his approach was heard at a distance. He walked right up to the maréchale, bowing low, and kissing her hand.

"Well! Henri," said she, "are your horses ready? At what hour do you depart?"

"Immediately after dinner, madame, if you will allow me," said he to his mother, with the ceremonious respect of the times; and, passing behind her, he saluted M. de Bassompierre, before seating himself upon the left hand of his eldest brother.

"Well, then," said the maréchal, continuing to eat with an excellent appetite, "you are about to depart, my son; you are going to the court; a slippery place, now-a-days. I am sorry for your sake that it is not now what it used to be. In former times, the court was simply the drawing-room of the king, in which he received his natural friends; nobles of great family, his peers, who visited him to show their devotion and their friendship, lost their money with him, and accompanied him in his pleasure parties, but never received anything of him, except per-

mission to bring their vassals with themselves to break their heads in his service. The honours which a man of quality received did not enrich him, for he paid for them out of his purse; I sold an estate for every grade I ascended; the title of colonel-general of the Swiss cost me four hundred thousand crowns, and at the baptism of the present king I had to buy a costume which cost me a hundred thousand francs."

"Ah!" said the mistress of the house, smiling, "you must acknowledge for once that you were not obliged to do that: we have all heard of your splendid dress of pearls; but I should be much vexed if it were still the custom to wear such."

"Oh! madame la marquise, do not fear, those times of magnificence will never return. We committed follies, no doubt, but they proved our independence; it is clear that it would then have been hard to seduce from their allegiance to the king, servants who were attached to him by love alone, and whose coronets contained as many diamonds as his own locked-up crown. It is also manifest that ambition could not then attack all classes, since such expenses could only come from rich hands, and since gold comes only from mines. Those great houses which are being so furiously assailed, were not ambitious, and frequently desiring no employment from the government, maintained their places at court by their own weight, existed upon their own foundation, and might say, as one of them did say: 'The prince condescends not; I am Rohan.' It was the same with every noble family to which its own nobility sufficed: the king himself expressed it in writing to one of my friends: 'Money is not common goods between gentlemen like you and me.'"

"But, monsieur le maréchal," coldly and with extreme politeness interrupted M. de Launay, who perhaps intended to anger him, "this independence has produced many civil wars and revolts, as those of M. de Montmorency."

"Zounds! sir, I cannot consent to hear these things spoken," said the fiery maréchal, leaping up in his arm-chair. "Those revolts and wars, sir, had nothing to do with the fundamental laws of the state, and could no more have overturned the throne than a duel could have done

so. Of all the great party-chiefs, there was not one who would not have laid his victory at the feet of the king, had he succeeded, knowing well that all the other lords who were as great as himself would have abandoned the enemy of the legitimate sovereign. Arms were taken against a faction, and not against the sovereign authority; and, this destroyed, all things went on again in their old course. But what have you done in crushing us? You have crushed the arm of the throne, and have not put anything in its place. Yes, I no longer doubt but that the cardinal-duke will wholly accomplish his design, the great nobility will leave and lose their lands, and, ceasing to be great proprietors, they will cease to be a great power; the court is already no more than a palace where people beg: by-and-by it will become an antechamber, when it will be only composed of those who constitute the suite of the king; great names will begin by ennobling vile offices; but, by a terrible reaction, those offices will end by rendering great names vile. Estranged from their homes, the nobility will be dependent upon the employments which they shall have received; and if the people, over whom they will no longer have any influence, choose to revolt——"

"How dismal you are to-day, maréchal!" interrupted the marquise; "I hope that neither I nor my children will ever see that time. I no longer perceive your cheerful character, now that you assume the politician; I expected to hear you give advice to my son. Henri, what is the matter with you? You seem very absent."

Cinq-Mars, with eyes fixed upon the great bay-window of the dining-room, looked sorrowfully upon the magnificent landscape which stretched beyond. The sun was in all its splendour, and coloured the sands of the Loire, the trees, and the lawns, with gold and emerald; the sky was azure, the waves of a transparent yellow, the isles of a brilliant green; behind their rounded forms, rose the great sails of the merchant vessels like a fleet in ambuscade.

"O nature, nature!" mused he; "beautiful nature, adieu! Soon will my heart have ceased to be of simplicity enough to feel you; soon you will no longer charm my eyes; this heart is already burnt by a deep passion, and the

mention of the interests of men casts into it hitherto unknown agitation. I must, however, enter this labyrinth; I may, haply, lose myself there, but for Maria——"

At this moment, aroused by the words of his mother, and fearing to exhibit a childish regret at leaving his beautiful country and his family, he said:

"I am thinking, madam, of the road which I shall take to Perpignan, and also of that which shall lead me back to you."

"Do not forget to take that of Poitiers, and to go to Loudun to see your old tutor, our good abbé Quillet; he will give you serviceable advice touching the court; he is on very good terms with the duke de Bouillon; and, besides, though he may not be very necessary to you, it is a mark of deference which you owe him."

"Is it, then, to the siege of Perpignan that you are going?" asked the old maréchal, who began to think that he had been silent a long time. "Ah! it is well for you. Plague upon it! a siege! 'tis an excellent opening. I would have given much to have assisted the late king at a siege, upon my arrival in his court; it would have been better to have been disembowelled then than at a tourney, as I was. But we were at peace, and I was compelled to go and pistol the Turks with the Rosworm of the Hungarians, in order that I might not afflict my family by my idleness. For the rest, may his majesty receive you as amiably as his father received me. It is true that the king is brave and good; but they have unfortunately taught him that old Spanish etiquette which arrests all the impulses of the heart; he restrains himself and others by an immovable presence and a look of ice; as for me, I confess that I am always waiting for the moment of thaw, but in vain. We were accustomed to other manners from the witty and simple-hearted Henri, and we had at least the liberty to tell him that we loved him."

Cinq-Mars, with eyes fixed upon those of Bassompierre as if to force himself to attend to his discourse, asked him what was the manner of the late king in talking.

"Lively and frank," said he. "Some time after my arrival in France, I played with him and with the duchess de Beaufort at Fontainbleau; for he wished, he said, to

win my gold pieces, my fine Portugal bits. He asked me why I came into this country. 'I'faith, sire,' said I, frankly, 'I came with no intention of enlisting myself in your service, but only with a mind to pass some time at your court, and, afterwards, at that of Spain; but you have charmed me so much, that, instead of going farther, if you desire my service, I will devote myself to it till death.' Then he embraced me, and assured me that I could not find a better master, or one who would love me more. Alas! I have found it so; and for my part, I sacrificed all to him, even my love, and I would have done more, had it been possible to do more than renounce mademoiselle de Montmorency."

The good maréchal had tears in his eyes; but the young marquis d'Effiat and the Italians, looking at each other, could not help smiling at thinking that, at present, the princess de Condé was very far from young and pretty. Cinq-Mars remarked this interchange of looks, and also smiled, but bitterly.

"Is it then true," said he to himself, "that the affections have the same destiny with the fashions, and that a few years can cast the same ridicule upon a costume and upon love? Happy is he who does not survive his youth and his illusions, and who carries his treasure with him to the grave!"

But again with effort breaking the melancholy course of his thoughts, and wishing that the good maréchal should read nothing unpleasant upon the countenance of his hosts, he said:

"People spoke, then, with much freedom to king Henri? Perhaps, though, he had need to assume that tone, at the beginning of his reign; but when he was master, did he alter it?"

"Never, no, never to his last day, did our great king cease to be the same; he did not blush at being a man, and spoke to men with vigour and sensibility. Ah! I fancy I see him now, embracing the duke of Guise in his carriage, the very day of his death; he had hit off one of his lively pleasantries to me, and the duke said to him: 'You are, to my taste, one of the most agreeable men in the world, and our destiny ordained us for each other;

for if you had been but an ordinary man, I should have taken you into my service at whatever price; but since Heaven ordained that you should be born a great king, it has necessarily happened that I belong to you.'—Oh, great man!" cried Bassompierre, with tears in his eyes, and perhaps a little excited by the frequent bumpers he had drunk—"you said well; 'when you have lost me, you will learn my value.'"

During this sally, the different persons at the table had assumed various attitudes, according to their position in public affairs. One of the Italians pretended to chat and laugh in a subdued manner with the young daughter of the maréchale; the other took care of the deaf old abbé, who, putting his hand behind his ear that he might hear, was the only one who seemed attentive. Cinq-Mars had sunk back into his melancholy abstraction, after having cast a glance at the maréchal, as one looks aside, after having thrown a tennis-ball, until its return; his eldest brother did the honours of the table with the same calm; Puy-Laurens watched the mistress of the house with attention; he was devoted to the duke of Orleans, and dreaded the cardinal; as for the maréchale, she had an anxious and afflicted air; inconsiderate words had often recalled the death of her husband or the departure of her son; and oftener still, she feared lest Bassompierre should compromise himself, and she had many times touched him, looking at the same time towards M. de Launay, whom she knew little of, and whom she had reason to believe devoted to the prime minister; but to a man of his character, such warnings were useless: he appeared not to perceive them; and on the contrary, crushing that gentleman with his bold looks and the sound of his voice, he affected to turn himself towards and to direct all his conversation to him. As for the latter, he assumed an air of indifference and of assenting politeness, which he never abandoned until the moment when the folding-doors opened, and "mademoiselle the duchess of Mantua" was announced.

The conversation which we have transcribed so lengthily passed, however, rapidly, and the dinner was but half over when the arrival of Maria de Gonzaga caused everybody to rise. She was small, but very well made,

and, although her eyes and her hair were black, her complexion was as dazzling as the beauty of her skin. The maréchale arose to acknowledge her rank, and kissed her on the forehead, in recognition of her goodness and lovely age.

"We have waited long for you to-day, dear Maria," said she, placing her beside her; "fortunately you remain with me to replace one of my children who is about to depart."

The young duchess blushed, dropped her head and her eyes, in order that no one might see their redness, and said, in a timid voice—

"Madam, that may well be, since you are to me in the place of a mother."

And a glance made Cinq-Mars, at the other end of the table, turn pale.

This arrival changed the conversation; it ceased to be general, and each conversed in a low voice with the person next him. The maréchal alone continued to utter a few sentences concerning the magnificence of the old court, his wars in Turkey, the tournaments, and the avarice of the new court; but to his great regret, no one took up his words, and the company were leaving the table, when the clock having struck two, five horses appeared in the court-yard: four only were mounted by domestics, cloaked and armed; the other horse, black and very spirited, was held by old Grandchamp: it was the steed of his master.

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Bassompierre—"see, there, our battle-horses saddled and bridled. Come, young man, we must say, with our old Marot:

"Adieu la cour, adieu les dames!
Adieu les filles et les femmes!
Adieu vous dy pour quelque temps;
Adieu vos plaisants passe-temps;
Adieu le bal, adieu la dance;
Adieu mesure, adieu cadance,
Tabourins, hautbois, violons,
Puisqu'à la guerre nous allons."

These old verses and the air of the maréchal made all the table laugh, save three persons.

"Heavens!" continued he, "it seems to me as if, like

him, I were but seventeen years old: he will return to us all embroidered; madam, we must leave a chair vacant for him."

Here the maréchale grew suddenly pale, left the table suffused with tears, and every one rose with her: she could only take two steps, and sank into another chair. Her sons and her daughter and the young duchess came anxiously around her, and made out the following words, amidst the sighs and tears which she strove to restrain:—

"Pardon! my friends—it is foolish of me—childish; but I am weak at present, and am not mistress of myself. We were thirteen at table, and you, my dear duchess, were the cause of it. But it is very wrong of me to show so much weakness before him. Farewell, my child; give me your forehead to kiss, and may God conduct you! Be worthy of your name and of your father."

Then, as Homer says, *smiling under tears*, she raised herself, pushed him from her, and said:—

"Come, let us see you on horseback, fair sir!"

The silent traveller kissed the hand of his mother, and afterwards made a low bow to her; he also bowed to the duchess, without raising his eyes; then embracing his elder brother, pressing the hand of the maréchal, and kissing the forehead of his young sister, almost simultaneously, he went forth, and was on horseback in an instant. Every one went to the windows which overlooked the court, except madame d'Effiat, who was still seated and suffering.

"He departs at full gallop. That is a good sign," said the maréchal, laughing.

"Oh, God!" cried the young princess, retiring from the bay-window.

"What is the matter?" said the mother.

"Nothing, nothing!" said M. de Launay; "your son's horse stumbled under the gateway; but he soon pulled him up. See, he salutes us, from the road."

"Another ominous presage!" said the marquise, upon retiring to her apartments.

Every one imitated her, by being silent or speaking low.

The day was mournful and the supper in the evening silent, at *the chateau de* Chaumont.

At ten o'clock in the evening, the old maréchal, conducted by his valet, retired to the northern tower, near the gateway, and opposite to the river. The heat was extreme; he opened the window, and, enveloping himself in his great silk robe, placed a heavy candlestick upon the table, and desired to be left alone. His window looked out upon the plain, which the moon, in her first quarter, indistinctly lighted; the sky was charged with heavy clouds, and all things disposed the mind to melancholy. Although Bassompierre had nothing of the dreamer in his character, the turn which the conversation had taken at dinner came to his memory, and he began to reconsider the course of his life, the mournful changes which the new reign had wrought in it—a reign which seemed to have breathed upon him a wind of misfortune; the death of a cherished sister; the irregularities of the heir of his name; the loss of his lands and of his favour at court; the recent end of his friend, the maréchal d'Effiat, whose chambers he now occupied—all these thoughts drew from him an involuntary sigh, and he placed himself at the window to breathe.

At this moment he thought he heard the tramp of a troop of horse at the side of the wood; but the wind, which was rising, made him conclude that he had been mistaken, and the noise suddenly ceasing, he forgot it. He still watched for some time all the lights of the chateau, which became successively extinguished, after having wound among the windows of the staircases and rambled about the court-yards and the stables; afterwards, falling back in his great tapestried arm-chair, his elbow resting on the table, he abandoned himself to his reflections; and, after awhile, drawing from his breast a medallion which hung concealed, suspended by a black riband, he said:

"Come, my good old master, talk with me as you have so often done; come, great king, forget your court, for the smile of a true friend; come, great man, consult me concerning ambitious Austria; come, inconstant chevalier, speak to me of the lightness of thy love, and of the fidelity of thine inconstancy; come, heroic soldier, complain to me again that I baulk you in the combat. Ah, have I not

done it in Paris? Why did I not receive thy wound? With thy blood the world has lost the benefits of thine interrupted reign——"

The tears of the maréchal obscured the glass which covered the large medallion, and he was effacing them with respectful kisses, when, his door being roughly opened, he seized upon his sword.

"Who goes there?" cried he, in his surprise; which was much increased when he saw M. de Launay, who, hat in hand, advanced towards him, and said to him, with embarrassment:

"Sir, it is with a heart pierced with grief that I am forced to tell you that the king has commanded me to arrest you. A carriage awaits you at the gate, attended by thirty of the cardinal-duke's musketeers."

Bassompierre had not risen, and he still held the medallion in his right hand, and the sword in the other; he tendered it disdainfully to this man, and said to him:

"Sir, I know that I have lived too long, and it is that of which I was thinking; it is in the name of the great Henri that I restore this sword peacefully to his son. Follow me."

He accompanied these words with a look so firm, that de Launay was depressed, and followed him with drooping head, as if he had himself been arrested by the noble old man, who, seizing a flambeau, issued from the court, and found all the doors opened by horse-guards, who had terrified the people of the chateau in the name of the king, and commanded silence. The carriage was ready, and departed rapidly, followed by many horses. The maréchal, seated beside M. de Launay, began to sleep, rocked by the movement of the vehicle, when a voice cried to the driver, "Stop!" and, as he continued, a pistol-shot followed. The horses stopped.

"I declare, sir, that this is done without my participation," said Bassompierre. Then, putting his head out at the door, he saw that they were in a little wood, and a road too narrow to allow of the horses passing to the right or to the left of the carriage—a great advantage for the aggressors, since the musketeers could not advance;

he tried to see what was going on, when a cavalier, having in his hand a long sword, with which he parried the strokes of the guard, approached the door, crying:

"Come, come, monsieur le maréchal."

"What! is that you, you madcap, Henri, who are playing these pranks? Sirs, sirs, let him alone, he is a mere boy."

And de Launay, having called to the musketeers to cease, had time to look about him.

"And how the devil came you here?" cried Bassompierre; "I thought you were at Tours, or even farther, if you had done your duty; but here you are returned to make a fool of yourself."

"Truly, it was not for you I returned, but for a secret affair," said Cinq-Mars, in a lower tone; "but as I take it, they are going to introduce you to the Bastille, I'm sure you will not betray me, for that delightful edifice is the very Temple of Discretion. Yet, had you thought fit," he continued, aloud, "I would have released you from these gentlemen in the wood here, which is so thick that their horses would not have been able to stir. A peasant informed me of the insult passed upon us, more than upon you, by this violation of my father's house."

"It is the king's order, my son, and we must respect his will; reserve this ardour for his service, though I thank you with all my heart. Now, adieu, and let me proceed on my agreeable journey."

De Launay interposed: "I may inform you, M. de Cinq-Mars, that I have been desired by the king himself to assure M. le maréchal that he is deeply afflicted at the step he has found it necessary thus to take, and that it is solely from an apprehension that M. le maréchal may be led into evil, that his majesty requests him to reside for a few days in the Bastille."[1]

Bassompierre turned his head with a hearty laugh to Cinq-Mars. "You see, my friends, how we young folks are placed under guardianship; so take care of yourself."

"I will go, then," said Henri; "this is the last time I shall play the knight-errant for people against their will;"

[1] He remained there twelve years.

and re-entering the wood as the carriage dashed off at full speed, he proceeded along by by-paths towards the castle, followed at a short distance by Grandchamp and his small escort.

On reaching the foot of the western tower, he pulled in his horse. He did not alight, but approaching so near the wall that he could rest his foot upon an abutment, he stood up, and raised the blind of a window on the ground-floor.

It was now past midnight, and the moon was hidden behind the clouds. No one but a member of the family could have found his way through so profound an obscurity. The towers and the roof formed one dark mass, which stood out in but indistinct relief upon the sky, scarcely less dark; no light shone throughout the chateau, all whose inmates seemed buried in slumber. Cinq-Mars, enveloped in a large cloak, and his face hidden under the broad brim of his hat, awaited in suspense a reply to his signal.

It came; a soft voice was heard from within:

"Is that you, M. de Cinq-Mars?"

"Alas, who else should it be? Who else would return, like a malefactor, to his paternal house without entering it, without bidding one more adieu to his mother? Who else would return to complain of the present, without a hope from the future, but I?"

The gentle voice replied, but its tones were agitated, and perceptibly accompanied with tears: "Alas, Henri, of what do you complain? Have I not already done more, far more than I ought to have done? It is not my fault, but my misfortune, that my father was a sovereign prince? One cannot choose one's birth-place or one's rank. Yet, how miserable is the lot of princesses! from the cradle, the sentiments of the heart are prohibited to them; and when they have advanced beyond childhood, they are ceded like a town, and must not even weep. Since I have known you, what have I not done to bring my future life within the reach of happiness, in removing it far from a throne. For two years I have struggled in vain, at once against my evil fortune that separates me from you, and against you, who estrange me from the

duty I owe to my family. I have sought to diffuse a belief that I was dead; I have almost sighed for revolutions. I should have blessed a change which deprived me of my rank, as I thanked Heaven when my father was dethroned; but the court wonders at my absence; the queen requires me to attend her; our dreams are at an end, Henri; we have already slumbered too long; let us awake, and courageously think no more of those dear two years: forget all in the one recollection of our great resolve. Have but one thought; be ambitious for—be ambitious—for my sake."

"Must we, then, indeed, forget all, Maria?" murmured Cinq-Mars.

She hesitated.

"Yes, forget all—that I myself have forgotten." Then, after a moment's pause, she resumed, with earnestness: "Yes, forget our happy days together, our long evenings, even our walks by the lake and through the wood; but keep in mind the future. Go, Henri; your father was maréchal; be you more, be you constable, prince. Go; you are young, noble, rich, brave, beloved——"

"Beloved for ever?" said Henri.

"For ever, here and hereafter."

Cinq-Mars, tremulously extending his hand to the window, exclaimed:

"Well, then, I swear, Maria, by the Virgin, whose name you bear, that you shall be mine, or my head shall fall on the scaffold."

"Oh, Heaven! what is't you say?" she cried, taking his hand in her own. "Swear to me that you will share in no guilty efforts; that you will never forget that the king of France is your master. Ever love him, next to her who will sacrifice all for you, who will await you amid suffering and sorrow. Take this little gold cross, and wear it upon your heart; it has often been wet with my tears; and those tears will flow still more bitterly, if ever you are culpable towards the king. Give me the ring I see on your finger. Oh, heavens, my hand and yours are red with blood!"

"Oh, a scratch. Did you hear nothing, some hour ago?"

"No; but listen; hear you nothing now?"

"No, Maria, nothing but some bird of night on the tower."

"I heard whispering near us, I am sure. But whence this blood? Tell me, and then depart."

"Yes, I will go, while the clouds are still dark above us. Farewell, celestial creature; in my hour of danger I will invoke thee as a guardian angel. Love has infused the poison of ambition into my soul, and, for the first time, I feel that ambition may be ennobled by its aim. Farewell! I go to accomplish my destiny."

"And forget not mine."

"Can they ever be separated?"

"Never," exclaimed Maria, passionately, "but by death."

"Alas, I fear absence still more," said Cinq-Mars.

"Farewell! I tremble; farewell!" repeated the beloved voice, and the window was slowly drawn down, the joined hands not parting till the latest instant.

The black courser had all the while been pawing the earth, and tossing back its noble head with impatience. Cinq-Mars, as agitated and restless as his horse, gave it the rein, and the whole party was speedily under the walls of Tours. To the infinite discomfiture of old Grandchamp, Cinq-Mars would not enter the town, but proceeded on his way, and five days after entered with his escort the old city of Loudun in Poitou, after a journey without incident.

CHAPTER II.

THE STREET.

"Je m'avançais d'un pas penible et mal assuré vers le but de ce convoi tragique."—NODIER, *Smarra*.

THE reign, a few years of which we are about to paint, a reign of feebleness, which was, as it were, an eclipse of the crown between *Henry* IV. and Louis le Grand, afflicts

the eyes which contemplate it with more than one dark stain of blood, and these not all the work of one man, but participated in by great and grave bodies. It is melancholy to observe in this age, still full of disorder, that the clergy, like a nation, had its populace, as it had its nobility, its ignorant and its criminal prelates, as well as its learned and virtuous prelates. Since that period, its remnant of barbarism has been refined away by the long reign of Louis XIV., and its corruptions washed out in the blood of the martyrs whom it offered up to the revolution of 1793. Thus, from a wholly peculiar destiny, perfectionated at once by monarchy and by the republic, softened by the one, chastened by the other, it has become that which we now see it, austere and rarely vicious.

We felt it necessary to pause for a moment to express this reflection, ere we entered upon the recital of the facts presented by the history of the period, and to intimate, that notwithstanding this consolatory reflection, we have found it incumbent upon us to pass over many details, too odious to occupy a place in our pages, groaning but too heavily in spirit at those guilty acts which it was necessary to give, as, in relating the life of a virtuous old man, we should lament over the impetuosities of his passion-led youth, or over the corrupt tendencies of his riper age.

When the cavalcade entered the narrow streets of Loudun, they heard unusual noises all around them; the streets themselves were filled with agitated masses; the bells of the church and of the convent were ringing furiously, as though they were warning one-half the town that the other half was in flames, and the whole population, without paying the least attention to the travellers, was pressing tumultuously towards a large edifice that adjoined the church. It was easy to distinguish upon the different physiognomies, traces of the most various, and occasionally of the most opposite impressions. Here and there large crowds were collected together, listening in silence to some voice that seemed raised in exhortation, or engaged in emphatic reading; anon, furious cries, mingled with pious exclamations, would arise from the crowd, which then dispersing, showed the travellers that the orator was some Capuchin or Franciscan friar, who, a

wooden crucifix in one hand, with the other pointed to the large building which was attracting such universal interest.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed an old woman, "who could ever have thought that the evil spirit would choose our old town for his abode?"

"Ay, or that the pious Ursulines should be possessed?" said another.

"They say that the demon who torments the superior is called Legion," cried a third.

"One, say you," interrupted a nun, "there were seven in her poor body, whereunto, doubtless, she had attached too much importance, by reason of its great beauty; though, now, 'tis but the receptacle of evil spirits. The prior of the Carmelites yesterday expelled the demon Eazas through her mouth, and the reverend Father Lactantius has driven out in like manner the demon Beherit. But the other five have refused to stir, and when the holy exorcists, whom Heaven support, summoned them in Latin to withdraw, they replied insolently that they would not go till they had thoroughly given proof of their power, to the conviction even of the huguenots and heretics, who, misbelieving wretches, seem to doubt it. The demon Elimi, the worst of them all, as you know, has threatened to take off M. de Laubardemont's calotte to-day, and dangle it in the air at *Miserere*."

"Holy Virgin!" rejoined the first speaker, "I'm all of a tremble as it is! And to think that I've over and over again got this magician Urbain to say masses for me!"

"Ay," exclaimed a girl, crossing herself; "and I who confessed to him ten months ago! No doubt in the world I should have been possessed myself, but for the relic of St. Genevieve I luckily had about me, and——"

"Luckily, indeed, Martine," interposed a fat gossip; "for, no offence, you, as I remember, were long enough with the handsome sorcerer."

"Pshaw!" laughingly said a young soldier, who had joined the group, smoking his pipe, "there was no luck in the matter; only, you see, pretty Martine was dispossessed a month ago."

The girl *blushed*, and drew the hood of her black cloak

over her face. The elder gossips cast a glance of indignation at the reckless trooper, and, finding themselves now close to the door of the building, and thus sure of making their way, in among the first when it should be thrown open, sat down upon the stone bench at the side, and, by an interchange of the latest wonders, raised the expectations of all as to the delight they were about to have in being spectators of something marvellous—an apparition, perhaps, but at the very least, an administration of the torture.

"Is it true, aunt," asked Martine of the eldest gossip, "that you have heard the demons speak?"

"Ay, child, true as I see you; there are many and many can say the same; and 'twas to convince you of it, I brought you with me here, that you may see the power of the evil one, and be edified."

"What voice has he?" continued the girl, glad to encourage a conversation which diverted from herself the invidious attention procured her by the soldier's raillery.

"Oh, he speaks with the voice of the superior herself, to whom Our Lady be gracious! Poor young woman! I was with her yesterday a long time; 'twas wretched to see her writhing about, and tearing herself, and turning her arms and her legs first one way and then another, and then, all of a sudden, twisting them together behind her back. When the holy father Lactantius pronounced the name of Urbain Grandier, the foam came out of her mouth, and she talked Latin for all the world as though she were reading the Bible. Of course, I did not understand what she said, and all I can remember of it now is, *Urbanus Magicus rosas diabolica*, which they tell me means, that the magician Urbain had bewitched her with some roses the devil had given him; and so it must have been, for while father Lactantius spoke, there came out of her ears and neck a quantity of flame-coloured roses, all smelling of sulphur so strongly that the judge-advocate called out for every one present to stop their noses and eyes, for that the demons were about to come out."

"Ah, look ye there now!" exclaimed with shrill voices, and a triumphant air, the whole bevy of assembled

women, turning towards the crowd, and more particularly towards a group of men attired in black, among whom was standing the young soldier who had just before so unceremoniously jested with Martine.

"Hear the noisy old idiots," exclaimed the soldier, "they think they're at the Sabbat; but I don't see their broomsticks."

"Young man, young man!" said a citizen, with a mournful air, "jest not upon such subjects in the open air, or, in such a time as this, the wind of Heaven may become gushing flames and devour you."

"Bah! a fig for your exorcists," returned the soldier; "my name's Grand-Ferré, and I've got here a better spirit-sprinkler than the whole set of you can produce."

And significantly grasping the handle of his rapier in one hand, with the other he turned up his light brown moustache, as he looked fiercely around; but meeting no glance which returned the defiance of his own, he slowly withdrew, left foot foremost, and sauntered along the dark narrow streets, with all the reckless nonchalance of a young soldier who has just donned his uniform, and true military contempt for all who wear not the cloth.

Meantime some eight or ten of the more considerable and more rational inhabitants of the town, traversed in a body, slowly, and silently the agitated throng: they seemed overwhelmed with painful amazement at the agitation and excitement they witnessed in every direction, and as each new instance of the popular phrensy presented itself, they interchanged glances of wonder and apprehension. Their mute depression communicated its uneasiness to the working people, and to the peasants who had flocked in crowds from the adjacent country, and who all sought a direction for their opinions in the countenances of the principal townsmen, also for the most part proprietors of the surrounding districts; they saw there that something calamitous was on foot, and resorted accordingly to the only remedy open to the ignorant and the beguiled, apathetic resignation.

Yet there is in the character of the French peasant a certain scoffing finesse of which he makes effective use, sometimes *with his equals*, and almost invariably with his

superiors. He puts questions to power as embarrassing as are those which infancy puts to mature age; he affects the very excess of humility, in order to confuse him whom he addresses with the very height of his isolated elevation; he aggravates the awkwardness of his manner and the rudeness of his expressions, as a means of covering his real thoughts under the appearance of mere uncouthness; yet, despite all his self-command, there is something in his air, certain fierce contortions of countenance, which betray him to the close observer, who discerns in his sardonic smile and the marked emphasis with which he leans on his long staff, the hopes that secretly nourish his soul, and the aid upon which he ultimately relies.

One of the most venerable of the peasants whom we have indicated, came vigorously on, followed by ten or twelve young men, his sons and nephews, all wearing the broad brimmed hat and the blue frock or blouse of the ancient Gauls, which the peasants of France still wear over their other garments, as peculiarly adapted to their humid climate and their laborious habits.

When the old man had made his way to the group of personages of whom we have just spoken, he took off his hat, an example immediately followed by his whole family, and showed a face darkened with exposure to the weather, a forehead bald and wrinkled with age, and long white hair hanging behind. His shoulders were bent with years and labour, but he was still a hale and sturdy man. He was received with an air of welcome and even of respect by one of the gravest of the grave group he had approached, who, without however uncovering, extended to him his hand.

"What! good father Guillaume Leroux!" said he, "and have you too left our farm of La Chenaïe to visit the town, when it's not market day? Why, 'tis as though your oxen were to unharness themselves and go a hunting, quitting their work to see a poor hare run down!"

"Faith, M. le comte du Lude," replied the farmer, "for that matter, sometimes the hare runs into our way of itself; but, in truth, I've got a notion that some of the people here want to make fools of us, and so I've come to see the rights of it."

"Enough of that, my friend," returned the count; "here is M. Fournier, the advocate, who assuredly will not deceive you, for he resigned his office of attorney-general, last night, that he might henceforth devote his eloquence to the service of his own noble thoughts; you will hear him, perhaps, to-day, though truly, I dread his appearing for his own sake, as much as I desire it for that of the accused."

"I care not for myself," said Fournier; "truth is with me a passion, and I would have it inculcated in all times and all places."

He that spoke was a young man, whose face, pallid in the extreme, was full of the noblest expression; his blond hair, his light blue eyes, his thinness, the delicacy of his frame, made him, at first sight, seem younger than he was; but his thoughtful and earnest countenance indicated that mental superiority and that precocious maturity of the soul which are developed by deep study in youth, combined with natural energy of character. He was attired wholly in black, with a short cloak in the fashion of the times, and carried under his left arm a roll of papers, which when speaking, he would take in the right hand and grasp convulsively, as a warrior in his anger grasps the pommel of his sword. At one moment, it seemed as though he were about to unfurl the scroll, and from it hurl lightning upon those whom he pursued with looks of fiery indignation—three Capuchins and a Franciscan, who had passed by."

"Pere Guillaume," pursued M. du Lude, "how is it you have brought with you only your sons, and they armed with their staves?"

"Faith, sir, I have no desire that our girls should learn to dance of the nuns; and, moreover, just now the lads with their staves may bestir themselves to better purpose than their sisters would."

"Take my advice, my old friend," said the count, "and don't bestir yourselves at all; rather stand quietly aside to view the procession which you see approaching, and remember that you are seventy."

"Ah! ah!" murmured the old man, drawing up his twelve sons in double rank, soldier-fashion, "I fought under

good king Henriot, and can play at sword and pistol as well as the worthy ligueurs;" and shaking his head he leant against a post, his knotty staff between his crossed legs, his hands clasped on its thick butt-end, and his white bearded chin resting on his hands. Then half closing his eyes, he seemed absorbed in recollections of his early life.

The bystanders observed with interest his dress, striped in the fashion of Henry IV., and his resemblance to the Bearnese monarch in the latter years of his life, though the king's hair had been prevented by the assassin's stroke from acquiring the whiteness which that of the old peasant had placidly attained. A furious pealing of the bells, however, attracted the general attention to the end of the great street, down which was seen filing a long procession, whose banners and glittering pikes rose above the heads of the crowd, which successively and in silence opened a way for the at once absurd and awful train.

First, two and two, came a body of archers, with pointed beards, and large plumed hats, armed with long halberds, who, ranging in a single file on each side of the centre of the street, formed an avenue, along which marched in solemn order, a procession of Grey Penitents, men attired in a long grey robe, the hood of which entirely covered the head; a mask of the same stuff, terminating below the chin in a point, like a beard, having merely three holes in it for the eyes and nose. Even at the present day, we see these costumes at funerals, more especially in the Pyrenees. The penitents of Loudun carried enormous wax candles, and their slow, uniform movement, and their eyes which seemed to glitter under their masks, gave them the appearance of phantoms.

The people expressed their various feelings in an under tone—

"There's many a knave hid under those masks," said a citizen.

"Ay, and with a face uglier than the mask itself," added a young man.

"They make me afraid," tremulously exclaimed a girl.

"I'm only afraid for my purse," said the first speaker.

"Ah, Jesu! there are our holy brethren, the penitents," cried an old woman, throwing back her hood, the better

to look at them. "See you the banner they bear? Ah, neighbours, 'tis a joyful thing to have it amongst us! Beyond a doubt it will save us: see, it shows the devil in flames, and a monk fastening a chain round his neck to keep him there. Ah, here come the judges: worthy gentlemen! dear gentlemen! look at their red robes; how beautiful! Blessed be the Virgin, they've been well chosen!"

"Every man of them a personal enemy of the curé," whispered the count du Lude to the advocate Fournier, who took a note of the information.

"Don't you know them, neighbours?" pursued the shrill, sharp voice of the old woman, as she cuffed one and pinched another of those about her to attract their attention to the objects of her admiration; "see, there's excellent M. Mignon, whispering to messieurs the counsellors of the court of Poitiers; Heaven's blessings on them all, say I!"

"Ay, there are Roatin, Richard, and Chevalier, the very men who tried to have him dismissed a year ago," continued M. du Lude, in under tones, to the young advocate, who, surrounded and hidden from public observation by the group of dark clad citizens, was writing down his observations in a note-book under his cloak.

"Here, look, look!" screamed the old woman; "make way! here's M. Barré, the curé of St. Jacques at Chinon."

"A saint!" murmured one bystander.

"A hypocrite!" exclaimed a manly voice.

"See how thin he is with fasting!"

"See how pale he is with remorse!"

"He's the man to drive away devils!"

"Ay, but not till he's quite done with them for his own purposes."

The dialogue was interrupted by the general exclamation: "How beautiful she is!"

The superior of the Ursulines advanced, followed by all her nuns; her white veil was raised: in order that the people might witness the features of the possessed ones, it had been ordered that it should be thus with her and six of the sisterhood. Her attire had no distinguishing feature, except an immense rosary, extending from her

neck nearly to her feet, and from which hung a gold cross; but the dazzling pallor of her face, rendered still more conspicuous by the dark hue of her capuchon, at once fixed the general regard upon her; her brilliant dark eyes, which bore the impress of some deep and burning passion, were crowned with brows so perfectly arched, that nature herself seemed to have taken as much pains to form them as the Circassian women to mark out theirs with artistic pencilling; but, between them, a slight fold revealed the powerful agitation within. In her movements, however, and throughout her whole bearing, she affected an entire calm; her steps were slow and cadenced, and her beautiful hands were crossed on her bosom, as white and motionless as those of the marble statues joined in eternal prayer in monumental sculptures.

"See, aunt," ejaculated Martine, "see how sister Agnes and sister Claire are weeping, next to the superior!"

"Ay, niece, they weep because they are the prey of the demon."

"Or rather," interposed the same manly voice we have already heard, "because they repent them of having mocked Heaven."

A profound silence now pervaded the assembled multitude; not a word was heard, not a movement, scarcely a breath; every one seemed paralysed by some sudden enchantment, when, following the nuns, between four penitents who held him in chains, appeared the curé of the church of St. Croix, attired in his pastor's robe. His was a noble fine face, with grandeur of mind in its whole expression, and gentleness in every feature; affecting no scornful indifference to his position, he looked calmly and kindly around, as though he sought on his dark way the affectionate glances of those who loved him; nor did he seek in vain; ever and anon he encountered those glances, and joyfully returned them; nay more, he heard sobs, and he saw hands extended towards him, hands, many of which grasped weapons; but no gesture of his encouraged these mute offers of physical aid; he would lower his eyes to the ground, and wend on, careful not to compromise those who so trusted in him, or to involve them in the contagion of his own misfortunes. This was Urbain Grandier.

to look at them. "See you the banner they bear? Ah, neighbours, 'tis a joyful thing to have it amongst us! Beyond a doubt it will save us: see, it shows the devil in flames, and a monk fastening a chain round his neck to keep him there. Ah, here come the judges: worthy gentlemen! dear gentlemen! look at their red robes; how beautiful! Blessed be the Virgin, they've been well chosen!"

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deem himself safe, until he was within the building, and had heard the heavy double doors creak on their hinges as, closing, they excluded the furious crowd without.

CHAPTER III.

THE GOOD PRIEST.

"L'homme de paix me parla ainsi."—VICAIRE SAVOYARD.

Now that the diabolical procession is in the arena destined for its spectacle, and is arranging its gloomy and sanguinary representation, let us inquire what Cinq-Mars had been doing amidst the agitated crowd. He was endowed by nature with great tact, and felt that it would be no easy matter for him to attain the object he had in view, of seeing the abbé Quillet, at a time when the excitement of men's minds was at its height. He therefore remained on horseback with his four domestics, in a small and very dark street, that led into the main street, from which he could easily see all that passed. No one at first paid any attention to him; but when public curiosity had no other aliment, he became an object of general observation. Weary of so many scenes of excitement, the inhabitants looked upon him with some exasperation, and half aloud inquired of one another whether this was another exorcist come among them. Some of the peasants even began to discover that he obstructed the way with his five horses; he felt that it was time to take a decided course, and, without hesitation selecting the best dressed person, as any one would have done in his place, he advanced with his attendants, hat in hand, towards the group in black of whom we have spoken, and addressing him who appeared its most distinguished member, said:

"Sir, where can I find monsieur the abbé Quillet?"

At this name, all around regarded him with an air of terror, as though he had pronounced that of Lucifer. Yet no anger was exhibited; on the contrary, it seemed that

the question had operated a favourable change for him in the minds of all who heard him. Moreover, chance had served him well in his choice: the count du Lude came up to his horse, and saluting him, said:

"Dismount, sir, and I will give you some useful information regarding him."

After having spoken awhile in whispers, the two gentlemen separated with all the ceremonious politeness of the period. Cinq-Mars remounted his grey horse, and passing through numerous narrow streets, was soon out of the crowd with his retinue.

"How happy I am!" he soliloquized, as he proceeded on his way; "I shall, at all events, for a moment, see the good and kind minister who brought me up; even now I seem to have before me his features, his calm air, his voice so full of benevolence."

As these thoughts ran through his mind, he found himself in the small and very dark street which had been indicated to him; it was so narrow that the knee pieces of his boots touched the wall on either side. At the end of the street he came to a wooden house of a single story, and in his eagerness, knocked with repeated strokes.

"Who is there?" cried a furious voice within; and at the same moment, the door opening exhibited a little man, very short, very stout, and with a very red face, attired in a black suit, with an immense white ruff and riding boots which engulfed his short legs in their vast depths. In his hands were a pair of horse pistols.

"I will sell my life dearly!" he cried; "and——"

"Softly, abbé, softly," said his pupil, taking his arm; "we are friends."

"Ah! my son, is it you?" said the worthy man, letting fall his pistols, which were picked up by a domestic, also armed to the teeth. "What do you here? The abomination has entered the town, and I only await the night to depart hence. Make haste in, my dear boy, with your people; I took you for the archers of Laubardemont, and, i'faith, I was going to take a part somewhat out of my line. You see the horses in the court yard there; they will convey me to Italy, where I shall rejoin our friend, the duke *de Bouillon*. Jean! Jean! hasten and close the

great gate after these brave domestics, and recommend them not to make too much noise, although for that matter we have no habitation near us."

Grandchamp obeyed the intrepid little abbé, who then embraced Cinq-Mars four consecutive times, raising himself on the points of his boots, so as to attain the middle of his pupil's breast. He then hurried him into a small room, which looked like a deserted granary; and seating him beside himself upon a black leather trunk, he said with earnestness:

"Well, my son, whither go you? How came madame la maréchale to let you come here? See you not what they are doing against an unhappy man, whose death alone will content them? Alas! merciful Heaven! was this the first spectacle my dear pupil was to have before him? and you at that delightful period of life, when friendship, love, confidence, should alone encompass you, when all around you should be of a nature to give you a favourable opinion of your species, at your very entry into the great world! How unfortunate! alas, why are you come?"

When the good abbé had followed up this lamentation by affectionately pressing both hands of the young traveller in his own, so red and wrinkled, the latter at length answered:

"Can you not guess, my dear abbé, that I came to Loudun because you were here? As to the spectacle you speak of, it appears to me simply ridiculous; and I vow to you that I do not a whit the less on its account love that human race, of which your virtues and your good lessons have given me an excellent idea; as to the five or six mad women who——"

"Let us not lose time; I will tell you all about that matter; but answer me, whither go you, and for what?"

"I am going to Perpignan, where the cardinal-duke is to present me to the king."

At this the worthy but hasty abbé rose from his box, and walked, or rather ran up and down the room, stamping: "The cardinal! the cardinal!" he repeated, almost choking, his face becoming scarlet, and the tears rising to his eyes; "Poor child! they will destroy him! Ah, mon

Dieu! what part would they have him play there! what would they with him? Ah, who will protect thee, my son, in that dangerous place?" continued he, reseating himself, and again taking his pupil's hands in his own with a paternal solicitude, as he endeavoured to read his thoughts in his countenance.

"Why, I do not exactly know," said Cinq-Mars, looking up at the ceiling; "but I suppose it will be the cardinal de Richelieu, who was the friend of my father."

"Ah! my dear Henri, you make me tremble; he will ruin you, unless you become his docile instrument. Alas, why cannot I go with you! Why must I act the young man of twenty in this unfortunate affair! Alas, I should be perilous to you; I must, on the contrary, conceal myself. But you will have M. de Thou near you, my son, will you not?" said he, trying to reassure himself; "he was your friend in childhood, though somewhat older than yourself. Heed his counsels, my child, he is a wise young man; he is a man of mature reflection, and of solid ideas."

"Oh yes, my dear abbé, you may depend upon my tender attachment for him; I have never ceased to love him."

"But you have ceased to write to him, have you not?" asked the good abbé, half smilingly.

"I beg your pardon, my dear abbé, I wrote to him once, and again yesterday, to inform him that the cardinal has invited me to court."

"How! has he himself desired your presence?"

Cinq-Mars hereupon showed the letter of the cardinal-duke to his mother, and his old tutor grew gradually more tranquil.

"Come, come," said he to himself, "this is not so bad, perhaps, after all; it looks promising; a captain of the guards at twenty—that sounds well!" and the worthy abbé's face actually became all smiles.

The young man, delighted to see these smiles which so harmonised with his own thoughts, fell upon the neck of the abbé, and embraced him, as though he had thus assured to him a futurity of pleasure, glory, and love.

But the good abbé, with difficulty disengaging himself

from this warm embrace, resumed his walk, and his reflections, and his gravity. He often hemmed, and shook his head, and Cinq-Mars, not venturing to pursue the conversation, followed him with his eyes, and became sad as he saw him become serious.

The old man at last sat down, and in a mournful tone addressed his pupil thus:

"My friend, my son, I have for a moment yielded like a father to your hopes; but I must tell you, and it is not to afflict you, that they appear to me excessive and unnatural. If the cardinal's sole aim were to show attachment and gratitude towards your family, he would not have carried his favours so far; no, the extreme probability is, that he has designs upon you. From what has been told him, he thinks you adapted to play some part as yet impossible for us to divine, but which he himself has traced out in the deepest recesses of his mind. He would educate you up for this, he would drill you into it—allow me the expression in consideration of its accuracy, and think seriously of it when the time shall come. But still, I am inclined to believe that as matters are, you had better follow up this vein in the great mine of state; it is thus that high fortunes have begun; you must only take heed not to be blinded and led at will. Let not favours make you giddy, my poor child, and let not elevation turn your head: be not so indignant at the suggestion; the thing has happened to older men than yourself. Write to me often, as well as to your mother; see M. de Thou, and we will together try to keep you in good counsel. Now, my son, be good enough to close that window through which the wind comes upon my head, and I will tell you what has been going on here."

Henri, trusting that the moral part of the discourse was over, and anticipating nothing in the second part but a narrative, more or less interesting, closed the old casement, festooned with cobwebs, and resumed his seat without speaking.

"Now that I reflect further," continued the abbé, "I think it will not perhaps be unprofitable for you to have passed through this place, although it be a sad experience you shall have acquired; but it will supply what I may

not have formerly told you of the wickedness of men; I hope, moreover, that the result will not be fatal; and that the letter we have written to the king will arrive in time."

"I heard that it had been intercepted," interposed Cinq-Mars.

"Then all is over," said the abbé Quillet, "the curé is lost. But listen. God forbid, my son, that I, your old tutor, should seek to assail my own work, and attempt to weaken your faith. Preserve ever and everywhere that simple creed of which your noble family has given you the example, which our fathers possessed in a still higher degree than we, and of which the greatest captains of our time are not ashamed. Always, while you wear a sword, remember that you hold it for the service of God. But, at the same time, when you are among men, avoid to be deceived by the hypocrite; he will encompass you, my son; he will assail you on the vulnerable side of your ingenuous heart, in addressing your religion; and, seeing the extravagancy of his affected zeal, you will fancy yourself lukewarm as compared with him; you will think that your conscience cries out against you; but it will not be the voice of conscience that you hear. And what cries would not that conscience send forth; how fiercely would it not rise upon you, did you contribute to the destruction of innocence by invoking Heaven itself, as a false witness against it?"

"Oh, my father! can such things be possible?" exclaimed Henri d'Effiat, clasping his hands.

"It is but too true," continued the abbé; "you saw the execution of it, in part, this morning. God grant you may not witness still greater horrors! But, listen; whatever you may see here, whatever crime they dare to commit, I conjure you, in the name of your mother and of all that you hold dear, utter not a word; make not a gesture, that may indicate any opinion whatever upon the affair. I know the impetuous character that you derive from the maréchal your father; curb it, or you are lost; these little ebullitions of passion procure but slight satisfaction, and bring about great misfortunes. I have observed you give way to them too much; oh! did you but know the advan-

tage that a calm temper gives one over men! The ancients stamped it on the forehead of the Divinity as his finest attribute, since it shows that he is superior to our fears and to our hopes, to our pleasures and to our pains. Therefore, my dear child, remain passive in the scenes you are about to witness; but see them you must; be present at this sad trial; for me, I must suffer the consequences of my school-boy folly. I will relate it to you; it will prove to you that, with a bald head, one may be as much a child as with your fine chesnut curls."

And the excellent old abbé, taking his pupil's head affectionately between his hands, continued as follows:

"Like other people, my dear son, I was curious to see the devils of the Ursulines, and, knowing that they professed to speak all languages, I had the imprudence to leave the Latin tongue and question them in Greek; the superior is very pretty, but she does not know Greek. Duncan, the physician, observed aloud that it was surprising that the demon, who knew everything, should commit barbarisms and solecisms in Latin, and not be able to answer in Greek. The young superior, who was then upon her show bed, turned towards the wall to weep, and said in an under tone to father Barré: 'I cannot go on with this, sir.' I repeated these words aloud, and infuriated all the exorcists; they cried out that I ought to know that there are demons more ignorant than peasants; and said that, as to their power and physical strength, it could not be doubted, since the spirits named Grésil des Trones, Aman des Puissance, and Asmodeus, had promised to carry off the calotte of M. de Laubardemont. They were preparing for this, when the physician Duncan, a learned and upright man, but somewhat of a scoffer, took it into his head to pull a cord he discovered fastened to a column, like a bell-rope, and which hung down just close to the referendary's head; hereupon they called him huguenot, and I am satisfied that if maréchal de Brézé were not his protector, it would have gone ill with him. The count du Lude then came forward, with his customary sang-froid, and begged the exorcists to perform before him. Father Lactantius, the capuchin with the dark visage and hard look,

proceeded with sister Agnes and sister Claire; he raised both his hands, looking at them as a serpent would look at two doves, and cried, in a terrible voice: '*Quis te misit, Diabole?*' and the two sisters answered, as with one voice, '*Urbanus.*' He was about to continue, when M. du Lude, taking out of his pocket, with an air of veneration, a small gold box, said that he had in it a relic left by his ancestors, and that, though not doubting the fact of the possession, he wished to test it. Father Lactantius seized the box with delight, and scarcely had he touched the foreheads of the two sisters with it, than they made immense leaps and twisted about their hands and feet; Lactantius shouted forth his exorcisms; Barré threw himself upon his knees with all the old women, and Mignon and the judges applauded. The impassible Laubardemont made the sign of the cross (without being struck dead for it!) When M. du Lude took back his box, the nuns became still. 'I think,' said Lactantius, insolently, 'that you will not question your relics now.' 'No more than I do the possession,' answered M. du Lude, opening his box, and showing that it was empty. 'Sir, you mock us,' said Lactantius. I was indignant at these mummeries, and said to him: 'Yes, sir, as you mock God and men.' And this, my dear friend, is why you see me in my seven-league boots, so heavy, and so big, that they hurt my legs, and with long pistols; for our friend Laubardemont has ordered my person to be seized, and I don't choose it to be seized, old as it is."

"What, is he so powerful, then?" cried Cinq-Mars.

"More so than is supposed, more so than could be believed. I know that the possessed abbess is his niece, and that he is provided with an order in council directing him to judge, without being deterred by any appeals lodged in parliament, the cardinal having prohibited the latter from taking cognizance of the matter of Urbain Grandier."

"And what are his offences?" asked the young man, already deeply interested.

"Those of a strong mind and of a superior genius, an inflexible will which has irritated power against him, and a profound passion which has driven his heart and him to

commit the only mortal sin with which I believe he can be reproached; and it was only by violating the sanctity of his private papers, which they tore from Jeanne d'Estièvre, his mother, an old woman of eighty, that they discovered his love for the beautiful Madeleine de Brou; this girl had refused to marry, and wished to take the veil. May that veil have concealed from her the spectacle of this day! The eloquence of Grandier and his angelic beauty drove the women half mad; they came miles and miles to hear him; I have seen them faint during his sermons; they declared him an angel, and touched his garment, and kissed his hands when he descended from the pulpit. It is certain that, unless it be his beauty, nothing could equal the sublimity of his discourses, ever full of inspiration; the pure honey of the gospel combined, on his lips, with the flashing flame of the prophecies; and one recognised, in the sound of his voice, a heart overflowing with holy pity for the evils to which mankind are subject, and swollen with tears, ready to flow forth for us."

The good priest paused, for he himself had his voice and his eyes swollen with tears; his round and naturally joyous face was more touching than a graver one under the same circumstances; for it seemed as though it bade defiance to sadness. Cinq-Mars, even still more moved, pressed his hand without speaking, fearful of interrupting him. The abbé took out a red handkerchief, wiped his eyes, and continued:

"This is the second attack upon Urbain by his combined foes. He had already been accused of bewitching the nuns; but, examined by holy prelates, by enlightened magistrates, and learned physicians, he was immediately acquitted, and the judges indignantly imposed silence upon these demons of human construction. The good and pious archbishop of Bordeaux, who had himself chosen the examiners of these pretended exorcists, drove the prophets away and shut up their hell. But humiliated by the publicity of the result, annoyed at seeing Grandier well received by our good king when he cast himself at his feet at Paris, they saw that if he triumphed they were lost, and would be universally regarded as impostors;

already the convent of the Ursulines was looked upon only as a theatre for disgraceful comedies, and the nuns themselves as shameless actresses. More than a hundred persons, furious against the curé, had compromised themselves in the hope of destroying him; their plot, instead of being abandoned, has gained strength by its first check: and here are the means that have been set to work by his implacable enemies.

"Do you know a man called *L'Eminence Grise*, that formidable capuchin whom the cardinal employs in all things, consults upon some, and despises invariably? it was to him that the capuchins of Loudun addressed themselves. A woman of this place, of low birth, named Hamon, having been so fortunate as to please the queen when she passed through Loudun, was taken into her service. You know the hatred that separates her court from that of the cardinal; you know that Anne of Austria and M. de Richelieu have for some time disputed for the king's favour, and that, of her two suns, France never knew in the evening which would rise next morning. During a momentary eclipse of the cardinal, a satire appeared, issuing from the planetary system of the queen; it was called, *La cordonnière de la reine mère;* its tone and language were vulgar; but it contained things so insulting about the birth and person of the cardinal, that the enemies of the minister took it up, and gave it a publicity which irritated him. There were revealed in it, it is said, many intrigues and mysteries which he had deemed impenetrable; he read this anonymous work, and desired to know its author. It was just at this time that the capuchins of this town wrote to father Joseph that a constant correspondence between Grandier and La Hamon left no doubt in their minds as to his being the author of this diatribe. It was in vain that he had previously published religious books, prayers, and meditations, the style of which alone ought to have absolved him from having put his hand to a libel written in the language of the market-place; the cardinal, long since prejudiced against Urbain, was determined to fix him as the culprit: he was reminded, that when he was only prior of Coussay, Grandier dis-

puted precedence with him, and gained it; I fear this achievement of precedence in life, will make poor Grandier precede the cardinal in death also."

A melancholy smile played upon the lips of the good abbé as he uttered this involuntary pun.

"What! do you think this matter will go so far as death?"

"Ay, my son, even to death; they have already taken away all the documents connected with his former absolution that might have served for his defence, despite the opposition of his poor mother, who preserved them as her son's licence to live; even now they affect to regard a work against the celibacy of priests, found among his papers, as destined to propagate schism. It is a culpable production, doubtless, and the love which dictated it, however pure it may be, is an enormous sin in a man consecrated to God alone; but this poor priest was far from wishing to encourage heresy, and it was simply, they say, to appease the remorse of Mademoiselle de Brou that he composed the work. It was so evident that his real faults would not suffice to condemn him to death, that they have revived the accusation of sorcery, long since disposed of; but feigning to believe which, the cardinal has established a new tribunal in this town, and has placed Laubardemont at its head; a sure sign of death. Heaven grant that you never become acquainted with what the corruption of governments call *coups-d'etat*."

At this moment a terrible shriek sounded from beyond the wall of the court-yard; the abbé arose in terror, as did Cinq-Mars.

"It is the cry of a woman," said the old man.

"'Tis heartrending!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars. "What hear you?" he asked his people, who had all rushed out into the court-yard.

They answered that they heard nothing further.

"Well, well," said the abbé, "make no noise." He then shut the window, and put his hands before his eyes.

"Ah, what a cry was that, my son!" he said, with his face of an ashy paleness—"what a cry! it pierced my very soul: some calamity has happened. Ah, Holy

Virgin! it has so agitated me, that I can talk with you no more. Why did I hear it, just as I was speaking to you of your future career? My dear child, may God bless you! Kneel."

Cinq-Mars did as he was desired, and knew, by a kiss upon his head, he had been blessed by the old man, who then raised him up, saying:—

"Go, my son, the time is advancing; they might find you with me. Go, leave your people and horses here; wrap yourself in a cloak, and go. I have much to write, ere the hour when darkness shall allow me to depart for Italy."

They embraced once more, promising to write to each other, and Henri quitted the house. The abbé, still following him with his eyes from the window, cried—

"Be prudent, whatever may happen;" and sent him, with his hands, one more paternal blessing, saying, "Poor child! poor child."

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

"I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape."
SHAKESPEARE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the usage of secret trials, then carried into extensive operation by Richelieu, the judges of the curé of Loudun had resolved that the court should be open to the public; but they soon repented this measure. They at first supposed that they had sufficiently blinded the people by their juggling during the past six months; they were all interested in the destruction of Urbain Grandier, but they desired that the indignation of the country should in some degree sanction the sentence of death they had received orders to pass and to carry into effect.

Laubardemont was a kind of bird of prey, whom the

cardinal always let loose when he required a prompt and sure agent for his vengeance; and on this occasion he fully justified the choice that had been made of him. He committed but one error, that of allowing a public trial, contrary to the prevalent usage; his object had been to intimidate and to dismay: he dismayed, indeed, but he also created a feeling of indignant horror.

The crowd whom we left outside the gates had waited there for two hours, during which time the sound of hammers indicated that within the great hall they were hastily completing their mysterious preparations. At length, the archers laboriously turned the heavy gates opening into the street upon their hinges, and the crowd eagerly rushed in. The young Cinq-Mars was carried in with the second enormous wave, and, placed behind a thick column, stood there, so as to be able to see without being seen. He observed with vexation that the dark group of citizens was near him; but the great gates closing, left the part of the court where the people stood in such darkness, that there was no likelihood of his being recognised. Although it was only mid-day, the hall was lighted with flambeaux, but they were nearly all placed at the further end, where rose the judges' bench, behind a long table; the chairs, tables, steps, were all covered with black cloth, and cast a livid hue over the faces of those near them. A seat reserved for the prisoner was placed upon the left, and on the crape robe which covered him, flames were represented in gold embroidery to indicate the nature of the offence. Here sat the accused, surrounded by archers, and his hands still bound in chains, held by two monks, who, with simulated terror, affected to start from him at his slightest motion, as though they held in bonds a tiger or enraged wolf, or as though the flames depicted on his robe could communicate themselves to their clothing. They also carefully kept his face from being seen by the people.

The impassible countenance of M. de Laubardemont, was there to dominate the judges of his choice; almost a head taller than any of them, he was placed upon a seat more elevated than theirs, and each of his glassy and uneasy glances seemed to convey an order to them. He

wore a long, full scarlet robe, and a black cap covered his head; he seemed occupied in arranging papers, which he then passed to the judges. The accusers, all of them ecclesiastics, sat on the right hand of the judges; they wore their albs and stoles; father Lactantius was distinguishable amongst them by his simple capuchin habit, his tonsure, and the extreme hardness of his features. In a side gallery sat the bishop of Poitiers, hidden from public observation; other galleries were filled with veiled women. Below the bench of judges, a number of men and women, the dregs of the populace, stood behind six young Ursuline nuns, who seemed full of disgust at their proximity; these were the witnesses.

The rest of the hall was occupied with an immense crowd of people, gloomy and silent, clinging to the arches, the gates, and the beams, and full of a terror which communicated itself to the judges, for it arose from an interest in the accused. Numerous archers, armed with long pikes, formed, as it were, the frame, a worthy one, of this lugubrious picture.

At a sign from the president, the witnesses withdrew, through a narrow door opened for them by an usher. As she passed M. de Laubardemont, the superior of the Ursulines was seen to advance, and heard to say to him—

"You have deceived me, sir."

He remained immovable, and she went on.

A profound silence reigned throughout the whole assembly.

Rising with all the gravity he could assume, but still with visible agitation, one of the judges, named Houmain, judge-advocate of Orleans, read a sort of indictment in a voice so low and so hoarse, that it was impossible to follow it. He only made himself heard when what he had to say was calculated to impose upon the minds of the people. He divided the evidence into two classes; one, the depositions of seventy-two witnesses; the other, more convincing, that resulting from "the exorcisms of the reverend fathers here present," said he, crossing himself.

Fathers Lactantius, Barré, and Mignon bowed low, repeating *the sacred sign.*

"Yes, my lords," said Houmain, addressing the judges, "this bouquet of white roses and this manuscript, signed with the blood of the magician, a counterpart of the contract he has made with Lucifer, and which he was obliged to carry about him in order to preserve his power, have been recognised and brought before you. We read with horror these words written at the bottom of the parchment: '*The original is in hell, in Lucifer's private cabinet.*'"

A burst of laughter, which seemed to emanate from stentorian lungs, was heard in the crowd. The president reddened, and made a sign to the archers, who in vain endeavoured to discover the perturbator. The judge-advocate continued—

"The demons have been forced to declare their names by the mouths of their victims. Their names and deeds are deposited upon this table: they are called Astaroth, of the order of Seraphim; Eazas, Celsus, Acaos, Cedron, Asmodeus, of the order of Thrones, Alex, Zebulon, Cham, Uriel and Achas, of the order of Principalities, and so on, for their number is infinite. For their actions, who amongst us has not been a witness of them?"

A lengthened murmur arose from the assembly, but upon some halberdiers advancing, all became silent.

"We have seen with grief the young and respectable superior of the Ursulines tear her bosom with her own hands, and grovel in the dust; we have seen the sisters, Agnes, Claire, and others deviate from the modesty of their sex by impassioned gestures and unseemly laughter. When impious men have inclined to doubt the presence of the demons, and we ourselves felt our convictions shaken, because they refused to answer to unknown questions in Greek or Arabic, the reverend fathers have, to establish our belief, deigned to explain to us that, the malignity of evil spirits being extreme, it was not surprising that they should feign this ignorance in order that they might be less pressed with questions, and that in their answers they had committed various solecisms and other grammatical faults, in order to bring contempt upon themselves, so that out of this disdain, the holy doctors might leave them in quiet. Their hatred is so inveterate, that just before performing one of their miraculous feats, they suspended a rope from a beam, in order to

involve the reverend personages in a suspicion of fraud, whereas it has been deposed on oath, by credible people, that there had never been a cord in that place.

"But, my lords, while Heaven was thus miraculously explaining itself by the mouths of its holy interpreters, another light has just been thrown upon us; at the very time the judges were absorbed in profound meditation, a loud cry was heard near the hall of council, and upon going to the spot, we found the body of a young lady of high birth; she had just sent forth her last breath in the public street, in the arms of the reverend father Mignon, canon; and we have learned from the said father here present, and from several other grave personages, that, suspecting the young lady to be possessed, by reason of the rumour for some time past current of the admiration Urbain Grandier had for her, an idea of testing it happily occurred to the canon, who suddenly said, approaching her: 'Grandier has just been put to death,' whereat she uttered one loud scream and fell dead, deprived by the demon of the time necessary for giving her the assistance of our holy Mother the Catholic church."

A murmur of indignation arose from the crowd, among whom the word *assassin* was loudly re-echoed; the halberdiers commanded silence with a loud voice; but it was obtained rather by the judge resuming his address; the general curiosity triumphing.

"Oh, infamy!" he continued, seeking to fortify himself by exclamations; "upon her person was found this work written by the hand of Urbain Grandier," and he took from among his papers a book bound in parchment.

"Heavens!" cried Urbain, from his seat.

"Look to your prisoner," cried the judge to the archers who surrounded him.

"The demon doubtless is about to manifest himself," said father Lactantius, in a sombre voice; "tighten his bonds." He was obeyed.

The judge-advocate continued: "Her name was Madeleine de Brou, aged nineteen."

"O God! this is too much!" cried the accused, as he fell senseless on the ground.

The assembly was deeply agitated; for a moment there was an absolute tumult.

"Poor fellow! he loved her," said some.

"So good a lady," cried the women.

Pity began to predominate. Cold water was thrown upon Grandier, without his being taken from the court, and he was tied to his seat. The judge-advocate went on:—

"We are directed to read the beginning of this book to the court;" and he read as follows:

"It is for thee, dear and gentle Madeleine; it is to set at rest thy troubled conscience that I have described in this book one thought of my soul. All those thoughts tend to thee, celestial creature, because in thee they return to the aim and object of my whole existence; but the thought I send thee, as 'twere a flower, comes from thee, exists only in thee, and returns to thee alone.

"Be not sad because thou lovest me; be not afflicted because I adore thee. The angels of heaven, what is it that they do? The souls of the blessed, what is it that is promised them? Are we less pure than the angels? Are our souls less separated from the earth than they will be after death? Oh, Madeleine! what is there in us, wherewith the Lord can be displeased? Can it be that we pray together, that, with faces prostrate in the dust before His altars, we ask for early death to take us, while yet youth and love are ours? Or that, musing together beneath the funereal trees of the churchyard, we yearned for one grave, smiling at the idea of death, and weeping at life? Or that, when thou kneelest before me at the tribunal of penitence, and speaking in the presence of God, thou canst find nought of evil to reveal to me, so wholly have I kept thy soul in the pure regions of Heaven? What then could offend our Creator? Perhaps, yes! perhaps, some spirit of Heaven may have envied me my happiness, when on Easter day I saw thee kneeling before me, purified by long austerities from the slight stain which the original sin had left in thee! Beautiful, indeed, wert thou! thy glance sought thy God in Heaven, and my trembling hand held his image to thy pure lips, which human lip had never dared to breathe upon. Angelic being! I alone participated in the secret of the Lord, in the one secret of the entire purity of thy soul; I it was united

thee to thy Creator, who at that moment descended also into my bosom. Ineffable espousals, of which the Eternal himself was the priest, you alone were permitted between the Virgin and her pastor! the sole joy of each was to see eternal happiness commencing for the other, to inhale together the perfumes of Heaven, to drink in already the harmony of the spheres, and to feel assured that our souls, unveiled to God and to ourselves alone, were worthy together to adore him.

"What scruple still weighs upon thy soul, oh, my sister? Dost thou think I have offered too high a worship to thy virtue? Fearest thou so pure an admiration should deter me from that of the Lord?"

Houmain had reached this point when the door through which the witnesses had withdrawn, suddenly opened. The judges anxiously whispered together. Laubardemont, uncertain as to the meaning of this, signed to the fathers to let him know whether this was some scene executed by their orders; but, seated at some distance from him, and themselves taken by surprise, they could not make him understand that they had not prepared this interruption. Besides, ere they could exchange looks, to the stupefaction of the assembly, three women, *en chemise*, with naked feet, each with a cord round her neck, and a wax taper in her hand, came through the door, and advanced to the middle of the platform. It was the superior of the Ursulines, followed by sisters Agnes and Claire. Both the latter were weeping; the superior was very pale, but her bearing was firm, and her eyes fixed and tearless; she knelt; her companions followed her example; everything was in such utter confusion, that no one thought of checking them; and in a clear, firm voice, she pronounced these words, which resounded in every corner of the hall:

"In the name of the Holy Trinity, I, Jeanne de Belfiel, daughter of the baron de Cose, I, the unworthy superior of the convent of the Ursulines of Loudun, ask pardon of God and man for the crime I have committed in accusing the innocent Urbain Grandier. My possession was feigned, my words dictated; remorse overwhelms me."

"Bravo!" cried the spectators, clapping their hands. The judges arose; the archers, in doubt, looked at the

president; he shook in every limb, but did not change countenance.

"Let all be silent," he said, in a sharp voice; "archers, do your duty."

This man felt himself supported by so strong a hand, that nothing could affright him, for no thought of Heaven ever visited him.

"What think you, my fathers?" said he, making a sign to the monks.

"That the demon seeks to save his friend—*Obmutesce, Satanas!*" cried father Lactantius in a terrible voice, affecting to exorcise the superior.

Never did fire applied to gunpowder produce an effect more instantaneous than did these two words. Jeanne de Belfiel started up, in all the beauty of twenty, which her awful nudity served to augment; she seemed a soul escaped from hell appearing to her seducer; with her dark eyes she cast fierce glances upon the monks; Lactantius lowered his beneath that look; she took two steps towards him with her bare feet, beneath which the scaffolding rung, so energetic was her movement; her taper seemed, in her hand, the sword of the avenging angel.

"Silence, impostor!" she cried with warmth; "the demon who possessed me, was yourself; you deceived me; you said he was not to be tried; to-day, for the first time, I know that he is to be tried—to-day, for the first time, I know that he is to be murdered—and I will speak."

"Woman, the demon bewilders thee."

"Say, rather, that repentance enlightens me; daughters, miserable as myself, arise; is he not innocent?"

"We swear he is," said the two young lay sisters, still kneeling and weeping, for they were not animated with so strong a resolution as that of the superior. Agnes, indeed, had scarcely uttered these words, than, turning towards the people, she cried: "Help me; they will punish me, they will kill me!" And hurrying away her companion, she threw herself into the crowd, who affectionately received them; a thousand voices swore to protect them; imprecations arose, the men struck their staves against the floor; the officials dared not prevent the people from passing the sisters on from arm to arm, into the street.

During this strange scene, the amazed and panic-struck judges whispered, M. Laubardemont looked at the archers, indicating to them the points they were especially to watch, amongst which, more particularly, was that occupied by the group in black. The accusers looked towards the gallery of the bishop of Poitiers, but discovered no expression in his apathetic countenance. He was one of those old men whom death appears to take possession of ten years before all motion entirely ceases in them; his eyes seemed veiled by a half sleep; his gaping mouth mumbled a few vague and habitual words of prayer, without meaning or application; the entire amount of intelligence he retained was the distinguishing the man who had most power, and him he obeyed, regardless at what price. He had accordingly signed the sentence of the doctors of the Sorbonne which declared the nuns possessed, without even deducing thence the consequence of the death of Urbain; the rest seemed to him one of those more or less lengthy ceremonies, to which he paid not the slightest attention, accustomed as he was to see and live among them, himself an indispensable part and parcel of them. He therefore gave no sign of life on this occasion, merely preserving an air at once perfectly noble and null.

Meanwhile father Lactantius, having had a moment to recover from the sudden attack made upon him, turned towards the president, and said:

"Here is a clear proof sent us by Heaven of the possession, for the superior has never before forgotten the modesty and severity of her order."

"Would that all the world were here to see me!" said Jeanne de Belfiel, firm as ever. "I cannot be sufficiently humiliated upon earth, and Heaven will reject me, for I have been your accomplice."

The perspiration rolled down the forehead of Laubardemont, but he essayed to recover his composure: "What absurd tale is this, my sister; what has influenced you herein?"

The voice of the girl became sepulchral; she collected all her strength, pressed her hand upon her heart as though she desired to stay its throbbing, and looking at Urbain Grandier, answered: "Love."

A shudder ran through the assembly. Urbain, who, since he had fainted, had remained with his head hanging down, as if dead, slowly raised his eyes towards her, and returned entirely to life only to undergo a fresh sorrow. The young penitent continued—

"Yes, the love which he rejected, which he never fully knew, which I have breathed in his discourses, which my eyes drew in from his celestial countenance, which his very counsels against it have increased. Yes, Urbain is pure as an angel, but good as a man who has loved; I knew not that he had loved! It is you," she said, more energetically, pointing to Lactantius, Barré, and Mignon, and changing her passionate accents for those of indignation, "it is you told me that he loved; you who this morning have too cruelly avenged me, by killing my rival with a word. Alas, I only sought to separate them. It was a crime; but by my mother I am an Italian; I burned with love, with jealousy; you allowed me to see Urbain, to have him as a friend, to see him daily." She was silent for a moment; then exclaiming: "People, he is innocent! Martyr, pardon me, I embrace thy feet!"

She prostrated herself before Urbain, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Urbain raised his closely bound hands, and giving her his benediction, said gently:

"Go, my sister, I pardon thee in the name of Him whom I shall soon see; I have before said to you, and you now see, the passions work much evil, unless we seek to turn them towards Heaven."

The colour a second time rose to Laubardemont's forehead. "Miscreant!" he exclaimed, "darest thou pronounce the words of the church?"

"I have not quitted her bosom," said Urbain.

"Remove the girl," said the president.

When the archers went to obey, they found that she had tightened the cord round her neck with such force, that she was of a livid hue and almost lifeless. Fear had driven all the women from the assembly; many had been carried out fainting, but the hall was no less crowded, the ranks thickened, for the men out of the street poured in.

The judges arose in terror, and the president attempted

to have the hall cleared; but the people, putting on their hats, stood in alarming immobility; the archers were not numerous enough to repel them; it became necessary to give way; and accordingly Laubardemont, in an agitated voice, announced that the council would retire for half an hour. He broke up the sitting; the people gloomily remained, each man firmly fixed to his place.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARTYRDOM.

"La torture interroge, et la douleur répond."
RAYNOUARD, *Les Templiers.*

THE continuous interest of this half-trial, the solemnity of its preparations, its interruptions, everything had held the minds of the people in such attention, that no private conversation had taken place. Some exclamations had been made, but simultaneously, without any spectator heeding the impression produced on his neighbour, or seeking to divine them or to communicate to him his own. When, however, the people were left to themselves, there was, as it were, an explosion of clamorous sentences. Many voices were distinguished amid the chaos, rising above the general noise, as the blast of trumpets rises above the general sound of an orchestra.

There was at this epoch enough of primitive simplicity among the lower classes for them to be persuaded by the mysterious tales of the political agents who were playing upon them, so that a large portion of the crowd present in the hall of trial, not venturing to revise their judgment, though upon the manifest evidence just afforded them, awaited in painful suspense the return of the judges, interchanging with an air of mystery and inane importance the usual remarks dictated on such occasions by imbecility.

"One does *not know* what to think, sir?"

"Truly, madame, most extraordinary things."

"We live in strange times!"

"I guessed as much, but, i'faith, it does not do to say what one thinks."

"We shall see what we shall see," and so on; the unmeaningnesses of the crowd, which merely serve to show that it is at the command of the first who lays a strong hand upon it. Much more emphatic things were heard from the group in black.

"What! shall we let them do as they please, in this manner? What! dare to burn our letter to the king!"

"If the king knew it!"

"The barbarian impostors! how skilfully is their plot contrived. What! shall murder be committed under our very eyes? Shall we be afraid of these archers?"

"No, no, no!"

Attention was turned towards the young advocate, who, standing on a bench, began by tearing to pieces a roll of paper; then raising his voice, he cried:

"Yes, I tear and scatter to the winds the defence I had prepared for the accused; they have suppressed discussion; I am not allowed to speak for him. I can only speak to you, people; I rejoice that I can do so. You heard these infamous judges; which of them can hear the truth? which of them is worthy to listen to an honest man? which of them will dare to look him in the face? Yet, what do I say? They all know the truth; they carry it in their guilty breasts, it preys upon their hearts like a serpent; they tremble in their den, where, doubtless, they are devouring their prey; they tremble because they have heard the cries of three misled women. What was I about to do? I was about to speak for Urbain Grandier! What eloquence could equal that of these unfortunates? what words could better have shown you his innocence? Heaven has taken up arms for him, in bringing these to repentance and to devotion; Heaven will finish its work——"

"*Vade retro, Satanas,*" was heard through a high window in the hall.

Fournier stopped for a moment, and then—

"You hear these voices parodying the divine language?

If I mistake not, these instruments of an infernal power are, by this song of theirs, preparing some new spell."

"But," cried those who surrounded him, "what shall we do? what have they done with him?"

"Remain here; be immovable, be silent," replied the young advocate; "the inertia of a people is all powerful; that is its true wisdom, that its strength. Look on closely, and in silence, and you will make them tremble."

"They surely will not dare to show themselves again," said the count du Lude.

"I should like to have another look at the tall scoundrel in red," said Grand-Ferré, who had lost nothing of what passed.

."And that good gentleman, the curé," murmured old father Guillaume Leroux, looking at all his indignant children, who were talking together in a low tone, measuring and counting the archers, ridiculing their dress, and beginning to point them out to the observation of the other spectators.

Cinq-Mars, still leaning with his back to the pillar, behind which he had first placed himself, still enveloped in his black cloak, eagerly watched all that passed, lost not a word of what was said, and filled his heart with hate and bitterness; violent desires for slaughter and revenge, an indefinite desire to strike, took possession of him, despite himself; this is the first impression which evil produces on the soul of a young man; afterwards, sadness takes the place of fury; then indifference and scorn; later still, a selfish admiration for the great villains who have been successful; but this is only when, of the two elements which constitute man, earth gains the day over the spirit. Meanwhile, on the right of the hall near the judges' platform, a group of women were attentively regarding a child of about eight years old, who had taken it into his head to climb up to a cornice, by the aid of his sister Martine, whom we have seen jested with in such unmeasured terms, by the young soldier, Grand-Ferré. The child, having nothing to look at after the court had left the hall, had mounted, by means of his hands and feet, to a small window which admitted a faint light, and which he imagined to contain a swallow's nest or some

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other boyish treasure; but when he was well established with his feet on the cornice of the wall, and his hands holding on by the bars of an old shrine of St. Jerom, he wished himself anywhere else, and cried out:

"Oh, sister, sister, lend me your hand to get down."

"What is it you see there?" asked Martine.

"Oh! I dare not tell; but I want to get down;" and he began to cry.

"Stay there, my child, stay there," said all the women; "don't be afraid; tell us all that you see."

"Well, then, they've put the curé between two great boards that squeeze his legs, and there are cords round the boards."

"Ah! that is the rack," said one of the townsmen. "Look, my little friend, what do you see now?"

The child, more confident, looked again through the window, and then withdrawing his head, said:

"I cannot see the curé now, because all the judges stand round him, and are looking at him, and their great robes prevent me from seeing. There are also some capuchins, stooping down to speak to him in a low voice."

Curiosity brought more people under the boy's feet; every one was silent, awaiting anxiously to catch his words, as though all their lives depended on them.

"I see," he went on, "the executioner driving four little pieces of wood between the cords, after the capuchins have blessed the hammer and nails. . . . . Ah! heavens, sister, how enraged they seem with him, because he will not speak. . . . Mother! mother! give me your hand, I want to come down!"

Instead of his mother, the child, upon turning round, saw only male faces, looking up to him with a mournful eagerness, and signing him to proceed. He dared not descend, and looked again through the window, trembling.

"Oh! I see father Lactantius and father Barré, themselves forcing in more pieces of wood, which squeeze his legs. Oh! how pale he is! he seems praying; there, his head falls back, as if he were dying! Oh! take me away!"

And he fell into the arms of the young advocate, of M. du Lude, and of Cinq-Mars, who had come to support him.

"*Deus stetit in synagoga deorum: in medio autem Deus dijudicat. . . .*" chanted strong and nasal voices, issuing from the small window, which continued in full chorus one of the psalms, interrupted by blows of the hammer; an infernal deed beating time to celestial songs. One might have supposed oneself near a smith's shop; but that the blows were dull, and manifested to the ear that the anvil was a man's body.

"Silence!" said Fournier, "he speaks; the chanting and the blows stop."

A weak voice within said with difficulty, "Oh! my fathers, mitigate the rigour of your torments, for you will reduce my soul to despair, and I might seek to destroy myself."

At this, the fury of the people burst forth, like an explosion, echoing along the vaulted roofs; the men fiercely sprang upon the platform, thrust aside the surprised and hesitating archers; the unarmed crowd drove them back, pressed them, almost suffocated them against the walls, and held them fast; then dashed against the doors which led to the question-chamber, and, making them shake beneath their blows, threatened to drive them in; imprecations resounded from a thousand menacing voices, and terrified the judges within.

"They are gone, they have taken him away," cried a man, who had climbed to the little window.

The multitude at once stopped short, and changing the direction of their steps, fled from this detestable place, and rapidly spread through the streets. There an extraordinary confusion prevailed.

Night had come on during the long sitting, and the rain was pouring down in torrents. The darkness was fearful; the cries of women slipping on the pavement, or driven back by the horses of the guards; the shout of the assembled and furious men; the incessant tolling of the bells which had been keeping time with the strokes of the question; the roll of distant thunder; all combined to increase the disorder. If the ear was astonished, the eyes were no less so: a few dismal torches lighted up the corners of the streets, and casting flitting gleams showed soldiers, armed and mounted, dashing along, regardless of

the crowd, to assemble in the Place de Saint Pierre le Marché; tiles were sometimes thrown at them on their way, but, missing the distant culprit, fell upon some unoffending neighbour. The confusion was bewildering, and became still more so, when, hurrying through all the streets towards the Place de Saint Pierre, the people found it barricaded on all sides, and filled with mounted guards and archers. Carts, fastened to the posts at each corner, closed each entrance, and sentinels, armed with arquebusses, were stationed close to the carts. In the midst of the Place, arose a pile, composed of enormous beams placed cross-wise upon one another, so as to form a perfect square; these were covered with a whiter and lighter wood; an immense stake arose from the centre of the scaffold. A man clothed in red, and holding a lowered torch, stood near this sort of mast, which was visible from a distance. An enormous chafing-dish, covered on account of the rain, was at his feet.

At this spectacle, terror everywhere inspired a profound silence; for an instant nothing was heard but the sound of the rain which fell in torrents, and of the thunder which came nearer and nearer.

Meanwhile Cinq-Mars, accompanied by MM. du Lude and Fournier and all the more important personages of the town, had taken shelter from the storm under the peristyle of the church of Sainte-Croix, raised upon twenty stone steps. The pile was in front, and from this height they could see the whole of the square. The centre was entirely clear, large streams of water alone traversed it; but all the windows of the houses were gradually lighted up, and showed the heads of the men and women who thronged them.

The young d'Effiat sorrowfully contemplated this lugubrious preparation; brought up in sentiments of honour, and far removed from the black thoughts which hatred and ambition arouse in the heart of man, he could not conceive that such wrong could be done, without some powerful and secret motive; the daring of such a condemnation seemed to him so enormous, that its very cruelty began to justify it in his eyes; a secret horror crept into his soul, the same that silenced the people; he almost forgot the interest with

which the unhappy Urbain had inspired him, in thinking whether it were not possible that some secret correspondence with the infernal powers had justly provoked such excessive severity; and the public revelations of the nuns, and the statement of his respected tutor, faded from his memory, so powerful is success, even in the eyes of superior men! so strongly does force impose upon men, despite the voice of conscience!

The young traveller was asking himself if it were not probable that the torture had forced some monstrous confession from the accused, when the obscurity which surrounded the church suddenly ceased, its two great doors were thrown open, and, by the light of an infinite number of flambeaux, appeared all the judges and ecclesiastics, surrounded by guards; in the midst of them was Urbain, supported or rather carried by six men, clothed as black penitents, for his limbs, bound with bandages saturated with blood, seemed broken and incapable of supporting him. It was at most two hours since Cinq-Mars had seen him, and yet he could scarcely recognise the face he had so closely observed at the trial; all colour, all roundness of form had disappeared from it; a livid pallor covered a skin, yellow, and shining like ivory; the blood seemed to have left his veins; all the life that remained within him shone from his dark eyes, which appeared to have grown twice as large as before, as he cast them languidly around him; his long chesnut hair hung loosely down his neck, and over a white shirt, which entirely covered him, or rather, a sort of robe with large sleeves, and of a yellowish tint, with an odour of sulphur about it; a long, thick cord encircled his neck, and fell upon his breast. He looked like an apparition, but it was the apparition of a martyr.

Urbain stopped, or rather was set down upon the peristyle of the church; the capuchin Lactantius placed a lighted torch in his right hand, and held it there, as he said to him, with his hard inflexibility:

"Do penance, and ask pardon of God for thy crime of magic."

The unhappy man raised his voice with great difficulty, and, with his eyes to heaven, said:

"In the name *of the* living God, I cite thee, Laubarde-

mont, false judge, to appear before him in three years. They have taken away my confessor, and I have been fain to pour out my faults into the bosom of God himself, for my enemies surround me; I call that God of mercy to witness, I have never dealt in magic. I have known no mysteries but those of the catholic religion, apostolic and Roman, in which I die; I have sinned much against myself, but never against God and our Lord——"

"Proceed not!" cried the capuchin, affecting to close his mouth, ere he could pronounce the word of the Saviour. "Obdurate wretch, return to the demon who sent thee!"

He signed to four priests, who, approaching with sprinklers in their hands, exorcised with holy water the air the magician breathed, the earth he touched, the wood that was to burn him. During this ceremony, the judge-advocate hastily read the decree, dated the 18th of August, 1639, *declaring Urbain Grandier duly attainted and convicted of the crime of sorcery, witchcraft, and possession, in the persons of sundry Ursuline nuns of Loudun, and others, laymen, &c.*

The reader, dazzled by a flash of lightning, stopped for an instant, and, turning to M. de Laubardemont, asked whether, considering the awful weather, the execution could not be deferred till the next day.

"The decree," coldly answered Laubardemont, "commands execution within twenty-four hours: fear not the incredulous people; they will soon be convinced."

All the most considerable persons of the town and many strangers were under the peristyle, and now advanced, Cinq-Mars among them.

"The magician has never been able to pronounce the name of the Saviour, and repels his image."

Lactantius at this moment issued from the midst of the penitents, with an enormous iron crucifix in his hand, which he seemed to hold with precaution and respect; he extended it to the lips of the sufferer, who, indeed, threw back his head, and, collecting all his strength, made a gesture with his arm, which threw the cross from the hands of the capuchin.

"You see," cried the latter, "he has thrown down the cross!"

A murmur arose, the meaning of which was dubious.

"Profanation!" cried the priests.

The procession moved on towards the pile.

Meanwhile, Cinq-Mars, gliding behind a pillar, had eagerly watched all that passed; he saw with astonishment that the cross, in falling upon the steps, which were more exposed to the rain than the platform, smoked and made a noise like molten lead when thrown into water. While the public attention was elsewhere engaged, he advanced and touched it lightly with his hand, which was immediately scorched. Seized with indignation, with all the fury of a true heart, he took up the cross with the folds of his cloak, stepped up to Laubardemont, and striking him with it on the forehead, cried:

"Villain, bear the mark of this red hot iron!"

The crowd heard these words, and rushed forwards.

"Arrest this madman!" cried the unworthy magistrate.

He was himself seized by the hands of men, who cried:

"Justice! justice, in the name of the king!"

"We are lost!" said Lactantius—"to the pile, to the pile!"

The penitents dragged Urbain towards the Place, while the judges and archers re-entered the church, struggling with the furious citizens; the executioner, having no time to tie up the victim, hastened to lay him on the wood, and to set fire to it. But the rain still fell in torrents, and each piece of wood had no sooner caught the flame, than it became extinguished. In vain did Lactantius and the other canons themselves seek to stir up the fire; nothing could overcome the water which fell from heaven.

Meanwhile the tumult, which had commenced in the peristyle of the church, extended throughout the square. The cry of *Justice!* was repeated and circulated, with the information of what had been discovered; two barricades were forced, and despite three volleys of musketry, the archers were gradually driven back towards the centre of the square. They in vain spurred their horses against the crowd; it overwhelmed them with its swelling waves. Half an hour passed in this struggle, the guards still receding towards the pile, which they concealed as they pressed closer upon it.

"On! on!" cried a man—"we will deliver him; do not strike the soldiers, but let them fall back. See, Heaven will not permit him to die! The fire is out; now, friend, one effort more!—That is well!—Throw down that horse! —Forward! on!"

The guard was broken and dispersed on all sides; the crowd rushed to the pile; but there was no longer any light there: all had disappeared, even the executioner. They tore up and threw aside the beams: one of them was still burning, and its light showed, under a mass of ashes and ensanguined mire, a blackened hand, preserved from the fire by a large iron bracelet and chain. A woman had the courage to open it; the fingers clasped a small ivory cross and an image of Saint Magdalen.

"These are his remains," she said, weeping.

"Say, the relics of a martyr," exclaimed a citizen, uncovering.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DREAM.

"Nous sommes au printemps, et nos bois sont déserts,
Et le printemps n'a pas, ramenant ses concerts,
Réveillé les oiseaux endormis sous les branches;
L'aubépine est en deuil, et les faibles pervenches
De leurs boutons flétris s'échappent sans couleurs;
Les vergers languissants altérés de chaleurs,
Au lieu de nous donner des fleurs et de l'ombrage,
Balancent des rameaux dépourvus de feuillages;
Il semble que l'hiver ne quitte pas les cieux."

JULES LEFEVRE, *Maria.*

MEANWHILE, Cinq-Mars, amidst the fray which his outbreak had provoked, felt his left arm seized by a hand as hard as iron, which, drawing him from the crowd to the bottom of the steps, pushed him behind the wall of the church, and he then saw the dark face of old Grandchamp, who said to him in a sharp voice:

"Sir, your attacking thirty musketeers in a wood at

Chaumont was nothing, because we were near you, though you knew it not, and, moreover, you had to do with men of honour; but here 'tis another thing. Your horses and people are at the end of the street; I request you to mount and leave the town, or to send me back to madame la maréchale, for I am responsible for your limbs, which you expose so freely."

Cinq-Mars, though somewhat confounded at this rough mode of having a service done him, was not sorry to extricate himself thus from the affair, having had time to reflect how very awkward it might be for him to be recognised, after having struck the head of the judicial authority and the agent of the very cardinal who was to present him to the king. He observed, also, that there was assembled around him a crowd of the lowest class of people, among whom he blushed to find himself. He therefore followed his old domestic, without arguing the matter with him, and found the other three servants waiting for him. Despite the rain and wind, he mounted, and was soon upon the high road with his escort, having put his horse to a gallop in order to avoid pursuit.

He had, however, no sooner got out of Loudun, than the sandy road, furrowed by deep ruts completely filled with water, obliged him to slacken his pace. The rain continued to fall in torrents, and his cloak was almost saturated. He felt a thicker one thrown over his shoulders; it was his old valet-de-chambre who had approached him, and thus exhibited for him a maternal solicitude.

"Well! Grandchamp," said Cinq-Mars, "now that we are clear of the scuffle, tell me how you came to be there when I had ordered you to remain at the abbé's?"

"Parbleu! monsieur," answered the old servant, in a grumbling tone, "do you suppose that I should obey you more than I did M. le maréchal? When my late master, after telling me to remain in his tent, found me behind him in the cannon's smoke, he made no complaint, because he had a fresh horse ready when his own was killed, and he only scolded me for a moment, in his thoughts; but, truly, during the forty years I served him, I never saw him act as you have done in the fortnight I have been with you. Ah!" he added, with a sigh, "we are going

on at a fine rate; and if it continues, there's no knowing what will be the end of it."

"But, knowest thou, Grandchamp, that these scoundrels had made the crucifix red hot?—a thing at which there's no honest man but would have been as much enraged as I was."

"Except M. le maréchal, your father, who would not have done at all what you have done, sir."

"What, then, would he have done?"

"He would very quietly have let this curé be burned by the other curés, and would have said to me: 'Grandchamp, see that my horses have oats, and let no one steal them;' or, 'Grandchamp, take care that the rain does not rust my sword or wet the priming of my pistols;' for M. le maréchal thought of everything, and never interfered in what did not concern him. That was his great principle; and as he was, thank Heaven, alike good soldier and good general, he was always as careful of his arms as a recruit, and would not have stood up against thirty young gallants with a dress rapier."

Cinq-Mars felt the force of the worthy servitor's epigrammatic scolding, and feared that he had followed him beyond the wood of Chaumont; but he would not ask, least he should have to give explanations, or to tell a falsehood, or to command silence, which would at once have been taking him into confidence on the subject. As the only alternative, he spurred his horse and got before his old domestic; but the latter had not yet had his say, and instead of keeping behind his master, rode up to his left, and continued the conversation.

"Do you suppose, sir, that I should allow you to go where you please? No, sir, I am too deeply impressed with the respect I owe to madame la marquise, to give her an opportunity of saying to me: 'Grandchamp, my son has been killed with a shot, or with a sword—why were you not before him?' or, 'He has received a stab from the stiletto of an Italian, because he went at night beneath the window of a great princess—why did you not seize the assassin?' This would be very disagreeable to me, sir, for I have never been reproached with anything of the kind. Once, M. le maréchal lent me to his nephew,

M. le comte, to make a campaign in the Netherlands, because I know Spanish; well! I fulfilled the duty with honour, as I always do. When M. le comte received a bullet in his heart, I myself brought back his horses, his mules, his tent, and all his equipment, without so much as a pocket handkerchief being missed, and I can assure you that the horses were as well dressed and harnessed when we re-entered Chaumont, as if M. le comte had been about to go a hunting; and, accordingly, I received nothing but compliments and agreeable things from the whole family, just in the way I like."

"Well, well, my friend," said Henri d'Effiat, "I may some day, perhaps, have these horses to take back; but, in the meantime, take this great purse of gold, which I have well nigh lost two or three times, and thou shalt pay for me everywhere; the money wearies me."

"M. le maréchal did not so, sir. He had been superintendant of finances, and he counted every farthing he paid out of his own hand. I do not think your estates would have been in such good condition, or that you would have had so much money to count yourself, had he done otherwise; have the goodness therefore to keep your purse, whose contents, I dare swear, you do not know."

"Faith, not I."

Grandchamp sent forth a profound sigh at his master's disdainful exclamation.

"Ah, monsieur le marquis! monsieur le marquis! When I think that the great king Henri, before my eyes, put his chamois gloves into his pocket to keep the rain from spoiling them; when I think that M. de Rosni refused him money when he had spent too much; when I think——"

"When thou dost think, thou art egregiously tedious, my old friend," interrupted his master; "and thou wilt do better in telling me what that black figure is that I think I see walking in the mire behind us."

"It looks like some poor peasant woman who wants alms of us; she may easily follow us, for we do not go at much of a pace in this sand, wherein our horses sink up to the hams. We shall go to the Landes, perhaps, some day, sir, and you will there see a country all the same as

this sandy road, and great black firs all the way along; it looks like a churchyard; this is an exact specimen of it. Look, now the rain has ceased, and we can see a little, there is nothing but furze-bushes on this great plain, without a village or a house. I don't know where we can pass the night; but if you will take my advice, you will let us cut some boughs and bivouac where we are; you shall see how I can make a hut with a little earth, as warm as a bed."

"I would rather go on to the light I see in the horizon," said Cinq-Mars, "for I fancy I feel rather feverish, and I am thirsty. But fall back, I would ride alone; rejoin the others and follow."

Grandchamp obeyed; he consoled himself by giving Germain, Louis, and Etienne, lessons in the art of reconnoitring a country by night.

Meanwhile, his young master was overcome with fatigue. The violent emotions of the day had profoundly affected his mind; and the long journey on horseback, the two last days passed almost without nourishment, owing to the hurried course of events; the heat of the sun by day, the icy coldness of the night, all contributed to increase his indisposition, and to weary his delicate frame. For three hours he journeyed on in silence before his people, yet the light he had seen in the horizon seemed no nearer; at last he ceased to follow it with his eyes, and his head, feeling heavier and heavier, sunk upon his breast; he gave the reins to his tired horse, which of its own accord followed the high road, and crossing his arms, allowed himself to be rocked by the monotonous motion of his fellow traveller, which frequently stumbled against the large stones that strewed the road. The rain had ceased, as had the voices of his domestics, whose horses followed in the track of their master's. The young man abandoned himself to the bitterness of his thoughts; he asked himself whether the bright object of his hopes would not flee from him, day by day, as that phosphoric light fled from him in the horizon, step by step. Was it probable that the young princess, almost forcibly recalled to the gallant court of Anne of Austria, would always refuse the hands, perhaps royal ones, that would be offered to her? What

chance that she would resign herself to renounce a present throne, in order to wait till some caprice of fortune should realize romantic hopes, or take a youth, almost in the lowest rank of the army, and lift him to the elevation she spoke of, till the age of love should be passed! How could he be certain, that even the vows of Maria de Gonzaga were sincere? "Alas," he soliloquized, "perhaps she has blinded herself as to her own sentiments; the solitude of the country had prepared her soul to receive deep impressions. I came; she thought I was he of whom she had dreamed; our age and my love did the rest. But when at court, she, the companion of the queen, has learned to contemplate from an exalted position the greatness to which I aspire, and which I as yet only see from a very humble distance; when she shall suddenly find herself in actual possession of the future she aims at, and measures, with a more correct eye, the long road I have to journey over; when she shall hear around her, vows like mine, pronounced by lips which could undo me with a word, with a word destroy him whom she awaits as her husband, her lord—oh, madman that I have been! she will see all her folly, and will be incensed at mine."

Thus did doubt, the greatest misery of love, begin to rack his sick heart; he felt his hot blood rush to his head and oppress it; ever and anon he fell forward upon the neck of his horse, and a half sleep weighed down his eyes; the dark firs that bordered the road seemed to him gigantic corpses journeying by his side; he saw, or thought he saw, the same woman clothed in black, whom he had pointed out to Grandchamp, approach so near as to touch his horse's mane, pull his cloak, and then run off, with a jeering laugh; the sand of the road seemed to him a river running beneath him, with opposing current, back towards its source; this strange sight dazzled his worn eyes, he closed them, and fell asleep on his horse.

Ere long, he felt himself stopped, but he was numbed with cold, and could not move. He saw peasants, lights, a house, a great room into which they carried him, a vast bed, whose heavy curtains were closed by Grandchamp, and he fell asleep again, stunned by the fever that whirred in his ears.

Dreams that followed one another more rapidly than grains of sand before the wind, dashed through his brain; he could not catch them, and moved restlessly on his bed. Urbain Grandier on the rack, his mother in tears, his tutor armed, Bassompierre loaded with chains, passed before him, making signs of farewell; at last, as he slept, he instinctively put his hand to his head, to fix the just passing dream, which then seemed to unfold itself before his eyes like a quicksand.

There was a public square, crowded with a foreign people, a northern people, who sent forth cries of joy, but they were savage cries; there was a line of guards, ferocious soldiers—these were Frenchmen. "Come with me," said the soft voice of Maria di Gonzaga, taking his hand. "See, I have a diadem; here is thy throne, come with me." And she hurried him on, the people still shouting. He went on—on—on—a long way. "Why, then, are you sad, if you are a queen?" he said, trembling. But she was pale, and smiled and spoke not. She ascended, step after step, up to a throne, and seated herself. "Mount," said she, forcibly pulling his hand. But, at every movement, the massive stairs crumbled beneath his feet, so that he could not ascend. "Give thanks to love," she continued; and the hand, now more powerful, raised him to the summit. The people still shouted. He bowed low to kiss that helping hand, that adored hand—it was the hand of the executioner!

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, as, sending forth a deep sigh, he opened his eyes. A flickering lamp lighted the ruinous chamber of the inn; he again closed his eyes, for he had seen, seated on his bed, a woman, a nun, so young, so beautiful! He thought he was still dreaming, but she grasped his hand tightly. He opened his burning eyes, and fixed them upon her:

"Is it you, Jeanne de Belfiel? How the rain has drenched your veil and your black hair. What do you here, unhappy woman?"

"Hark! awake not my Urbain; he sleeps there in the next chamber. Ay, my hair is indeed wet, and my feet—see, my feet that were once so white, see how the mud has soiled them. But I have made a vow, I will not wash

them till I have seen the king, and he has granted me Urbain's pardon. I am going to the army to find him; I will speak to him as Grandier taught me to speak, and he will pardon him; and listen, I will also ask thy pardon; for I read in thy face that thou too art condemned to death. Poor youth! thou art too young to die; thy curling hair is beautiful; but yet thou art condemned, for thou hast on thy brow a line that never deceives. The man thou hast struck will kill thee. Thou hast made too much use of the cross; it is that will bring evil upon thee; thou hast struck with it, and thou wearest it round thy neck by a hair chain. Nay, hide not thy face; have I said aught to afflict thee? or is it that thou lovest, young man? Ah, reassure thyself; I will not tell all this to thy love. I am mad, but I am gentle, very gentle, and three days since I was beautiful. Is she also beautiful? Ah! she will weep some day! Yet, if she can weep, she will be happy!"

And then all at once Jeanne began to recite the service for the dead in a monotonous voice, but with incredible volubility, still seated on the bed, and turning the beads of a long rosary.

Suddenly the door opened; she looked up, and fled through a door in the partition.

"What the devil's that? an imp or an angel, saying the funeral service over you, and you under the clothes, as in a shroud?"

This abrupt exclamation came from the rough voice of Grandchamp, who was so astonished at what he had seen, that he dropped the glass of lemonade he was bringing in; finding that his master did not answer, he became still more alarmed, and raised the bed-clothes. Cinq-Mars was crimson in the face, and seemed asleep, but his old domestic saw that the blood rushing to his head had almost suffocated him, and seizing a pitcher full of cold water, he dashed the whole of it in his face. This military remedy rarely fails to effect its purpose, and Cinq-Mars returned to himself with a start.

"Ah! it is thou, Grandchamp; what frightful dreams I have had!"

"Peste, *monsieur le* marquis, your dreams, on the con-

trary, are very pretty ones: I saw the tail of the last as I came in; your choice is not bad."

"What dost mean, blockhead?"

"Nay, not a blockhead, sir; I have good eyes, and I have seen what I have seen. But, really, ill as you are, monsieur le maréchal would never—"

"Thou art utterly doting, my friend; give me some drink, I am parched with thirst. Oh heavens! what a night! I still see all those women."

"All those women, sir? Why, how many are here then?"

"I am speaking to thee of a dream, blockhead. Why standest there like a post, instead of giving me some drink?"

"Enough, sir; I will get more lemonade." And going to the door he called over the staircase: "Germain! Etienne! Louis!"

The innkeeper answered from below: "Coming, sir, coming; they have been helping me to catch the mad-woman."

"What mad-woman?" said Cinq-Mars, getting up in bed.

The host entered, and taking off his cotton cap, said respectfully—

"Oh! nothing, monsieur le marquis, only a mad-woman, that came here last night on foot, and whom we put in the next chamber; but she has escaped, and we have not been able to catch her."

"Ah!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, returning to himself, and putting his hand to his eyes, "it was not a dream, then; and my mother, where is she? and the maréchal, and—Ah! and yet it is but a fearful dream! Leave me, all of you."

As he said this, he turned towards the wall, and again pulled the clothes over his head.

The innkeeper, in amazement, touched his forehead three times with his finger, looking at Grandchamp, as though to ask him whether his master were also mad.

Grandchamp signed him away in silence; and in order to watch the rest of the night by the side of Cinq-Mars, who was in a deep sleep, he seated himself in a large arm-

chair, covered with carpet-work, and began to squeeze lemons into a glass of water, with an air as grave and severe as Archimedes calculating the inflammatory power of his mirrors.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CABINET.

"Men have rarely the courage to be wholly good or wholly bad."
MACHIAVELLI.

"Ne cherchez point ailleurs un arbitre suprême."—C. DE PONS.

LET us leave our young traveller sleeping. He will soon pursue a long and beautiful route. Since we are at liberty to turn to all points of the map, we will fix our eyes upon the city of Narbonne.

See the Mediterranean, not far distant, washing with its blue waters the sandy shores. Enter that city resembling Athens; and to find him who reigns there, follow that dark and irregular street; mount the steps of the old archiepiscopal palace, and enter the first and largest of its apartments.

It was a very long saloon, lighted by a series of high ogee windows, of which the upper part only have retained the blue, yellow, and red panes, that diffuse a mysterious light through the apartment. An immense round table occupied its entire breadth, near the great fire-place; around this table, covered with a coloured cloth, and laden with papers and portfolios, were seated, bending over their pens, eight secretaries, busied in copying letters which were passed to them from a smaller table. Other men, cautiously walking to and fro on the carpeted floor, arranged the completed papers in the shelves of a book-case, partly filled with books bound in black.

Notwithstanding the number of persons assembled in the room, you might have heard the wings of a fly move. The only *interruption* to the otherwise dead silence,

was the sound of pens rapidly gliding over paper, and a shrill voice dictating, stopping every now and then to cough. This voice proceeded from a vast arm-chair placed by the side of the fire, which was blazing, notwithstanding the heat of the season and of the country. It was one of those arm-chairs that you still see in old castles, and which seem made to read you to sleep in, whatever the book may be, so easy is every part of it: you are received into a circular cushion of down; if the head leans back, the cheeks sink into pillows covered with silk, and the seat juts out so far beyond the elbows, that you may believe the provident upholsterers of our forefathers sought to provide that the book should make no noise in falling so as to awaken the sleeper.

But to quit this digression, and proceed to the man who occupied the chair, and was very far from sleeping. He had a broad forehead, bordered with very white thin hair, large mild eyes, a wan thin face, to which a small pointed white beard gave that air of subtlety and finesse observable in all the portraits of the age of Louis XIII. A mouth almost without lips, which Lavater deems an indubitable sign of an evil mind, was framed, as it were, in a pair of slight grey moustaches and a royale, an ornament then in fashion, and which somewhat resembled a comma in its form. The old man wore a red close cap, a large robe-de-chambre, and stockings of purple silk; he was no less a personage than Armand Duplessis, cardinal de Richelieu.

Near him, round the small table of which we have spoken, were four youths of from fifteen to twenty; these were pages, or domestics, according to the term then in use, which signified *familiars*, friends of the house. This custom was a remnant of feudal patronage, which still existed in our manners. The younger members of high families received wages from the great lords, and were devoted to their service in all things, challenging the first comer at a nod from their patron. The pages we speak of, drew up letters from the outline previously given them by the cardinal; and, after their master had thrown a glance over them, passed them to the secretaries, who made fair copies of them. The old duke, for his part,

wrote on his knee private notes upon small slips of paper, that he inserted in almost all the packets before sealing them, which he did with his own hand.

He had been writing for some moments, when, in a mirror before him, he saw the youngest of his pages writing something on a sheet of paper much smaller than the official sheet; he hastily wrote a few words, and then slipped it under the large sheet which, much against his inclination, he had to fill; but, seated behind the cardinal, he hoped that the difficulty with which the latter turned round, would prevent him seeing the little manœuvre he seemed to exercise with much dexterity. Suddenly Richelieu said to him, drily: "Come hither, Monsieur Olivier."

These words came like a thunder-clap on the poor boy, who seemed about sixteen. He, however, rose at once, and stood before the minister, his arms dependent at his side, and his head down.

The other pages and the secretaries stirred no more than soldiers when a comrade is struck down by a ball, so accustomed were they to this kind of summons. The present one, however, was delivered in a more energetic tone than usual.

"What were you writing?"

"My lord—what your eminence dictated."

"How!"

"My lord—the letter to Don Juan de Braganza."

"No evasions, sir; you were doing something else."

"My lord," said the page, with tears in his eyes, "it was a letter to one of my cousins."

"Let me see it."

The page trembled in every limb, and was obliged to lean against the chimney-piece, as he said, in a scarcely audible tone, "It is impossible."

"Monsieur le vicomte Olivier d'Entraigues," said the minister, without showing the least emotion, "you are no longer in my service." The page withdrew; he knew that there was no reply; so slipping his letter into his pocket, and opening the folding doors just wide enough to admit of his exit, he glided out, like a bird escaped from his cage.

The minister went on writing his note upon his knee.

The secretaries were redoubling their zeal and silence, when the two wings of the door suddenly thrown back showed, standing in the opening, a capuchin, who bowing, with his arms crossed over his breast, seemed waiting for alms or for an order to retire. He had a dark complexion, and was deeply pitted with the small-pox; his eyes mild, but somewhat squinting, were almost hidden by his thick eye-brows, which met in the middle of his forehead; on his mouth played a crafty, mischievous, and sinister smile; his beard was straight and red, and his costume that of the order of St Francis, in all its disgusting details, with sandals on his bare feet, that looked altogether unworthy to tread upon carpet.

Such as he was, however, this personage seemed to create a great sensation throughout the room; for, without finishing the phrase, the line, or even the word commenced, every person rose, and went out by the door where he was still standing; some saluting him as they passed, others turning away their heads, and the young pages holding their fingers to their noses, but not till they were behind him, for they seemed to have a secret fear of him. When they had all passed out, he entered, making a profound reverence, because the door was still open; but as soon as it was shut, unceremoniously advancing, he seated himself near the cardinal, who, having recognised him by the general movement he created, saluted him with a dry and silent inclination of the head, regarding him fixedly, as if awaiting some intelligence, and unable to avoid knitting his brows, as at the aspect of a spider or some other disagreeable creature.

The cardinal had been unable to resist this movement of displeasure, because he felt himself obliged, by the presence of his agent, to resume those profound and painful conversations, from which he had for some days been free, in a country whose pure air favourable to him had somewhat mitigated the pain of his malady; that malady had changed to a slow fever, but its intervals were long enough to enable him to forget, during its absence, that it must return. Giving, therefore, a little rest to his hitherto indefatigable mind, he had been awaiting, for the

first time in his life, perhaps, without impatience, the return of the couriers he had sent in all directions, as the rays of a sun which alone gave life and movement to France. He had not expected the visit he now received, and the sight of one of those men whom, to use his own expression, he *steeped in crime*, rendered all the habitual disquietudes of his life more present to him, without entirely dissipating the cloud of melancholy which just then obscured his thoughts.

The beginning of his conversation was overcast with the gloomy hue of his late reveries; but he soon issued from them, more animated and vigorous than ever, when his powerful mind had perforce re-entered the real world.

His confidant, seeing that he was to break the silence, did so in this abrupt fashion:

"Well, my lord, of what are you thinking?"

"Alas, Joseph, of what should we all think, whoever we be, but upon our future happiness in a better life? For many days past, I have been reflecting that human interests have too much diverted me from this great thought; and I repent me of having spent some moments of my leisure in profane works, such as my tragedies of *Europe* and of *Mirame*, despite the glory they have already gained me amongst our greatest wits, a glory which will extend unto futurity."

Father Joseph, full of what he had to say, was at first surprised at this opening; but he knew his master too well to manifest his feelings; and well skilled how to change the direction of his ideas, replied:

"Yes, their merit is very great, and France will see with regret, that these immortal works are not followed by others like them."

"Yes, my dear Joseph; but it is in vain that such men as Boisrobert, Claveret, Colletet, Corneille, and above all, the celebrated Mairet, have proclaimed these tragedies the finest that the present or any past age has produced; I reproach myself for them, I swear to you, as for a mortal sin, and I now, in my hours of repose, only occupy myself with my *Méthode des Controverses*, and my book on the *Perfection du Chrétien*. I bear in mind that I am fifty-six *years old, and that I* have an incurable malady."

"These are calculations which your enemies make as closely as your eminence," said the priest, who began to be annoyed with this conversation, and was eager to proceed to other matters.

The colour mounted to the cardinal's face.

"I know it, I know it well," he said, "I know all their black villany, and I am prepared for it. But what then is there new?"

"According to our arrangement, my lord, we have removed Mademoiselle d'Hautefort, as Mademoiselle de la Fayette before her; so far it is well; but her place is not supplied, and the king——"

"Well!"

"The king has ideas which he never had before."

"Hah! and which proceed not from me? 'Tis well, truly," said the minister, with an angry sneer.

"Why then, my lord, leave the place of the favourite vacant for six whole days? It is not prudent, pardon me for saying so."

"He has ideas—ideas!" repeated Richelieu, with a kind of terror; "and what are they?"

"He talks of recalling the queen mother," said the capuchin in a low voice; "of recalling her from Cologne."

"Marie de Medicis!" cried the cardinal, striking the arms of his chair with his two hands. "No, by Heaven, she shall not again set her foot upon the soil of France, whence I drove her, step by step! England has not dared to receive her, exiled by me; Holland fears to be crushed by her; and my kingdom to receive her! No, no, such an idea could not have originated with himself. Recal my enemy—recal his mother—what perfidy! he would not have dared to think of it."

Then, having mused for a moment, he added, fixing a penetrating look still full of fiery anger upon Father Joseph:

"But, in what terms did he express this desire? Tell me the exact words."

"He said publicly, and in the presence of Monsieur: 'I feel that one of the first duties of a Christian is to be a good son, and I will not resist the murmurs of my conscience.'"

"Christian! conscience! these are not his expressions; it is father Caussin, it is his confessor who is betraying me," cried the cardinal. "Perfidious jesuit! I pardoned thee thy intrigue with La Fayette; but I will not pass over thy secret counsels. I will have this confessor dismissed, Joseph; he is an enemy to the state, I see it clearly. But I myself have acted with negligence for some days past; I have not sufficiently hastened the arrival of the young d'Effiat, who will doubtless succeed: he is handsome and intellectual, they say. What a blunder! I myself merit disgrace. To leave that fox of a jesuit with the king, without having given him my secret instructions, without a hostage, a pledge for his fidelity to my orders! What neglect! Joseph, take a pen, and write what I shall dictate for the other confessor, whom we will choose better. I think of father Sirmond."

Father Joseph sat down at the large table, ready to write, and the cardinal dictated to him those duties of a new kind, which, shortly afterwards, he dared to have given to the king, who received them, respected them, and learned them by heart as the commandments of the church. They have come down to us, a painful monument of the empire that a man may seize upon, by means of circumstances, intrigues, and audacity.

"I. A prince should have a prime minister, and that minister three qualities: 1. He should have no passion but for his prince. 2. He should be able and faithful. 3. He should be an ecclesiastic.

"II. A prince ought perfectly to love his prime minister.

"III. Ought never to change his prime minister.

"IV. Ought to tell him all things.

"V. To give him free access to his person.

"VI. To give him sovereign authority over his people.

"VII. Great honours and large possessions.

"VIII. A prince has no treasure more precious than his prime minister.

"IX. A prince should not put faith in what people say against his prime minister, nor listen to any such slanders.

"X. A prince should reveal to his prime minister all

that is said against him, *even though he has been bound to keep it secret.*

"XI. A prince should prefer not only the well-being of the state, but also his prime minister, to all his relations."

Such were the commandments of the god of France, even less astonishing in themselves than the terrible naïveté which made him bequeath them to posterity, as if posterity also were to believe in him.

While he dictated his instructions, reading them from a small piece of paper, written with his own hand, a profound melancholy seemed to gain possession of him more and more at each successive word; and when he had ended, he fell back in his chair, his arms crossed and his head sunk on his breast.

Father Joseph, quitting his pen, arose and was inquiring whether he were ill, when he heard issue from the depths of his chest these mournful and memorable words—

"What utter weariness! what endless disgust! If the ambitious man could see me, he would flee to a desert. What is my power? A miserable reflection of the royal power; and what labours to fix upon my star that incessantly wavering ray! For twenty years I have been in vain attempting it. I cannot comprehend that man; he dare not flee me; but they take him from me,—he glides through my fingers. What things could I not have done with his hereditary rights, had I possessed them! But employing such infinite calculation in merely keeping one's balance, what of genius remains for high enterprises? I hold Europe in my hand, and I myself am suspended by a trembling hair. What is it to me that I can cast my eyes confidently over the map of Europe, when all my interests are concentered in his narrow cabinet, and its few feet of space give me more trouble to govern than the whole country besides. See then what is a prime minister! Envy me my guards, if ye can."

His features were so contorted as to give reason to fear some accident, and at the same moment he was seized with a long and violent fit of coughing, which ended in a slight expectoration of blood. He saw that father Joseph, alarmed, was going to seize a gold bell that stood on

the table, and suddenly rising with all the vigour of a young man, he stopped him, saying—

"'Tis nothing, Joseph; I sometimes give way to these fits of depression; but they do not last long, and I quit them stronger than before they came on. As for my health, I know perfectly how I stand; but that is not the business in hand. What have you done at Paris? I am glad to find the king has arrived in Béarn, as I wished him; we shall be able to keep a closer eye upon him. By what inducement did you get him away?"

"A battle at Perpignan."

"Come, that is not bad. Well! we can arrange that for him; the occupation will do as well as another just now. But the young queen, the young queen, what says she?"

"She is still furious against you; her correspondence discovered, the questioning to which you had subjected her——"

"Bah! a madrigal and a momentary submission will make her forget that I have separated her from her house of Austria, and from the country of her Buckingham. But what does she occupy herself with?"

"Machinations with Monsieur. But as we have his entire confidence, here are the daily accounts of their interviews."

"I shall not trouble myself to read them; while the duke de Bouillon remains in Italy, I have nothing to fear in that quarter. She may have as many petty plots with Gaston in the chimney corner as she pleases; he never got beyond his *excellent intentions*, forsooth; he carries nothing into effect but his withdrawal from the kingdom; he has had his third now, I will manage a fourth for him whenever he pleases; he is not worth the pistol shot you had the count de Soissons settled with, and yet the poor count had scarce more energy than he."

And the cardinal, reseating himself in his chair, began to laugh gaily enough for a statesman.

"I always laugh when I think of their expedition to Amiens. They had me between them. Each had full five hundred gentlemen with him, armed to the teeth, and all going to despatch me like Concini; but the big Vitry

was not there; they very quietly let me talk for an hour with them about the hunt and the Fête Dieu, and neither of them dared make a sign to their cut-throats. I have since learnt from Chavigny that for two long months had they been waiting that happy moment. For myself, indeed, I observed nothing of it, except that little villain the abbé de Gondi,[1] who prowled near me, and seemed to have something hidden under his sleeve; it was he that made me get into the coach."

"Apropos of the abbé, my lord, the queen insists upon making him coadjutor."

"She's mad! he will ruin her if she connects herself with him; he's a musqueteer in canonicals, the devil in a cassock; read his *Histoire de Fiesque*, you may see himself in it. He will be nothing while I live."

"How is it that, with a judgment like yours, you bring another ambitious man of his age to court?"

"It is an entirely different matter. This young Cinq-Mars, my friend, will be a puppet, a mere puppet; he will think of nothing but his ruff and his shoulder knots; his handsome figure assures me of this; I know that he is gentle and infirm of purpose; it was for this reason I preferred him to his elder brother; he will do all we wish."

"Ah, my lord," said the monk, with an expression of doubt, "I never place much reliance on people whose exterior is so calm; the flame within is often all the more dangerous. Recollect the maréchal d'Effiat his father."

"But I tell you he is a boy, and I shall bring him up; while Gondi is already an accomplished conspirator, an ambitious knave who sticks at nothing; he has dared to dispute Madame de la Meilleraie with me. Can you conceive it? he dispute with me! a petty priestling, who has no other merit than a little lively tittle-tattle and a cavalier air. Fortunately, the husband himself took care to get rid of him."

Father Joseph, who listened with equal impatience to his master, when he spoke of his *bonnes fortunes*, and when he talked of his verses, made, however, a grimace, which he

[1] Afterwards the cardinal de Retz.

meant to be very sly and insinuating, but which was simply unsightly and awkward; he fancied that the expression of his mouth, twisted about like a monkey's, conveyed: *Ah! who can resist your eminence?* But his eminence only read there: *I am a clownish pedant who knows nothing of the great world;* and without changing his voice, he suddenly said, taking up a despatch from the table—

"The duc de Rohan is dead, that is good news; the Huguenots are ruined. He's a lucky man. I had him condemned by the parliament of Toulouse to be torn in pieces by four horses, and here he dies quietly on the battle field of Rhinfeld. But what matters? the result is the same. There's another great head laid low! How they have fallen since that of Montmorency! I now scarcely see any that do not bow before me. We have already punished almost all our dupes of Versailles; assuredly they have nothing wherewith to reproach me: I simply exercise against them the law of retaliation, treating them as they would have treated me in the council of the queen mother. The old dotard Bassompierre shall be quit for perpetual imprisonment, and so shall the assassin maréchal de Vitry, for that was the punishment they voted me. As for Marillac, who counselled death, I reserve death for him at the first false step he makes, and I beg thee, Joseph, to remind me of him; we must be just to all. There's the duc de Bouillon still keeps up his head proudly, on account of his Sedan, but I'll make him give way. Their blindness is truly marvellous! they think themselves all free to conspire, not perceiving that they are merely fluttering at the end of the threads that I hold in my hand, and which I lengthen now and then to give them air and space. Did the Huguenots yell as one man at the death of their dear duke?"

"Less so than at the affair of Loudun, which is happily concluded."

"How! happily! I hope that Grandier is dead?"

"Yes; that is what I meant. Your eminence may be fully satisfied; all was settled in twenty-four hours; he is no longer thought of. Only Laubardemont committed a slight blunder in making the sitting public; this caused a

little tumult, but we have a description of the rioters, and measures are taken to seek them out."

"This is well; very well. Urbain was too superior a man to be left there; he was turning protestant; I would bet that he would have ended by abjuring; his work against the celibacy of priests made me conjecture this, and, in cases of doubt, remember, Joseph, it is always better to cut the tree before the fruit is gathered. These Huguenots, you see, are a regular republic in the state. If once they had a majority in France, the monarchy would be lost; they would establish some popular government which might be durable."

"And what deep pain do they daily cause our holy father the pope!" said Joseph.

"Ah!" interrupted the cardinal, "I see; thou wouldst remind me of his obstinacy in not giving thee the hat. Be tranquil; I will speak to-day on the subject to the new ambassador we are sending, the maréchal d'Estrées, and he will on his arrival doubtless obtain that which has been in train these two years, thy nomination to the cardinalate; I myself begin to think that the purple would become thee well, for it does not show blood stains."

And both burst into laughter, the one as a master overwhelming the assassin whom he pays, with his utter scorn; the other, as a slave resigned to all the humiliations by which he rises.

The laughter which the ferocious pleasantry of the old minister had excited, had scarce subsided, when the door of the cabinet opened, and a page announced several couriers who had arrived simultaneously from different points: father Joseph arose, and standing, his back leaning against the wall, like an Egyptian mummy, allowed nothing to appear upon his face but a stolid contemplation. Twelve messengers entered successively, attired in various disguises; one seemed a Swiss soldier; another a sutler; a third a master mason; they were introduced into the palace by a secret staircase and corridor, and left the cabinet by a door opposite that at which they had entered, without any opportunity of meeting one another, or communicating aught of their despatches. Each laid a rolled or folded packet of papers on the large table,

spoke for a moment with the cardinal in the embrasure of a window, and withdrew. Richelieu had risen on the entrance of the first messenger, and, careful to do all himself, had received them all, listened to all, and with his own hand closed the door upon all. When the last was gone, he signed to father Joseph, and without speaking, both proceeded to open, or rather to tear open, the packets of despatches, and in a few words communicated to one another the substance of the letters.

"The duke of Weimar pursues his advantage; the duke Charles is defeated; our general is in good spirits; here are some of his exhilarant remarks at table. Good."

"Monseigneur le vicomte de Turenne has retaken the towns of Lorraine; here are his private conversations——"

"Oh! pass over them, they cannot be dangerous. He is ever a good and honest man; in no way mixing himself up with politics; so that he be given a little army to play at chess with, no matter against whom, he is content; we shall always be very good friends."

"The long parliament still endures in England. The commons pursue their project; here are massacres in Ireland. The earl of Strafford is condemned to death."

"To death! horrible!"

"I will read: 'His majesty Charles I. has not had the courage to sign the sentence, but he has appointed four commissioners.'"

"Weak king, I abandon thee. Thou shalt have no more of our money. Fall, since thou art ungrateful! unhappy Wentworth!"

A tear rose in the eyes of Richelieu as he said this; the man who had but just played with the lives of so many others, wept for a minister abandoned by his prince. The relation between that position and his own affected him, and it was himself he wept in the person of the foreign minister. He ceased to read aloud the despatches that he opened, and his confidant followed his example. He examined with scrupulous attention the detailed accounts of the most minute and most secret actions of each person of any importance; accounts which he always required to be added to the official despatches, by his able

spies. The despatches to the king all passed through his hands, and were carefully revised so as to reach the king amended to the state in which he wished him to read them. The private notes were all carefully burned by the monk, when the cardinal had ascertained their contents. The latter, however, seemed by no means satisfied, and he was walking quickly up and down the apartment with gestures expressive of anxiety, when the door opened, and a thirteenth courier entered. This one seemed a boy of scarce fourteen; he held under his arm a packet sealed with black for the king, and gave to the cardinal only a small letter, of which a stolen glance from Joseph could collect but four words. The duke started, tore the billet into a thousand pieces, and bending down to the ear of the boy, spoke to him for a long time; all that Joseph heard was, as the messenger went out:

"*Take good heed to this; not until twelve hours from this time.*"

During this *aside* of the cardinal, Joseph was occupied in concealing an infinite number of libels from Flanders and Germany, which the minister ever insisted upon seeing, however bitter they might be to him. In this respect, he affected a philosophy which he was far from possessing, and to deceive those around him he would sometimes pretend that his enemies were not wholly wrong, and would outwardly laugh at their pleasantries; but those who knew his character better, detected bitter rage lurking under this apparent moderation, and knew that he was never satisfied until he had got the hostile book condemned by the parliament to be burnt in the *Place de Greve*, as "injurious to the king, in the person of his minister, the most illustrious cardinal," as we read in the decrees of the time; and that his only regret was, that the author was not in the place of his book; a satisfaction he gave himself whenever he could, as in the case of Urbain Grandier.

It was his colossal pride which he thus avenged, without avowing it even to himself; nay, labouring for a length of time, sometimes for a whole twelvemonth together, to persuade himself that the interest of the state was concerned in the matter. Ingenious in connecting his private affairs with the affairs of France, he had convinced himself

that she bled from the wounds which he received. Joseph, careful not to irritate his ill temper at this moment, put aside and concealed a book, entitled: *Mysteries Politiques du Cardinal de la Rochelle;* another, attributed to a monk of Munich, entitled: *Questions quolibetiques, ajustées au temps present, et Impiete Sanglante du dieu Mars.* The worthy advocate Aubery, who has given us one of the most faithful histories of the *most eminent* cardinal, is transported with rage at the mere title of the first of these books, and exclaims that: "the great minister had good reason to glorify himself that his enemies, inspired against their will with the same enthusiasm which conferred the gift of rendering oracles upon the ass of Balaam, upon Caiaphas and others, who seemed most unworthy of the gift of prophecy, called him, with good reason, cardinal de la Rochelle, since three years after their writing he reduced that town; thus Scipio was called Africanus, for having subjugated that PROVINCE!" Very little was wanting to make father Joseph, who had necessarily the same feelings, express his indignation in the same terms; for he remembered with bitterness the ridiculous part he had played in the siege of Rochelle, which, though not a *province* like Africa, had ventured to resist the *most eminent* cardinal, and into which father Joseph, piquing himself on his military skill, had proposed to introduce the troops through a sewer. However, he restrained himself, and had time to conceal the libel in the pocket of his brown robe, ere the minister had dismissed his young courier, and returned to the table.

"And now to depart, Joseph," he said. "Open the doors to all that court which besieges me, and let us go to the king, who awaits me at Perpignan; this time I have him for good."

The capuchin drew back, and immediately the pages, throwing open the gilded doors, announced in succession the greatest lords of the period, who had obtained permission from the king to come and salute the minister; some, even, under the pretext of sickness or business, had departed secretly, in order not to be among the last at Richelieu's levee; and the unhappy monarch found himself almost as alone as other kings find themselves on their

death-bed; but with him, the throne seemed, in the eyes of the court, his dying couch, his reign a continual last agony, and his minister a threatening successor.

Two pages, of the first families of France, stood at the door, where the ushers announced each of the persons whom father Joseph had found in the ante-room. The cardinal, still seated in his great arm-chair, remained motionless as the common courtiers entered, inclined his head to the most distinguished, and to princes alone put his hands on the elbows of his chair and slightly rose; each person, having profoundly saluted him, stood before him near the fire-place, waited till he had spoken to him; and then, at the motion of his hand, completed the circle of the room, and went out by the same door at which he had entered, paused for a moment to salute father Joseph, who aped his master, and who, for that reason, had been named his grey eminence, and at last quitted the palace, unless, indeed, he remained standing behind the chair, at the minister's intimation to that effect, which was considered a token of very great favour.

He let pass several insignificant persons, and many whose merits were useless to him; the first whom he stopped in the procession was the maréchal d'Estrées, who, then about to set out on an embassy to Rome, came to make his adieus; all behind him stopped short. This circumstance gave notice to the ante-room that a longer conversation than usual was on foot, and father Joseph, advancing to the threshold, exchanged with the cardinal a glance which seemed to say, on the one side: 'Remember the promise you just made me:' on the other; 'Set your mind at rest.' At the same time, the expert capuchin let his master see that he held upon his arm one of his victims, whom he was forming into a docile instrument; this was a young gentleman who wore a very short green cloak, a *pourpoint* of the same colour, close-fitting red breeches, with glittering gold garters below the knee, the costume of the pages of Monsieur. Father Joseph, indeed, spoke to him secretly, but not in the way the cardinal imagined; for he contemplated being his equal, and was preparing other connexions, in case of defection on the part of the prime minister.

"Tell Monsieur not to trust in appearances, and that he has no servant more faithful than I. The cardinal is on the decline; and my conscience tells me to warn against his faults him who may inherit the royal power during the minority. To give your great prince a proof of my faith, tell him that it is intended to arrest his friend, Puy-Laurens, and that he had better be kept out of the way, or the cardinal will put him in the Bastille."

While the servant was thus betraying his master, the master, not to be behind-hand with him, betrayed his servant. His self-love, and some remnant of respect to the church, made him shudder at the hat of seeing a contemptible agent invested with the same hat which he himself wore as a crown, and seated as high as himself, except as to the precarious position of minister. Speaking, therefore, in an under tone to the marechal d'Estrées, he said:

"It is not necessary to importune Urban VIII. any further in favour of the capuchin you see yonder; it is enough that his majesty has deigned to name him for the cardinalate; one can readily conceive the repugnance of his holiness to clothe this mendicant in the Roman purple."

Then passing on to general matters, he continued:

"Truly, I know not what can have cooled the holy father towards us; what have we done that was not for the glory of our holy mother, the Catholic church? I myself said the first mass at Rochelle, and you see for yourself, Monsieur le maréchal, that our habit is everywhere; and even in your armies, the cardinal de la Vallette has commanded gloriously in the palatinate."

"And has just made a very fine *retreat*," said the maréchal, laying a slight emphasis upon the word.

The minister continued, without paying any attention to this little ebullition of professional jealousy, and raising his voice, said:

"God has proved that he did not scorn to send the spirit of victory upon his Levites, for the duke of Weimar did not more powerfully aid in the conquest of Lorraine than did this pious cardinal, and never was a naval army better commanded than by our archbishop of Bordeaux at Rochelle."

It was well known that, at this very moment, the minis-

ter was incensed against this prelate, whose haughtiness was so overbearing, and whose impertinent ebullitions were so frequent as to have involved him in two very disagreeable affairs at Bordeaux. Four years before, the duc d'Epernon, then governor of Guyenne, followed by all his train and by his troops, meeting him in the midst of his clergy in a procession, called him an insolent fellow, and gave him two smart blows with his cane; whereupon the archbishop excommunicated him; and again, recently, despite this lesson, he had quarrelled with the maréchal de Vitry, from whom he had received "*twenty blows with a cane or stick, which you please*," wrote the cardinal duke to the cardinal de La Vallette, "*and I think he would like to excommunicate all France.*" In fact, he did excommunicate the maréchal's baton, remembering that in the former case the pope had obliged the duc d'Epernon to ask his pardon; but M. Vitry, who had caused the maréchal d'Ancre to be assassinated, stood too well at court for that, and the archbishop, in addition to his beating, got well scolded by the minister.

M. d'Estrées thought, therefore, with tact, that there might be some irony in the cardinal's manner of referring to the warlike talents of the archbishop, and he answered with perfect sang-froid:

"It is true, my lord, no one can say that 'twas upon the sea he was beaten."

His eminence could not restrain a smile at this; but seeing that the electrical effect of that smile had created others in the hall, as well as whisperings and conjectures, he immediately resumed his gravity, and familiarly taking the maréchal's arm, said:

"Come, come, monsieur l'ambassadeur, you are ready at repartee. With you I should not fear cardinal Albornos, or all the Borgias in the world, or all the efforts of their Spain with the holy father."

Then, raising his voice, and looking round him, as if addressing himself to the silent, and, so to speak, captive assembly, he continued:

"I hope that we shall no more be reproached, as formerly, for having formed an alliance with one of the

greatest men of our day; but Gustavus Adolphus is dead, the Catholic king will no longer have any pretext for soliciting the excommunication of the most Christian king. How say you, my dear lord?" addressing himself to the cardinal de La Vallette, who now approached, fortunately without having heard the late allusion to himself. "M. d'Estrées, remain near our chair; we have still many things to say to you, and you are not one too many in our conversations, for we have no secrets; our policy is frank, and open to all men; the interest of his majesty and of the state: nothing more."

The maréchal made a profound bow, fell back behind the chair of the minister, and gave place to the cardinal de La Vallette, who, incessantly bowing, and flattering, and swearing devotion and entire obedience to the cardinal, as if to expiate the obduracy of his father the duc d'Epernon, received in return a few vague words, to no meaning or purpose, the cardinal all the while looking towards the door, to see who should follow. He had even the mortification to find himself abruptly interrupted by the minister, who cried at the most flattering period of his honeyed discourse:

"Ah! is that you at last, my dear Fabert? How I have longed to see you, to talk of the siege!"

The general, with a brusque and awkward manner, saluted the cardinal-generalissimo, and presented to him the officers who had come from the camp with him; he talked some time of the operations of the siege, and the cardinal seemed, as it were, to be paying him court now, in order to prepare him afterwards for receiving his orders even on the field of battle; he spoke to the officers who accompanied him, calling them by their names, and questioning them about the camp.

They all stood aside to make way for the duc d'Angoulême; that Valois, who, after having struggled against Henry IV., now prostrated himself before Richelieu. He solicited a command, having been only third in rank at the siege of Rochelle. After him came young Mazarin, ever supple and insinuating, but already confident in his fortune.

The duc d'Halluin came after them: the cardinal broke off the compliments he was addressing to the others, to utter in a loud voice:

"Monsieur le duc, I inform you with pleasure, that the king has made you a marshal of France; you will sign yourself Schomberg, will you not, at Leucate, delivered, as we hope, by you. But pardon me, here is M. de Montauron, who has, doubtless, something important to communicate."

"Oh, no, my lord, I would only say that the poor young man whom you deigned to consider in your service, is dying of hunger."

"Psha! at such a moment to speak of things like this! Your little Corneille will not write anything good; we have only seen the *Cid* and *les Horaces* as yet; let him work, let him work; it is known that he is in my service, and that is disagreeable. However, since you interest yourself in the matter, I give him a pension of five hundred crowns on my privy purse."

And the chancellor of the exchequer retired, charmed with the liberality of the minister, and went home to receive, with great affability, the dedication of *Cinna*, wherein the great Corneille compares his soul to that of Augustus, and thanks him for having given alms *à quelques Muses*.

The cardinal, vexed by this importunity, rose, observing that the day was advancing, and that it was time to set out to visit the king.

At this moment, and as the greatest noblemen present were offering their arms to aid him in walking, a man in the robe of a referendary advanced towards him, saluting him with a complacent and confident smile, which astonished all the people there, accustomed to the great world, seeming, as it did, to say: "We have secret affairs together; you shall see how agreeable he makes himself to me; I am at home in his cabinet." His heavy and awkward manner, however, betrayed a very inferior being: it was Laubardemont.

Richelieu knit his brows when he saw him before him, and cast a glance at Joseph; then turning towards those who surrounded him, he said with bitter scorn:

"Is there some criminal about us to be apprehended?"

Then turning his back upon the utterly discomfited Lambardemont, the cardinal left him redder than his robes; and preceded by the crowd of personages who were to escort him, in carriages or on horseback, he descended the great staircase of the palace.

All the people and authorities of Narbonne viewed this royal departure with stupefaction.

The cardinal entered alone a spacious litter of a square form, in which he was to travel to Perpignan, his infirmities not permitting him to go in a coach, or to perform the journey on horseback. This kind of moving chamber contained a bed, a table, and a small chair for the page who wrote or read for him. This machine, covered with purple damask, was carried by eighteen men, who were relieved at intervals of a league; they were selected from among his guards, and always performed this service of honour with uncovered heads, however hot or wet the weather might be. The duc d'Angoulême, the maréchals de Schomberg and d'Estrées, Fabert, and other dignitaries, were on horseback beside the litter; after them, among the most forward, were observed cardinal de La Vallette and Mazarin, with Chavigny, and the maréchal de Vitry, anxious to avoid the Bastille, with which it was said he was threatened.

Two coaches followed for the cardinal's secretaries, physicians, and confessor; then eight others, each with four horses, for his gentlemen, and twenty-four mules for his luggage; two hundred musketeers on foot, marched close after him, and his company of men at arms of the guard and his light horse, all of them gentlemen, rode before and behind him on splendid horses.

Such was the equipage in which the prime minister proceeded to Perpignan; the size of the litter often made it necessary to enlarge the roads, and knock down the walls of some of the *towns and villages* on the way, into which it could not otherwise enter, so that, say the authors and manuscripts of the time, full of a sincere admiration for all this luxury, "so that he seemed a conqueror entering by the breach." We have sought in vain, with great care, in these manuscripts, for any account of proprietors

or inhabitants of these houses so making room for his passage, who participated in this admiration, but we have been unable to find any mention of such.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Mon génie étonné tremble devant le sien."

The pompous cortége of the cardinal stopped at the entrance to the camp; all the troops under arms were drawn up in the finest order, and it was amid the sound of cannon and the music of each regiment, that the litter traversed a long line of cavalry and infantry, formed from the outermost tent to that of the minister, pitched at some distance from the royal quarters, and which its purple covering distinguished at a distance. Each general of division obtained a nod or a word from the cardinal, who, at length reaching his tent and dismissing his train, shut himself in, waiting for the time to present himself to the king. But, before him, every person of his escort had repaired thither individually; and without entering the royal abode, collected in the long galleries, covered with striped stuff, and arranged as became avenues leading to the prince. The courtiers, walking in groups, saluted one another and shook hands, regarded each other haughtily, according to their connexions, or the lords to whom they belonged. Others whispered together, and gave signs of astonishment, pleasure, or anger, which showed that something extraordinary had taken place. Among a thousand others, one singular dialogue occurred in a corner of the principal gallery.

"May I ask, monsieur l'abbé, why you look at me so fixedly?"

"Parbleu, monsieur de Launay, 'tis because I'm curious to see what you will do. All the world abandons your cardinal-duke since your journey into Touraine; if you do

not believe it, go and ask the people of Monsieur or of the queen; you are behind hand, ten minutes by the watch, with the cardinal de La Vallette, who has just shaken hands with Rochefort, and the gentlemen of the late comte de Soissons, whom I shall regret as long as I live."

"Well, monsieur de Gondi, I understand you, 'tis a challenge with which you honour me?"

"Yes, monsieur le comte," answered the young abbé, saluting him with all the gravity of the time; "I sought an occasion to challenge you, in the name of M. d'Attichi, my friend, with whom you had something to do at Paris."

"Monsieur l'abbé, I am at your command; I will seek my seconds; do you the same."

"On horseback, with sword and pistol, I suppose?" added Gondi, with the air of a man arranging a party of pleasure, brushing the sleeve of his cassock with his finger.

"If you please," replied the other. And they separated for a time, saluting one another with the greatest politeness, and with profound bows.

A brilliant crowd of gentlemen circulated around them in the gallery. They mixed in it, to procure friends for the occasion. All the elegance of the costumes of the day were displayed by the court that morning; small cloaks, of every colour, in velvet or in satin, embroidered with gold or silver; crosses of St. Michael and of the Holy Ghost, the ruffs, the infinite hat plumes, the gold shoulder-knots, the chains by which the long swords hung, all glittered and sparkled, yet not so brilliantly as did the fiery glances of those warlike youths, or their sprightly conversation, or their intellectual laughter. Amidst the assembly, grave personages and great lords passed on, followed by their numerous gentlemen.

The little abbé de Gondi, who was very short-sighted, made his way through the crowd, knitting his brows and half shutting his eyes, that he might see the better, and twisting his moustache, for ecclesiastics wore them in those days. He looked closely at every one in order to recognise his friends, and at last stopped before a young man, very tall, and dressed in black from head to foot;

his sword, even, was of quite dark bronzed steel. He was talking with a captain of the guards, when the abbé de Gondi took him aside.

"Monsieur de Thou," said he, "I need you as my second, in an hour, on horseback, with sword and pistol, if you will do me that honour."

"Sir, you know I am entirely at your service on all occasions. Where shall we meet?"

"In front of the Spanish bastion, if you please."

"Pardon me for returning to a conversation that greatly interests me; I will be punctual to the rendezvous."

And de Thou quitted him to rejoin the captain. He had said all this in the gentlest of voices, with unalterable coolness, and even with somewhat of an abstracted manner.

The little abbé squeezed his hand with warm satisfaction, and continued his search.

He did not so easily effect an agreement with the young lords to whom he addressed himself, for they knew him better than did de Thou, and when they saw him coming at a distance, they tried to avoid him, or laughed at him to his face, and would not engage to serve him.

"Ah! abbé, there you are hunting again; I'll engage it's a second you want," said the duke de Beaufort.

"And I wager," added M. de la Rochefoucauld, "that it's against one of the cardinal-duke's people."

"You are both right, gentlemen; but since when laugh you at affairs of honour?"

"The saints forbid I should," said M. de Beaufort; "men of the sword like us, ever reverence tierce, quarte, and octave; but as for the folds of the cassock, I know nothing of them."

"Pardieu! sir, you know well enough that it does not embarrass my wrist, as I will prove to him who choose; as to the gown itself, I should like to throw it into the gutter."

"Is it then to tear it you fight so often?" asked La Rochefoucauld. "But remember, my dear abbé, that you are inside it."

Gondi turned round to look at the clock, anxious to lose no more time in such sorry jests; but he had no

better success elsewhere; having stopped two gentlemen in the service of the young queen, whom he thought ill-affected towards the cardinal, and consequently glad to measure swords with his creatures, one of them said to him very gravely.

"Monsieur de Gondi, you know what has just happened; the king has said aloud: 'Whether our imperious cardinal please or no, the widow of Henri le Grand shall no longer remain in exile.' *Imperious!* the king never before said anything so strong as that, monsieur l'abbé, mark that. *Imperious!* it is a clear disgrace. Assuredly no one will venture to speak to him; he will quit the court this very day."

"I have heard this, sir, but I have an affair——"

"It is lucky for you he stopped short in the middle of your career."

"An affair of honour——"

"Whereas Mazarin is quite a friend of yours."

"But will you, or will you not, listen to me?"

"Ay, a friend indeed, your adventures are always running in his head; your fine duel with M. de Coutenan about the pretty little pin-seller; he even spoke of it to the king. Adieu, my dear abbé, we are in a great hurry; adieu, adieu!" And taking his friend's arm, the young banterer, without listening to another word, rapidly walked down the gallery and disappeared in the crowd.

The poor abbé was standing very mortified at only being able to get one second, and watching grievously the departure of the hour and of the crowd, when he perceived a young gentleman, whom he did not know, seated at a table, leaning on his elbow, with a melancholy air; he wore mourning which indicated no connexion with any great house or party; and seeming to await, without any impatience, the time for attending the king, looked with a heedless air at those who surrounded him, seeming not to notice or to know any of them.

Gondi accosted him without hesitation:

"Faith, sir, I have not the honour of your acquaintance; but a fencing party can never be unpleasant to a man of honour; and if you will be my second, in a quarter of an hour we shall be on the ground. I am Paul de

Gondi, and I have challenged M. de Launay, one of the cardinal's faction, but in other respects a very gallant fellow."

The unknown, seeming in no way surprised at this address, answered, without altering his position, "And who are his seconds?"

"Faith, I don't know; but what matters it who seconds him? We stand no worse with our friends for having exchanged a thrust with them."

The stranger smiled carelessly, paused for an instant to pass his hand through his long chesnut hair, and then said, drowsily looking at a large round watch which hung at his girdle:

"Well, sir, as I have nothing better to do, and as I have no friends here, I am with you; 'twill pass the time as well as anything else."

And taking his large black plumed hat off the table, he followed the warlike abbé, who hurried on before him, ever and anon running back to hasten him on, like a child running before his father, or a young dog that goes backwards and forwards twenty times before it gets to the end of a lane.

Meanwhile, two ushers, clothed in the royal livery, opened the great curtains which separated the gallery from the king's tent, and silence became universal. The courtiers began to enter slowly, and in succession, the temporary dwelling of the prince. He received them all gracefully, and himself first met the view of each person introduced.

Before a very small table, surrounded with gilt arm-chairs, stood Louis XIII., encircled by the great officers of the crown. His dress was very elegant: a kind of fawn-coloured vest, with open sleeves, ornamented with shoulder-knots and blue ribbons, covered him down to the waist. Wide breeches reached only to above the knee, and the yellow and red striped stuff of which they were composed was ornamented below with blue ribbons. His boots *a-l'ecuyere*, reaching scarcely more than three inches above his ancle, were turned down with such a profusion of lace, that they seemed to hold it as a vase holds flowers. A small mantle of blue velvet, on which was embroidered

the cross of the Holy Ghost, covered the king's left arm, which rested on the hilt of his sword.

His head was uncovered, and his pale and noble face was perfectly visible, lighted up by the sun which penetrated through the top of the tent. The small pointed beard then worn, aggravated the thinness of his face, while it added to its melancholy expression; by his lofty brow, his classical profile, his aquiline nose, was at once recognised a prince of the great race of Bourbon; he had all the characteristic traits of his ancestors, except their potent glance; his eyes seemed red with tears, and veiled with a perpetual sleep, and the weakness of his sight gave him a somewhat vacant look.

On this occasion, he ostentatiously called around him and was attentive to the greatest enemies of the cardinal, whom he expected every moment, and balancing himself with one foot over the other, an hereditary habit of his family, he spoke quickly, but stopping from time to time to make a gracious inclination of the head, or a gesture of the hand, to those who passed before him, with low bows.

The court had been thus paying its respects to the king for two hours, ere the cardinal appeared; the whole court was collected in close ranks behind the prince, and in the long galleries which extended from his tent; already a longer interval began to elapse between the names of the courtiers who were announced.

"Shall we not see our cousin the cardinal?" said the king, turning round, and looking at Montrésor, one of Monsieur's gentlemen, as if to encourage him to answer.

"He is said to be very ill, just now, sire," was the answer.

"And yet I do not see how any but your majesty can cure him," said the duc de Beaufort.

"We cure nothing but the evil," replied Louis; "and the complaints of the cardinal are always so mysterious, that we own we cannot at all understand them."

The prince thus essayed to brave his minister beforehand; gaining strength in jests, the better to break his yoke, so insupportable but so difficult to remove. He almost thought he had succeeded in this, and, supported

by the joyous air of all who surrounded him, he already inwardly congratulated himself on having been able to assume the supreme empire, and for the moment enjoyed all the power he thought himself possessed of. An involuntary agitation in the depth of his heart had warned him, indeed, that, the hour passed, all the weight of the state would fall upon himself alone; but he talked in order to divert the troublesome thought, and concealing from himself the firm assurance he had of his own inability to reign, he set his imagination to work upon the result of his enterprises, thus forcing himself to forget the tedious roads which led to them. Rapid sentences succeeded one another on his lips.

"We shall soon take Perpignan," he said to Fabert, who stood at some distance.

"Well, cardinal, Lorraine is ours," he added to La Vallette. Then touching Mazarin's arms:

"It is not so difficult to conduct a state as is supposed, eh?"

The Italian, who was not so sure as most of the courtiers of the cardinal's disgrace, answered without compromising himself:

"Ah, sire, the late successes of your majesty, at home and abroad, manifest your skill in choosing your instruments and in directing them, and——"

But the duke de Beaufort, interrupting him with that self-sufficiency, that loud voice and air, which subsequently procured him the surname of *Important*, cried out vehemently:

"Pardieu, sire, it needs only to will; a nation is driven like a horse, with spur and bridle; and as we are all good horsemen, there are plenty to choose among."

This fine sally of the coxcomb duke had not time to take effect, for two ushers cried, at the same moment, "His eminence!"

The king reddened involuntarily, as if surprised *en flagrant delit*. But, immediately resuming confidence, he put on an air of resolute haughtiness, which was not lost upon the minister.

The latter, attired in all the pomp of a cardinal, leaning upon two young pages, and followed by his captain of the

guard and more than five hundred gentlemen attached to his house, advanced towards the king slowly and stopping at each step, as if forcibly arrested by his sufferings, but, in reality, to observe the faces before him. A glance sufficed.

His suite remained at the entrance of the royal tent; of all those within it, not one was bold enough to salute him, or to look towards him; even La Vallette feigned to be deeply occupied in a conversation with Montrésor; and the king, who desired to give him an unfavourable reception, greeted him lightly, and continued a conversation aside, in a low voice, with the duke de Beaufort.

The cardinal was therefore forced, after the first salute, to stop and pass to the side of the crowd of courtiers, as though he wished to mix with them, but, in reality, to test them more closely; they all recoiled, as at the sight of a leper; Fabert alone advanced towards him, with the frank and blunt air habitual with him, and making use of the terms belonging to his profession, said:

"Well, my lord, you make a breach in the midst of them like a cannon ball; I ask pardon in their name."

"And you stand firm before me as before the enemy," said the cardinal; "you will have no cause to regret it, in the end, my dear Fabert."

Mazarin also approached the cardinal, but with caution, and giving to his flexible features an expression of profound sadness, made him five or six very low bows, turning his back to the group gathered round the king, so that in the latter quarter they might be taken for those cold and hasty salutations which are made to a person one desires to be rid of, and, on the part of the duke, for tokens of respect, blended with a discreet and silent sorrow.

The minister, ever calm, smiled in disdain; and assuming that firm look, and that air of grandeur which he wore so perfectly in the hour of danger, he again leant upon his pages, and, without waiting for a word or glance from his sovereign, he suddenly resolved upon his line of conduct, and walked directly towards him, traversing the whole length of the tent. No one had lost sight of

him, although affecting not to observe him; every one now became silent, even those who were talking to the king; all the courtiers bent forward to see and to hear.

Louis XIII. turned round in astonishment, and all presence of mind totally failing him, remained motionless, and waited with an icy glance, his sole force, but a *vis inertiæ* very effectual in a prince.

The cardinal, on coming close to the prince, did not bow; and without changing his position, his eyes lowered, and his hands placed on the shoulders of the two boys half-bending, he said:

"Sire, I come to implore your majesty, at length to grant me the retirement for which I have long sighed. My health is failing; I feel that my life will soon be ended; eternity approaches me, and before rendering an account to the Eternal King, I would render one to my temporal sovereign. It is eighteen years, sire, since you placed in my hands a weak and divided kingdom; I return it to you united and powerful. Your enemies are overthrown and humiliated. My work is accomplished. I ask your majesty's permission to retire to Citeaux, of which I am abbot, and where I may end my days in prayer and meditation."

The king, irritated with some haughty expressions in this address, showed none of the signs of weakness which the cardinal had expected, and which he had always seen in him when he had threatened to resign the management of affairs. On the contrary, feeling that he had the eyes of the whole court upon him, Louis looked upon him with the air of a king, and coldly replied:

"We thank you, then, for your services, monsieur le cardinal, and wish you the repose you desire."

Richelieu was deeply angered, but no indication of his rage appeared upon his countenance. "Such was the coldness with which you left Montmorency to die," he said to himself, "but you shall not escape me thus." He then continued aloud, bowing at the same time:

"The only recompence I ask for my services is that your majesty will deign to accept from me, as a gift, the Palais-cardinal I have lately erected at my own cost, in Paris."

The king, astonished, bowed in token of assent. A murmur of surprise for a moment agitated the attentive court.

"I also petition your majesty to grant me the revocation of an act of rigour, which I solicited (I publicly confess it), and which I perhaps regarded as too beneficial to the repose of the state. Yes, when I was of this world, I was too forgetful of my old sentiments of personal respect and attachment, in my eagerness for the public welfare; now that I already enjoy the enlightenment of solitude, I see that I have been wrong, and I repent."

The attention of the spectators was redoubled, and the uneasiness of the king became visible.

"Yes, there is one person, sire, whom I have always loved, despite her wrongs towards you, and the banishment which the affairs of the kingdom forced me to procure for her; a person to whom I have owed much, and who should be very dear to you, notwithstanding her armed attempts against you; a person, in a word, whom I implore you to recal from exile—the queen Maria di Medici, your mother."

The king sent forth an involuntary exclamation, so far was he from expecting to hear that name. A repressed agitation suddenly appeared upon every face. All waited in silence the king's reply. Louis XIII. looked for a long time at his old minister without speaking, and this look decided the fate of France; in that instant, he called to mind all the indefatigable services of Richelieu, his unbounded devotion, his wonderful capacity, and was surprised at himself for having wished to part with him; he felt deeply affected at this request, which hunted out, as it were, the exact cause of his anger at the bottom of his heart, rooted it up, and took from his hands the only weapon he had against his old servant; filial love brought the words of pardon to his lips and tears into his eyes; delighted to grant what he desired most of all things in the world, he extended his hand to the duke with all the nobleness and kindliness of a Bourbon. The cardinal bowed, and respectfully kissed it; and his heart, which should have burst with remorse, only swelled in the joy of a haughty triumph.

The prince, much moved, abandoning his hand to him, turned gracefully towards his court, and said with a tremulous voice:

"We often deceive ourselves, gentlemen, and especially in our knowledge of so great a politician as this; I hope he will never leave us, since his heart is as good as his head."

Cardinal de La Vallette on the instant seized the arm of the king's mantle, and kissed it with all the ardour of a lover, and the young Mazarin did much the same with Richelieu himself, assuming with admirable Italian suppleness an expression radiant with joyful emotion. Two streams of flatterers hastened, one towards the king, the other towards the minister; the former group, not less adroit than the second, although less direct, addressed to the prince thanks which could be heard by the minister, and burned at the feet of the one incense which was destined for the other. As for Richelieu, bestowing a bow on the right and a smile on the left, he stepped forward, and stood on the right hand of the king, as his natural place. A stranger entering, would rather have thought, indeed, that it was the king who was on the cardinal's left hand. The maréchal d'Estrées, all the ambassadors, the duc d'Angoulême, the duc d'Halluin (Schomberg), the maréchal de Châtillon, and all the great officers of the crown surrounded him, each waiting impatiently for the compliments of the others to be finished, in order to pay his own, fearing lest some one else should anticipate him with the flattering epigram he had just improvised, or the turn of adulation he was inventing. As for Fabert, he had retired to a corner of the tent, and seemed to have paid no particular attention to the scene. He was chatting with Montrésor and the gentlemen of Monsieur, all sworn enemies of the cardinal, because, out of the crowd he avoided, he had found none but these to speak to. This conduct would have seemed extremely unskilful in one less known; but he was a man who, though living in the midst of the court, was ever ignorant of its intrigues; it was said of him that he returned from a battle he had gained, like the king's hunting horse, leaving the dogs to

caress their master and divide the quarry, without seeking even to remember the part he had had in the triumph.

The storm, then, seemed entirely appeased, and to the violent agitations of the morning there succeeded a gentle calm; a respectful murmur, varied with pleasant laughter, and protestations of attachment, was all that was heard in the tent. The voice of the cardinal arose from time to time; "The dear queen! we shall then soon again see her! I had never dared to hope such happiness while I lived!" The king listened to him with full confidence, and did not attempt to conceal his satisfaction. "It was assuredly an idea sent to him from on high," he said, "this good cardinal, against whom they had so incensed me, was thinking only of the union of my family; since the birth of the Dauphin I have not tasted greater joy than at this moment. The protection of the Holy Virgin is manifested over the kingdom."

At this moment, a captain of the guards came up and whispered in the king's ear:

"A courier from Cologne?" said the king; "let him wait in my cabinet."

Then, unable to restrain his impatience: "I come! I come!" he said; and entered alone a small square tent, attached to the great one. In it was observed a young courier, holding a black portfolio, and the curtains closed upon the king.

The cardinal, left sole master of the court, concentrated all its homage; but it was observed that he no longer received it with his former presence of mind; he frequently inquired what time it was, and exhibited an anxiety clearly unfeigned; his hard, unquiet glances, were cast towards the closet: it suddenly opened; the king appeared alone, and stopped on the threshold. He was paler than usual and trembled in every limb; he held in his hand a large letter, with five black seals.

"Gentlemen," said he, with a loud but broken voice, "the queen has just died at Cologne, and I, perhaps, am not the first who have heard of it," he added, casting a severe look toward the impassible cardinal; "but God knows all. To horse, in an hour, and attack the lines. Maré-

chals, follow me." And he turned his back abruptly, and re-entered his cabinet with them.

The court retired after the minister, who, without giving any sign of sorrow or annoyance, went forth as gravely as he had entered, but now a victor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIEGE.

" Il papa, alzato le mane e fattomi un patente crocione sopra la mia figura, mi disse, che mi benediva e che mi perdonava tutti gli omicidii che io avevo mai fatti, et tutti quelli che mai io farei in servizio della Chiesa apostolica."—BENVENUTO CELLINI.

THERE are moments in our life when we long for vigorous excitement to drown our petty griefs: times when the soul, like the lion in the fable, wearied with the continual attacks of the gnat, earnestly desires a mightier enemy and real dangers. Cinq-Mars experienced this condition of mind, which always results from a morbid sensibility in the organic constitution and a perpetual agitation of the heart. Weary of constantly turning over in his thoughts a combination of the events which he desired and of those which he dreaded; of calculating his chances to the best of his power, of summoning to his assistance all that his education had taught him concerning the lives of illustrious men, in order to parallel it with his present situation; oppressed by his regrets, his dreams, predictions, fancies, and all that imaginary world in which he had existed during his solitary journey, he breathed freely upon finding himself thrown into a real world, almost as full of agitation, and the sensation of two actual dangers restored circulation to his blood, and youth to all his being.

Since the nocturnal scene at the inn near Loudun, he had not been able to resume sufficient empire over his mind to occupy himself with anything save his beloved though mournful reflections; and consumption was already

threatening his frame, when, happily, he arrived at the camp of Perpignan, and happily also, had the opportunity of accepting the proposition of the abbé de Gondi; for the reader has, no doubt, recognised Cinq-Mars in the person of that young stranger in mourning, so indifferent and so melancholy, whom the duellist in the cassock took for his second.

He had ordered his tent to be pitched as a volunteer in the street of the camp assigned to the young noblemen who were to be presented to the king and were to serve as aides-de-camp to the generals; he soon repaired thither, and was quickly armed, horsed and cuirassed, according to the custom of the time, and proceeded alone to the Spanish bastion, the place of rendezvous. He was there first, and found that a small plot of turf, hidden among the works of the besieged place had been well chosen by the little abbé for his homicidal purposes; for, besides that no one would have suspected officers of going to fight one another immediately beneath the town which they were attacking, the body of the bastion separated them from the French camp, and would conceal them like an immense screen. It was well to take these precautions, for at that time it cost a man his head to give himself the satisfaction of hazarding his body.

While waiting for his friends and adversaries, Cinq-Mars had time to examine the south side of Perpignan before which he stood. He had heard that these works were not those which were to be attacked, and he tried in vain to account for the besiegers' projects. Between this southern face of the town, the mountains of Albère, and the Col du Perthus, there might have been advantageous lines of attack, and redoubts against the accessible point; but not a single soldier was stationed there; all the forces seemed directed upon the north of Perpignan, upon the most difficult side, against a brick fort, called the Castillet, which surmounted the gate of Notre-Dame. He discovered that a piece of ground apparently marshy, but really very solid, led up to the very foot of the Spanish bastion; that this post was guarded with true Castilian negligence, although its sole strength lay entirely in its defenders; for its battlements, almost in ruin, were furnished with four

pieces of cannon of enormous calibre, embedded in the turf, and thus rendered immovable and impossible to be directed against a troop advancing rapidly to the foot of the wall.

It was easy to perceive that these enormous pieces had discouraged the besiegers from attacking this point, and kept the besieged from any idea of addition to its means of defence. Thus, on the one side, the vedettes and advanced posts were at a distance, and on the other, the sentinels were few and ill supported. A young Spaniard, carrying a long gun, with its rest suspended at his side and the burning match in his right hand, who was walking with nonchalance upon the rampart, stopped to look at Cinq-Mars, who was riding about the ditches and moats.

"*Senor caballero*," said he, "are you going to take the bastion by yourself on horseback, like Don Quixote—Quixada de la Mancha?"

And at the same time he detached from his side the iron rest, planted it in the ground, and supported upon it the barrel of his gun, in order to take aim, when a grave and older Spaniard, enveloped in a dirty brown cloak, said to him in his own tongue—

"*Ambrosio de Demonio*, don't you know very well that it is forbidden to throw away powder uselessly, before sallies or attacks are made, merely to have the pleasure of killing a child not worth your match? It was in this very place that Charles V. threw the sleeping sentinel into the ditch and drowned him. Do your duty, or I will follow his example."

Ambrosio replaced his gun upon his shoulder, his rest at his side, and continued his walk upon the rampart.

Cinq-Mars had been little moved by this menacing gesture, contenting himself with tightening the reins of his horse and approaching the spurs to his sides, knowing that with a single leap of the nimble animal he should be carried behind the wall of a cabin which stood hard by, and should then be sheltered from the Spanish fusil, before the operation of the fork and match could be completed. He knew, too, that a tacit convention between the two armies prohibited marksmen from firing upon the sen-

tinels; each party would have regarded it as assassination. The soldier who had thus prepared himself for attacking Cinq-Mars must have been ignorant of the understanding in this respect. Young d'Effiat therefore made no visible movement; and when the sentinel resumed his walk upon the rampart, he again betook himself to his ride upon the turf, and presently saw five cavaliers directing their course towards him. The two first, who came on at full gallop, did not salute him; but stopping close to him, leapt to the ground, and he found himself in the arms of the counsellor de Thou who embraced him tenderly, while the little abbé de Gondi, laughing with all his heart, cried—

"Behold another Orestes recovering his Pylades, and at the moment of immolating a rogue who is not of the family of the king of kings, I can tell you."

"What! is it you, my dear Cinq-Mars?" cried de Thou; "and I knew not of your arrival in the camp! Yes, it is indeed you; I recognise you, although, indeed, you are very pale. Have you been ill, my dear friend? I have often written to you; for my boyish friendship has remained deep in my heart."

"And I," answered Henri d'Effiat, "I have been very culpable towards you; but I will relate to you all the causes of my neglect; I can speak of them, but I was ashamed to write them. But how good you are! Your friendship has never relaxed.

"I knew you too well," replied de Thou; "I knew that there could be no coldness between us, and that my soul had its echo in yours."

With these words they embraced once more, their eyes moist with those sweet tears which so seldom flow in one's life, but with which it seems, nevertheless, that the heart is always charged, so much ease do they give in flowing.

This moment was short: and during these few words, Gondi had been constantly pulling them by the cloak, saying:

"To horse! to horse! gentlemen. Pardieu! you will have time enough to embrace, if you are so affectionate; but do not delay; let our first thought be to have done with our good friends who are now coming. We are in a precious position, with those three gaillards there be-

fore us, the archers close by, and the Spaniards up yonder; we shall be under three fires."

He was still speaking, when de Launay, finding himself at about sixty paces from his opponents, with his seconds who were chosen from his own friends, rather than from among the partisans of the cardinal, put his horse to a canter, advanced gracefully towards his young adversaries, and gravely saluted them.

"Gentlemen, I think that we shall do well to select our men, and to take the field; for there is talk of attacking the lines, and I must be at my post."

"We are ready, sir," said Cinq-Mars; "and as for selecting opponents, I shall be very glad to become yours; for I have not forgotten the maréchal de Bassompierre and the wood of Chaumont; you know my opinion concerning your insolent visit to my mother."

"You are young, sir; you are young; in regard to madame, your mother, I fulfilled the duties of a man of the world; towards the maréchal, those of a captain of the guard; here, those of a gentleman towards monsieur the abbé, who has challenged me; afterwards I will have that honour with you."

"If I allow you," said the abbé, who was already on horseback.

They took sixty paces of ground, all that was afforded them by the extent of the meadow which inclosed them; the abbé di Gondi was stationed between de Thou and his friend, who sat nearest the ramparts, upon which two Spanish officers, and a score of soldiers stood, as in a balcony, to witness this combat of six persons, a spectacle common enough to them. They exhibited the same signs of joy as at their bull-fights, and laughed with that savage and bitter laugh which their physiognomy derives from their Arab blood.

At a sign from Gondi, the six horses set off at full gallop, and met, without coming in contact, in the middle of the arena; at that instant, six pistol-shots were heard almost together, and the smoke covered the combatants.

When it dispersed, of the six cavaliers and six horses, there were but three men and three animals on their legs. Cinq-Mars was on horseback, giving his hand to his ad-

versary, as calm as himself; at the other end of the field, de Thou stood by his opponent, whose horse he had killed, and whom he was helping to rise; as for Gondi and de Launay, neither of them was to be seen. Cinq-Mars looking about for them anxiously, perceived the abbé's horse, which, caracolling and curvetting, was dragging after him the future cardinal, whose foot was engaged in the stirrup, and who was swearing as if he had never studied anything but the language of the camp: his nose and hands were bloody with his fall and with his efforts to seize the grass, and he was regarding with considerable dissatisfaction his horse, which, in spite of himself, he irritated with his spurs, making its way to the fosse, filled with water which surrounded the bastion, when, happily, Cinq-Mars, passing between the edge of the swamp and the animal, seized its bridle and stopped its career.

"Well, my dear abbé, I see that no great harm is come to you, for you speak with decided energy."

"*Corbleu!*" cried Gondi, wiping the dust out of his eyes, "to fire a pistol in the face of that giant, I had to lean forward, and rise in my stirrups, and thus I lost my balance; but I fancy that he is down too."

"You are right, sir," said de Thou, coming up: "there is his horse swimming in the fosse with its master, whose brains are blown out; we must think now of escaping."

"Escaping! that, gentlemen, will be rather difficult," said the adversary of Cinq-Mars, approaching; "Hark! there's the cannon-shot, the signal for the attack; I did not expect it would have been given so soon; if we return we shall meet the Swiss and the Lansquenets, who are engaged in this direction."

"M. de Fontrailles says well," said de Thou; "but if we do not return, here are these Spaniards, who are running to arms, and whose balls we shall presently have whistling about our heads."

"Well, let us hold a council," said Gondi; "summon M. de Montrésor, who is uselessly occupied in searching for the body of poor de Launay. You have not wounded him, monsieur de Thou?"

"No, monsieur l'abbé; every one has not so good an

aim as you," said Montrésor, bitterly, limping from his fall; "we shall not have time to continue with the sword."

"As to continuing, I will not hear of it, gentlemen," said Fontrailles; "M. de Cinq-Mars has behaved too nobly towards me; my pistol went off too soon, and his was at my very cheek—I feel the coldness of it now—but he had the generosity to withdraw it and fire in the air; I shall not forget it, and I am his in life and in death."

"We must think of other things now," interrupted Cinq-Mars; "a ball has just whistled past my ear; the attack has begun on all sides, and we are surrounded by friends and enemies."

In fact, the cannonade was general; the citadel, the town, and the army were covered with smoke; the bastion before them was unassailed, and its guards seemed less intent on defending it than on observing the fate of the other fortifications.

"I believe that the enemy has made a sally," said Montrésor, "for the smoke has subsided in the plain, and I see masses of cavalry charging under the protection of the batteries."

"Gentlemen," said Cinq-Mars, who had never ceased to observe the walls; "there is a very decided part which we could take: to enter this ill-guarded bastion."

"An excellent idea, sir," said Fontrailles; "but we are but five against at least thirty, and are open to view and easily counted."

"Pfaith, the notion is not a bad one," said Gondi; "it is better to be shot up there than hanged down here, as we shall be if we are found, for de Launay must be already missed by his company, and all the court is aware of our quarrel."

"Parbleu, gentlemen," said Montrésor, "there is help coming."

A troop of horse, numerous, but greatly in disorder, advanced towards them at full gallop; their red uniform made them visible far off; it seemed to be their intention to stop upon the very ground on which were our embarrassed duellists, for scarcely had the first cavalier reached it, than cries of *Halt!* were repeated and prolonged by the

voices of the chiefs who were mingled with their cavaliers.

"Let us go to them; these are the men at arms of the king's guard," said Fontrailles; "I recognise them by their black cockades. I also see many of the light horse with them; let us mingle in their disorder, for I fancy they are *ramenés*."

This is a polite phrase signifying in military language *put to the rout*. All five advanced towards the animated and noisy troops, and found that this conjecture was right. But in place of the consternation which one might have expected in such a case, they found nothing but a youthful and rattling gaiety, and heard nothing but shouts of laughter in the two companies.

"Ah! pardieu, Cahuzac," said one, "thy horse runs better than mine; I suppose thou'st exercised it in the king's hunts!"

"Ah, I see, 'twas that we might be the sooner *rallied*, that thou got'st here first," answered the other.

"I think the marquis de Coislin must be mad, to make four hundred of us charge eight Spanish regiments."

"Ah, ah, ah! Locmaria, your plume is in fine trim; it looks like a weeping willow. If we follow that, it will be to our burial."

"Ah, gentlemen, I told you before," angrily replied the young officer; "I was sure that that capuchin Joseph, who meddles in everything, was mistaken in telling us to charge, upon the part of the cardinal. But would you have been satisfied, if those who have the honour of commanding you had refused to——?"

"No, no, no!" answered all the young men, at the same time forming themselves quickly into ranks.

"I said," interposed the old marquis of Coislin, who, with a white head, had all the fire of youth in his eyes, "that if you were commanded to mount to the assault on horseback, you would do it."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried all the men-at-arms, clapping their hands.

"Well, monsieur le marquis," said Cinq-Mars, approaching, "here is an opportunity of executing what you have promised. I am merely a volunteer, but an instant

ago these gentlemen and I examined this bastion, and I believe that it is possible to take it."

"Sir, in the first place, we must examine the ditch to see——"

At this moment a ball from the rampart of which they were speaking, struck the horse of the old officer, and it fell.

"Locmaria, De Mouy, take the command, and to the assault!" cried the two noble companies, believing their leader dead.

"Stop a moment, gentlemen," said old Coislin, rising, "I will lead you, if you please; guide us, sir volunteer, for the Spaniards invite us to this ball, and we must reply politely."

Scarcely had the old man mounted another horse, which one of his men brought him, and drawn his sword, than, without awaiting his order, all these ardent youth, preceded by Cinq-Mars and his friends, whose horses were urged on by the squadrons behind, had thrown themselves into the morass, wherein, to their great astonishment and to that of the Spaniards, who counted too much upon its depth in that place, the horses were only in the water up to their hams, and, in spite of a discharge of grape-shot from the two largest pieces, all reached pell-mell a slip of ground, at foot of the half-ruined ramparts. In the ardour of the onset, Cinq-Mars and Fontrailles, with the young Locmaria, forced their horses on to the rampart itself; but a brisk fusillade killed the three animals, which rolled over their masters.

"Dismount all, gentlemen!" cried the old Coislin; "forward with pistol and sword! abandon your horses!"

All obeyed instantly, and threw themselves in a crowd upon the breach.

Meantime de Thou, whose coolness never quitted him any more than his friendship, had not lost sight of the young Henri, and had received him in his arms when his horse fell. He placed him on his feet, restored to him his sword, which had escaped from his hand, and said to him, with the greatest calmness, notwithstanding the balls which rained on all sides:

"My friend, don't I seem very ridiculous amidst all this skirmish, with my costume of counsellor in parliament?"

"Parbleu!" said Montrésor, advancing, "here's the abbé, who quite justifies you."

And, in fact, the little Gondi, pushing on amongst the light-horsemen, was bawling with all his might, "Three duels and an assault! There's hopes of getting rid of my cassock at last!"

So saying, he cut and thrust at a tall Spaniard.

The defence was not long. The Castilian soldiers were no match for the French officers, and not one of them had time or courage to re-charge his carbine.

"Gentlemen, we will relate this to our mistresses in Paris," said Locmaria, throwing his hat up in the air; and Cinq-Mars, De Thou, Coislin, De Mouy, Londigny, officers of the red companies, and all the young noblemen, with swords in their right hands and pistols in their left, dashing, jostling, and doing each other, by their eagerness, as much harm as they did the enemy, finally dashed upon the platform of the bastion, as water poured from a vase, of which the opening is too narrow, leaps out by intermitted torrents.

Disdaining to occupy themselves with the vanquished soldiers who cast themselves at their feet, they left them to look about the fort, without even disarming them, and set off examining their conquest, like school-boys in their holidays, laughing with all their hearts, as if it had been a party of pleasure.

A Spanish officer, enveloped in his brown cloak, watched them with a sombre air.

"What demons are these, Ambrosio?" said he to a soldier. "I have never met with any such before in France. If Louis XIII. has an entire army thus composed, it is very good of him not to conquer Europe."

"Oh! I do not believe that they are very numerous; they must be some poor adventurers, who have nothing to lose, and all to gain by pillage."

"You are right," said the officer; "I will go and try to get one of them to let me escape."

And slowly approaching, he accosted a young light-horseman, of about eighteen, who was sitting apart from his comrades upon the parapet; he had the white and red complexion of a young girl; his delicate hand held an

embroidered handkerchief, with which he wiped his forehead and his golden locks; he was looking at a great round watch set with rubies and suspended from his girdle by a knot of ribbons.

The astonished Spaniard paused. If he had not seen him overthrow his soldiers, he would not have believed him capable of anything beyond singing a romance, reclined upon a couch. But filled with the suggestion of Ambrosio, he thought that he might have stolen these objects of luxury in the pillage of the apartments of a woman; so, going abruptly up to him, he said:

"*Hombre!* I am an officer; will you restore me to liberty, that I may once more see my country?"

The young Frenchman looked at him with the gentle air of his age, and, thinking of his own family, he said:

"Sir, I will present you to the marquis de Coislin, who will, I doubt not, grant your request; is your family of Castile or of Aragon?"

"Your Coislin will ask the permission of somebody else, and will make me wait a year. I will give you four thousand ducats if you will afford me the means of escape."

That gentle face, those girlish features, became infused with the purple of fury; those blue eyes shot forth lightning, and exclaiming:—"Money to me! away, fool!" the young man gave the Spaniard a ringing box on the ear. The latter, without hesitating, drew a long poniard from his breast, and seizing the arm of the Frenchman, thought to plunge it readily into his heart; but, nimble and vigorous, the youth took him by the right arm, and lifting it with force above his head, sent it back with the weapon it held upon the head of the Spaniard, who was furious with passion.

"Eh! eh! Softly, Olivier!" cried his comrades, running from all directions: "there are Spaniards enough on the ground already."

And they disarmed the hostile officer.

"What shall we do with this madman?" said one.

"I should not like to have him for my valet-de-chambre," returned another.

"He deserves to be hanged," said a third; "but i' faith, gentlemen, we don't know how to hang. Send him to that battalion of Swiss which is now passing on the plain."

And that calm and sombre man, enveloping himself anew in his cloak, began his march of his own accord, followed by Ambrosio, to join the battalion, pushed by the shoulders and urged on by five or six of these young madcaps.

Meantime, the first troop of the besiegers, astonished at their success, had followed it out to the end; Cinq-Mars, so advised by the aged Coislin, had made with him the circuit of the bastion, and found to their vexation that it was completely separated from the city, and that they could not follow up their advantage. They therefore returned slowly to the platform, talking by the way, to rejoin de Thou and the abbé de Gondi, whom they found laughing with the young light-horsemen.

"We have Religion and Justice with us, gentlemen; we could not fail to triumph."

"Yes, for they struck as hard as we."

There was silence at the approach of Cinq-Mars, and they remained for an instant whispering and asking his name; then all surrounded him, and took his hand with transport.

"Gentlemen, you are right," said their old captain; "he is, as our fathers used to say, *the best doer of the day.* He is a volunteer, who is to be presented to-day to the king by the cardinal."

"By the cardinal! we will present him ourselves; ah! don't let him be a *cardinalist*, he is too good a fellow for that," exclaimed all the young men with vivacity.

"Sir, I will disgust you with him," said Olivier d'Entraigues, approaching Cinq-Mars, "for I have been his page. Rather serve in the red companies; come, you will have good comrades there."

The old marquis saved Cinq-Mars the embarrassment of answering, by causing the trumpets to sound and rally his brilliant companies. The cannon was no longer heard, and a soldier announced that the king and the cardinal were traversing the lines to examine the results of the day;

he made all the horses pass through the breach, which was tolerably wide, and ranged the two companies in battle order, upon a spot whither it seemed impossible for any but infantry to penetrate.

CHAPTER X.

THE REWARD.

"Ah! comme du butin ces guerriers trop jaloux
Courent bride abattue au-devant de mes coups,
Agitez tous leurs sens d'une rage insensée,
Tambour, fifre, trompette, ôtez-leur la pensée."
N. LEMERCIER, *Panhypocrisiade.*

RICHELIEU had said within himself: "To assuage the first paroxysm of the royal grief, to open a source of emotions which shall withdraw this wavering soul from its sorrow, let this city be besieged; I consent. Let Louis go, I will allow him to strike a few poor soldiers with the blows which he would, but dare not, inflict on me; let his anger quench itself in this obscure blood; I agree; but this caprice of glory shall not derange my immutable designs; this city shall not fall yet, it shall not be French for ever until two years have past; it shall come into my nets only on the day which I have determined in my own mind. Thunder, bombs and cannons; meditate your operations, skilful captains; hurry on, young warriors; I will silence your noise, I will dissipate your projects and make your efforts abortive; all shall end in empty smoke; for I will conduct, in order to mislead you."

Such is pretty nearly what passed in the bald head of the old cardinal before the attack of which we have witnessed a portion. He was stationed on horseback, to the north of the city upon one of the mountains of Salces; from this point he could see the plain of Roussillon before him, sloping to the Mediterranean; Perpignan, with its ramparts of brick, its bastions, its citadel and its spire, formed upon this plain an oval and sombre mass amid

broad and verdant meads; and the vast mountains surrounded it and the valley like an enormous bow, bent from north to south, while, stretching its white line in the east, the sea seemed its silver cord. On his right, rose that immense mountain which is called the Canigou, whose sides send forth two rivers into the plain below. The French line extended to the foot of this western barrier. A crowd of generals and of great lords were on horseback behind the minister, but at twenty paces distance and profoundly silent. He had at first slowly followed the line of operations, but afterwards returned and stationed himself upon this height, whence his eye and his thought hovered over the destinies of besiegers and besieged. The army had its eyes upon him, and could see him from every point. The whole of the troops looked upon him as their immediate chief, and awaited the direction of his gesture before they acted. For a long time France had bent beneath his yoke, and admiration shielded all his actions from the ridicule to which another would have often been subjected. At this moment, for instance, no one thought of smiling, or of feeling surprised even, that the cuirass should clothe the priest, and the severity of his character and aspect suppressed every thought of ironical comparisons or impertinent conjectures. This day, the cardinal appeared in a costume entirely warlike; he wore a coat of a reddish brown, embroidered with gold; a water-coloured cuirass; a sword at his side, pistols at his saddle-bow, and he had a plumed hat; but this he rarely placed upon his head, which was still covered with the red cap. Two pages were behind him; one carried his gauntlets, the other his casque, and the captain of his guards was at his side.

As the king had recently named him generalissimo of his troops, it was to him that the generals sent for their orders; but he, knowing full well the secret motives of his master's present anger, ostentatiously referred to that prince all who sought a decision from his own mouth. It happened as he had foreseen; for he regulated and calculated the movements of that heart as those of a watch, and could have told with precision through what sensations it had passed. Louis XIII. came, and placed him-

self at his side, but he came as a pupil, forced to acknowledge that his master is in the right. His air was haughty and dissatisfied, his language brusque and dry. The cardinal displayed no emotion. It was remarked, that the king, in consulting him, employed the words of command, thus reconciling his weakness and his power of place, his irresolution and his pride, his ignorance and his pretensions, while his minister dictated laws to him in a tone of the most profound obedience.

"I will have them attack immediately, cardinal," said the prince, on coming up; "that is to say," added he, with an air of carelessness, "when all your preparations are made, and you have determined with our generals upon the hour."

"Sire, if I might venture to express my judgment, I should be glad did your majesty think fit to commence the attack in a quarter of an hour, for that will give time enough to advance the third line."

"Yes, yes, right, monsieur le cardinal, I think so too; I will go and give my orders myself: I wish to do everything myself. Schomberg! Schomberg! in a quarter of an hour let me hear the signal gun; I will have it so."

And Schomberg, proceeding to take the command of the right wing, gave the order, and the signal was made.

The batteries, arranged long since by the maréchal de la Meilleraie, began to batter a breach, but slackly, because the artillerymen felt that they had been directed to attack two impregnable points, and because, with their experience, and, above all, with the straightforward sense and rapid perception of French soldiers, any one of them could at once have indicated the point against which the attack ought to have been directed. The king was surprised at the slowness of the firing.

"La Meilleraie," said he, impatiently, "these batteries do not play; your cannoneers are asleep."

With the maréchal the principal artillery officers were present, but no one answered a syllable. They had looked towards the cardinal, who remained as immovable as an equestrian statue, and they imitated his example. The answer must have been that the fault was not with the soldiers, but with him who had ordered this false disposi-

tion of the batteries, and this was Richelieu himself, who, pretending to believe them more useful as they were, had at once stopped the remarks of the chiefs.

The king was astonished at this silence, and fearing that he had committed some gross military blunder by his question, slightly blushed, and approaching the group of princes who had accompanied him, said, in order to reassure himself:

"D'Angoulême, Beaufort, it is very tiresome, is it not? We stand here like mummies."

Charles de Valois drew near, and said:

"It seems to me, sire, that they are not employing here the machines of the engineer Pompée-Targon."

"Parbleu!" said the duke de Beaufort, fixedly regarding Richelieu, "that is because we had more desire to take Rochelle than Perpignan, at the time that Italian came. Here we have not an engine ready, not a mine, not a petard beneath these walls, and the maréchal de la Meilleraie told me this morning that he had proposed to bring up some to open the breach with. It was neither the Castillet, nor the six great bastions which surround it, nor the half-moon, we ought to have attacked. If we go on in this way, the great stone arm of the citadel will show us its fist long enough yet."

The cardinal, still motionless, said not a single word; he only beckoned to him Fabert, who left the group in attendance, and ranged his horse behind that of the cardinal, close to the captain of his guards.

The duke de la Rochefoucauld, drawing near the king, said:

"I believe, sire, that our inactivity makes the enemy insolent, for see, here's a numerous sally, directing itself right towards your majesty; the regiments of Biron and De Ponts fall back after firing."

"Well!" said the king, drawing his sword, "let us charge, and force those vagabonds back again. Set on the cavalry with me, d'Angoulême. Where is it, cardinal?"

"Behind that hill, sire, there are in column six regiments of dragoons, and the carabiniers of La Roque; below you are my men-at-arms and my light-horse, whom I

pray your majesty to employ, for those of your majesty's guard are ill guided by the marquis de Coislin, ever too zealous. Joseph, go, tell him to return."

He whispered the capuchin who had accompanied him, huddled up in a military dress which he wore awkwardly, and who immediately advanced into the plain.

In the meantime, the compact columns of the old Spanish infantry issued from the gate of Notre-Dame like a dark and moving forest, while, from another gate, came forth the heavy cavalry, which drew up upon the plain. The French army, in battle-array at the foot of the hill where the king stood, behind fortifications of earth, behind redoubts and fascines of turf, perceived with alarm, the men-at-arms and the light-horse pressed between these two forces, ten times their superiors in numbers.

"Sound the charge!" cried Louis XIII., "or my old Coislin is lost."

And he descended the hill, with all his suite as ardent as himself; but before he was on the plain and at the head of his musketeers, the two companies had taken their course, dashing off with the rapidity of lightning, and to the cry of "Vive le Roi!" fell upon the long column of the enemy's cavalry, like two vultures upon the sides of a serpent, and making a large and bloody gap, they passed beyond, and rallied behind the Spanish bastion, as we have seen; leaving the enemy's cavalry so astonished, that they thought only of reforming themselves, and not of pursuing.

The French army sent forth one shout of applause; the king paused in amazement; he looked around him, and saw a burning desire for attack in all eyes; the valour of his race shone in his own; he paused yet another instant in suspense, listening with intoxication to the roar of the cannon, respiring and snuffing up the odour of the powder; he seemed to receive another life, and to become once more a Bourbon; all who looked on him felt as though they were commanded by another man, when, raising his sword and his eyes towards the sun, he cried:

"Follow me, brave friends! here I am king of France!"

His cavalry, deploying, dashed off with an ardour which devoured space, and raising billows of dust from the ground

which trembled beneath them, they were in an instant mingled with the Spanish cavalry, and both were swallowed up in an immense and fluctuating cloud.

"Now! now!" cried the cardinal, in a voice of thunder, from his elevation, "now remove the guns from their useless position. Fabert, give your orders; let them be all directed upon the infantry which slowly approaches to surround the king. Haste, save the king!"

Immediately the cardinal's suite, hitherto sitting erect as so many statues, were in motion; the generals gave their orders; the aides-de-camp galloped off into the plain, where, leaping over the ditches, barriers, and palisades, they arrived at their destination almost as rapidly as the thoughts that directed them and the glances that followed them.

Suddenly the few and interrupted flashes which had shone from the before discouraged batteries, became a continual and immense flame, leaving no room for the smoke, which rose to the sky in an infinite number of light and floating wreaths; the volleys of cannon, which seemed, of late, like far and feeble echos, changed into a formidable thunder, whose roll was as unintermitted as that of drums beating the charge; whilst, from three opposite points, large red flashes from fiery mouths fell upon the dark columns which issued from the besieged city.

Meantime, without changing his position, but with ardent eyes and imperative gestures, Richelieu ceased not to multiply his orders, casting upon those who received them a look which implied a sentence of death if he was not at once obeyed.

"The king has overthrown the cavalry; but the foot still resist; our batteries have only killed, they have not conquered. Forward with three regiments of infantry instantly, Gassion, La Meilleraie, and Lesdiguières! Take the enemy's columns in flank. Order the rest of the army to cease from the attack, and to remain motionless throughout the whole line. Some paper—I will write myself to Schomberg."

A page alighted and advanced, holding a pencil and paper. The minister, supported by four men of his suite, also alighted with difficulty, and sending forth a cry,

wrested from him by pain, but he quelled it by an effort, and seated himself upon the carriage of a cannon; the page presented his shoulder as a desk, and the cardinal hastily penned that order which contemporary manuscripts have transmitted to us, and which might well be imitated by the diplomatists of our day, who are, it would seem, more anxious to maintain themselves in perfect balance between two ideas, than to wield those combinations which decide the destinies of the world; regarding the clear and obvious dictates of true genius as beneath their profound subtlety.

"Monsieur le maréchal, do not risk anything, and think well before you attack. When you are thus told that the king desires you not to risk anything, you are not to understand that his majesty forbids you to fight at all, but his intention is, that you do not engage in a general battle unless it be with a notable hope of gain from the advantage which a favourable situation may present, the responsibility of the battle naturally falling upon you."

These orders given, the old minister, still seated upon the carriage of the gun, his arms resting upon the touch-hole, and his chin upon his arms, in the attitude of one who adjusts and points a cannon, continued in silence to watch the battle, like an old wolf, which, sated with victims and torpid with age, contemplates in the plain the ravages of a lion among a herd of cattle, which he dares not himself attack; from time to time his eye glares; the smell of blood rejoices him; and, full of the recollection of past feasts, he passes his burning tongue over his toothless jaw.

Upon that day, it was remarked by his servants—or in other words, by all around him—that, from the time of his rising till night, he took no nourishment; and so fixed all the application of his soul upon the events which he had to conduct, that he triumphed over his physical pains, and seemed to have destroyed in forgetting them. It was this power of attention, this constant presence of mind, that raised him almost to genius. He would have attained it quite, had he not wanted native elevation of soul and generous sensibility of heart.

Everything passed upon the field of battle as he had

planned, fortune attending him alike there and in the cabinet. Louis XIII. appropriated with eager hand the victory which his minister had procured for him; he had contributed personally, however, only that grandeur which consists in personal valour.

The cannon had ceased to roar when the broken columns of infantry fell back into Perpignan; the Spanish cavalry, greatly cut up, was already within the walls, and no living man was to be seen on the plain, save the glittering squadrons of the king, who followed him, forming their ranks as they went.

He returned at a walking pace, and contemplated with satisfaction the battle-field swept clear of enemies; he passed haughtily under the very fire of the Spanish pieces, which, whether from unskilfulness, or by a secret agreement with the prime minister, or from very shame to kill a king of France, only sent after him a few balls, which, passing two feet above his head, fell in front of the lines, and merely served to increase the royal reputation for courage.

At every step, however, that he made towards the place where Richelieu awaited him, his countenance changed and visibly fell; he lost all the flush of combat; the noble sweat of triumph died upon his brow. In proportion as he approached, his accustomed paleness returned to his face, as if having the right to sit alone on a royal head; his look lost its transient fire, and, at last, when he joined him, a profound melancholy entirely possessed him. He found the cardinal as he had left him, on horseback; the latter, still coldly respectful, bowed, and after a few words of compliment, placed himself near Louis to traverse the lines, and examine the results of the day, while the princes and great lords, riding at some distance before and behind, formed as it were a cloud around them.

The skilful minister was careful not to say a word or make a gesture that could suggest the idea that he had the slightest share in the events of the day; and it was remarkable that of all those who came up to give in their reports, each seemed to divine his thoughts, to be careful not to compromise his occult power by open obedience. Every report was made to the king. The cardinal then

traversed, by the side of the prince, the right of the camp, which had not been under his view from the height where he had placed himself; and he saw with satisfaction that Schomberg, who knew him well, had acted precisely as he had directed, bringing into action only a few of the light troops, and fighting just enough not to incur reproach for inaction, and not enough to obtain any distinct result. This line of conduct delighted the minister, and in no way displeased the king, whose vanity cherished the idea of having been the sole conqueror that day. He even wished to persuade himself, and to have it supposed that all the efforts of Schomberg had been ineffectúal, telling him that he was not angry with him, that he had himself just had proof that the enemy before him was less despicable than had been supposed.

"To show you that you have lost nothing in our estimation," he added, "we name you a knight of our order, and we give you public and private access to our person."

The cardinal affectionately pressed his hand as he passed him, and the maréchal, astonished at this deluge of favours, followed the prince with his head down, like a culprit, recalling, to console himself, all the brilliant actions of his career which had remained unnoticed, and mentally attributing to them these unmerited rewards as a salvò to his conscience.

The king was about to retrace his steps, when the duke de Beaufort, with an amazed air, exclaimed:

"But, sire, have I still the powder in my eyes, or have I been struck mad with the sun? It appears to me that I see upon yonder bastion cavaliers in a red uniform who monstrously resemble your light horse whom we thought to be killed."

The cardinal knitted his brows.

"Impossible, monsieur," he said; "the imprudence of M. de Coislin has destroyed his majesty's men at arms and those cavaliers; it is for that reason I ventured just now to say to the king that, if the useless corps were suppressed, it might be very advantageous in a military point of view."

"Pardieu, your eminence will pardon me," answered the duke de Beaufort, "but I do not deceive myself, and

there are seven or eight of them driving prisoners before them."

"Well! let us go to the point," said the king; "I shall be very glad to find my old Coislin there."

It was with great caution that the horses of the king and his suite passed across the marsh, and with infinite astonishment that their riders saw on the ramparts the two red companies in battalia as on parade.

"Vive Dieu!" cried Louis; "I don't think there's one of them missing. Well, marquis, you keep your word, you take walls on horseback."

"The place taken was well selected," said Richelieu, contemptuously; "it in no way advances the taking of Perpignan, and must have cost many lives."

"I'faith, there you are right," said the king, for the first time since the intelligence of the queen's death addressing the cardinal without coldness or asperity; "I regret the blood which must have been spilt here."

"There have only been two of our young people wounded in the attack, sire," said old Coislin; "and we have gained new companions in arms, in the volunteers who guided us."

"Who are they?" said the prince.

"Three of them have modestly retired, sire, but the youngest, whom you see, was the first who proposed the assault, and the first to venture his body in making it. The two companies claim the honour of presenting him to your majesty."

Cinq-Mars, who was on horseback behind the old captain, took off his hat, and showed his pale face, his large dark eyes, and his long chesnut hair.

"Those features remind me of some one," said the king; "what say you, cardinal?"

The latter, who had already cast a penetrating glance at the new comer, replied:

"Unless I am mistaken, this young man is——"

"Henri d'Effiat," said the volunteer, bowing.

"Sire, it is the same whom I had announced to your majesty, and who was to have been presented to you by me; the second son of the maréchal."

"Ah!" said Louis, warmly, "I am glad to see the son

of my old friend presented by this bastion. 'Tis a suitable introduction, my boy, for one bearing your name. You will follow us to the camp, where we have much to say to you. But what! you here, monsieur de Thou? Whom came you to judge?"

"Sire," answered Coislin, "he has condemned to death, without judging, sundry Spaniards, for he was the second to enter the place."

"I struck no one, sir," interrupted De Thou, reddening; "'tis not my business; herein I have no merit; I merely accompanied my friend, M. de Cinq-Mars."

"We love your modesty alike with your bravery, and we will not forget this. Cardinal, is there not some presidency vacant?"

Richelieu did not like De Thou; and as the source of his dislike was always mysterious, it was difficult to guess the cause of this animosity; it revealed itself in a heartless expression that escaped him. The motive was a passage in the history of the president De Thou, the father of the young man now in question, wherein he stigmatized in the eyes of posterity a grand-uncle of the cardinal, an apostate monk, sullied with every human vice.

Richelieu, bending his head to the ear of Joseph, whispered:

"You see that man; his father put my name into his history; well, I will put his into mine." And, truly enough, he subsequently wrote it in blood. At this moment, to avoid answering the king, he feigned not to have heard his question, and to be wholly intent upon the merit of Cinq-Mars, and the desire to see him well placed at court.

"I promised you beforehand to make him a captain in my guards," said the prince; "let him be nominated tomorrow. I would know more of him, and raise him to a higher fortune, if he pleases me. Let us now retire; the sun has set, and we are far from our army. Tell my two good companies to follow us."

The minister, after repeating the order, omitting the implied praise, placed himself on the king's right hand, and the whole escort quitted the bastion, now confided to the care of the Swiss, and returned to the camp.

The two red companies slowly defiled through the breach which they had effected with such promptitude; their countenances were grave and silent.

Cinq-Mars went up to his friend.

"These are heroes but ill recompensed," said he; "not a favour, not a compliment."

"I, on the other hand," said the simple De Thou, "I, who came somewhat against my will, receive one. Such are courts, such is life; but the true Judge is on high, whom men cannot blind."

"This will not prevent us from meeting death to-morrow, if necessary," said the young Olivier, laughing.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MISTAKES.

"Quand vint le tour de saint Guilin,
Il jeta trois dés sur la table.
Ensuite il regarda le diable.
Et lui dit d'un air très-malin :
Jouons donc cette vieille femme !
Qui de nous deux aura son âme !"

ANCIENNE LEGENDE.

In order to appear before the king, Cinq-Mars had been fain to mount the charger of one of the light-horse, wounded in the affair, having lost his own at the foot of the rampart. As the two companies were marching out, he felt some one touch his shoulder, and, turning round, saw old Grandchamp holding a very beautiful grey horse.

"Will monsieur le marquis mount a horse of his own?" said he. "I have put on the saddle and housings of velvet embroidered in gold, that remained in the trench. Alas! when I think that a Spaniard might have taken it, or even a Frenchman—for just now there are so many people who take all they find, as though it were their own; and then, as the proverb says, 'What falls in the ditch is for the soldier.' They might also have taken the four hundred gold crowns that monsieur le marquis, be it said

without reproach, forgot to take out of the holsters! And the pistols! Oh, what pistols! I bought them in Germany, and here they are as good, and with the locks as perfect as ever. It was quite enough to kill the poor little black horse, that was born in England, as sure as I was at Tours in Touraine, without also exposing these valuables to pass into the hands of the enemy."

While making his lamentation, the worthy man finished saddling the grey horse; the column was long enough filing out, to give him time to pay a scrupulous attention to the length of the stirrups and of the bands, all the while continuing his harangue.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for being somewhat long about this, but I slightly sprained my arm in getting up M. de Thou, who himself raised monsieur le marquis, during the grand scuffle."

"How cames't thou there at all, blockhead?" said Cinq-Mars; "'tis not thy trade; I told thee to remain in the camp."

"Oh, as to remaining in the camp, that is out of the question; I can't keep there; when I hear a musket shot, I should be ill if I did not see the flash. As for my trade, my trade is to take care of your horses, and you are on them. Sir, think you I should not have saved the life of the poor black if I could? Ah! how I loved him, a horse that has gained three races in his time! a time too short for those who loved him as I did. He would never take his corn but from his dear Grandchamp, and then he would caress me with his head; the end of my left ear, that he carried away one day, poor fellow! proves it; for it was not out of ill will he bit it off, quite the contrary. You should have heard how he neighed with rage when any one else came near him; that was why he broke Jean's leg; good creature, I loved him so; when he fell, I held him on one side with one hand, and M. de Locmaria with the other. I thought at first that both he and that gentleman would recover; but unhappily only one of them returned to life, and this was he whom I least knew. You seem to be laughing at what I say about your horse, sir; you forget that in times of war, the horse is the soul of the cavalier. Yes, *sir, his soul*, for what is it that intimidates the infantry?

'tis the horse! it certainly is not the man, who, once seated, is little more than a bundle of hay. Who is it that performs the fine deeds that men admire? the horse! There are times when his master, who but just before would fain have been far away, finds himself victorious and rewarded for his horse's valour, while the poor beast gets nothing but blows. Who is it gains the prize in the race? the horse, that scarcely sups better than usual, while the master pockets the gold, and is envied by his friends and admired by all the lords, as though he had run himself. Who is it that hunts the roebuck, yet puts but a morsel in his own mouth? again, the horse! sometimes the horse is even eaten himself, poor animal! I remember, in a campaign with monsieur le maréchal, it happened that——But what is the matter, sir, you grow pale?"

"Bind up my leg with something—a handkerchief, a strap, or what thou wilt. I feel a burning pain there, I know not what."

"Your boot is cut, sir; it may be some ball; however, *lead is the friend of man.*"

"It is no friend of mine, at all events."

"Ah! *who loves, chastens;* oh! lead, lead must not be ill spoken of; what is it that——?"

While occupied in binding his master's leg below the knee, the worthy Grandchamp was about to hold forth in praise of lead, as absurdly as he had done in praise of the horse, when he was fain, in common with Cinq-Mars, to lend an ear to a warm and clamorous dispute among some Swiss soldiers, who had remained behind the other troops; they were talking with much gesticulation, and seemed busied with two men who were in the midst of about thirty soldiers.

D'Effiat, still holding out his leg to his servant, and leaning on the saddle of his horse, tried, by listening attentively, to learn the subject of the controversy; but he knew nothing of German, and could not comprehend the dispute. Grandchamp, who, still holding the boot, had been also listening very seriously, suddenly burst into loud laughter:

"Ha! ha! ha! Sir, here are two sergeants disputing which they ought to hang of the two Spaniards there: for your red comrades did not take the trouble to tell them;

one of the Swiss says that it's the officer, the other that it's the soldier; a third has just made a proposition for meeting the difficulty."

"And what says he?"

"He suggests the hanging them both."

"Stop! stop!" cried Cinq-Mars to the soldiers, attempting to walk; but his leg would not support him.

"Put me on my horse, Grandchamp."

"You forget, sir, your wound."

"Do as I bid thee, and then mount thyself."

The old servant grumblingly obeyed, and then galloped off in fulfilment of another imperative order, to stop the Swiss who were on the point of hanging their two prisoners to a tree, or rather of letting them hang themselves; for the officer, with the sang-froid of his nation, had himself passed the running noose of a rope round his own neck, and, without being told, had ascended a small ladder placed against the tree, in order to tie the other end of the rope to one of its branches. The soldier, with the same indifferent tranquillity, was looking on at the Swiss disputing around him, while holding the ladder.

Cinq-Mars arrived in time to save them; gave his name to the Swiss sergeant, and employing Grandchamp as interpreter, said that the two prisoners were his, and that he would take them to his tent; that he was a captain in the guards, and would be responsible for them. The Germans, ever exact in discipline, made no reply; the only resistance was on the part of the prisoner. The officer, still on the top of the ladder, turned round, and speaking thence, as from a pulpit, said with a sardonic laugh:

"I should much like to know what you do here? Who told you I wanted to live?"

"I don't want to know anything about that," said Cinq-Mars; "it matters not to me what becomes of you afterwards; all I propose now is, to prevent an act which seems to me unjust and cruel. You are quite welcome to kill yourself afterwards, if you like."

"Well said," returned the ferocious Spaniard; "you please me. I thought at first you meant to affect the generous, in order to oblige me to be grateful, which is

what I detest. Well, I consent to come down; but I shall hate you as much as ever, for you are a Frenchman; nor do I thank you, for you only discharge a debt you owe me, since it was I who this morning kept you from being shot by this young soldier, while he was taking aim at you, and he's a man who never missed a chamois in the mountains of Leon."

"Be it as you will," said Cinq-Mars; "come down."

It was his character ever to assume with others the mien they wore towards him; and the savage ferocity of the Spaniard made him hard as iron towards him.

"A singularly pleasant person that, sir," said Grandchamp; "in your place monsieur le maréchal would certainly have left him on his ladder. Come, Louis, Etienne, Germain, escort monsieur's prisoners—a fine acquisition, truly! if you don't regret it one of these days, I shall be very much surprised."

Cinq-Mars, suffering from the motion of his horse, rode only at the pace of his prisoners on foot, and was accordingly at a distance behind the red companies, who followed close upon the king. He meditated on his way what it could be that the prince desired to say to him. A ray of hope presented to his mind's eye the figure of Maria of Mantua in the distance, and for a moment his thoughts were tranquil. But all his future lay in that brief sentence,—*please the king;* and he began to reflect upon all the bitterness in which this task might involve him.

Ere long, he saw approaching his friend de Thou, who, anxious at his remaining behind, had sought him in the plain, eager to aid him if necessary.

"'Tis late, my friend, night approaches; you have been long on your way; I feared for you. Whom bring you here? What has detained you? The king will soon be asking for you."

Such were the rapid inquiries of the young counsellor, whose anxiety, more potent herein than the battle itself, had made quit his accustomed serenity.

"I was slightly wounded; I bring a prisoner, and I was thinking of the king. What can he want me for, my friend? What must I do if he proposes to place me

about his person? I must please him; and at this thought —shall I own it—I am tempted to fly. But I trust that I shall not have that fatal honour. *To please*—how humiliating the word! *to obey*, how much more endurable. A soldier runs the chance of death, and there's an end. But what base compliances, what sacrifices of himself, what compositions with his conscience, what degradation of his own thought, may not a courtier be involved in! Ah! de Thou, my dear de Thou! I am not made for the court; I feel it, though I have seen it but for a moment; there is in my temperament a certain, so to speak, savageness, which education has only polished on the surface. At a distance, I thought myself adapted to live in this all-powerful world; I even desired it, led by a cherished hope of my heart; but I shuddered at the first step; I shuddered at the mere aspect of the cardinal; the recollection of the last of his crimes, at which I was present, kept me from addressing him; he horrified me; I never can speak to him. The king's favour, too, has that about it which dismays me, as though I knew it would be fatal to me."

"I am glad to perceive this apprehension in you; it may be most salutary," said de Thou, as they rode on. "You are about to enter into contact with power; before, you did not even conceive it; now, you will touch it with your very hand; you will see what it is, and what it is hurls the lightning. Heaven grant that lightning may never strike you! You will, probably, be present in those councils which regulate the destiny of nations; you will see, you will perchance originate those caprices whence are born sanguinary wars, conquests, and treaties; you will hold in your hand the drop of water that proves the source of mighty torrents. It is from the high places of the world that men justly view human affairs; you must look from the mountain top ere you can appreciate the littleness of those things which from below appear to us great."

"Ay, if I were on those heights, I should at least have the lesson you speak of; but this cardinal, this man to whom I must be under an obligation, this man whom I know too well by his works, what will he be to me?"

"A friend, a protector, no doubt," answered de Thou.

"Death were a thousand times preferable to his friendship! I hate his whole being, his very name; he spills the blood of men with the cross of the Redeemer.

"What horrors are you saying, my friend: you will ruin yourself if you exhibit your sentiments of the cardinal to the king."

"Never mind; in the midst of these tortuous ways, I desire to take a new one, the right line. My whole opinion, the opinion of a just man, shall be unveiled to the king himself, if he interrogate me, even should it cost me my head. I have at last seen this king, who has been described as so weak to me; I have seen him, and his aspect has touched me to the heart, in spite of myself; certainly, he is very unfortunate, but he cannot be cruel; he will listen to the truth."

"Yes, but he will not dare to make it triumph," answered the sage de Thou. "Beware of this warmth of heart, which often draws you by sudden and dangerous movements. Do not attack a colossus like Richelieu without having measured him."

"That is just like my tutor, the abbé Quillet; my dear and prudent friend, neither one nor the other of you know me; you do not know how weary I am of myself, and whither I have cast my gaze. I must mount or die."

"What! already ambitious!" exclaimed de Thou, with an extreme surprise.

His friend inclined his head upon his hands, abandoning the reins of his horse, and did not answer.

"What! has this selfish passion of a riper age obtained possession of you, at twenty, Henri? ambition is the most sorrowful of hopes."

"And nevertheless, it possesses me entirely at present, for I see but by it, and by it my whole heart is penetrated."

"Ah! Cinq-Mars, I no longer recognise you! how different you were formerly! I do not conceal from you that you appear to me to have much deteriorated: in those walks of our childhood, when the life, and, above all, the death of Socrates, caused tears of admiration and envy to run from our eyes; when, raising ourselves to the ideal of the highest virtue, we wished that those illustrious sorrows, those

sublime misfortunes, which create great men, might, in the future, come upon us; when we constructed for ourselves imaginary occasions of sacrifices and devotion; if the voice of a man had pronounced, between us two, the single word, ambition, we should have believed that we were touching a serpent."

De Thou spoke with the heat of enthusiasm and of reproach. Cinq-Mars went on without answering, and with his face in his hands: after an instant of silence, he removed them, and allowed his eyes to be seen, full of generous tears; he strongly pressed the hand of his friend, and said to him, with a penetrating accent:

"Monsieur de Thou, you have recalled to me the most beautiful thoughts of my earliest youth; believe that I have not fallen; I am consumed by a secret hope which I cannot confide even to you: I despise, as much as you, the ambition which will seem to possess me; all the world will believe it; but what do I care for the world! as for you, my noble friend, promise me that you will not cease to esteem me, whatever you may see me do. I swear by Heaven, that my thoughts are pure as it."

"Well!" said de Thou, "I swear by it that I believe you blindly; you give me back my life!"

They shook hands again with effusion of heart, and then perceived that they were arrived almost before the tent of the king.

Day was nearly over, but one might have believed that a softer day was rising, for the moon issued from the sea in all his splendour; the transparent sky of the south was not charged with a single cloud, and it seemed like a veil of pale blue sprinkled with silver spangles; the air, still inflamed, was agitated only by the rare passage of some breezes from the Mediterranean, and all sounds had ceased upon the earth. The fatigued army reposed beneath their tents, the line of which was marked by the fires, and the besieged city seemed oppressed by the same slumber; upon its ramparts nothing was to be seen but the arms of the sentinels, which shone in the rays of the moon, or the wandering fire of the night rounds; nothing was to be heard but the gloomy and prolonged cries of its guards, who warned each other not to sleep.

It was only around the king that all things waked; but at a great distance from him. This prince had dismissed all his suite; he walked alone before his tent, and, stopping sometimes to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, he appeared plunged in a melancholy meditation. No one dared to interrupt him, and those of the nobility who had remained in the royal quarters, had gathered about the cardinal, who, at twenty paces from the king, was seated upon a little hillock of turf, fashioned into a seat by the soldiers; there, he wiped his pale forehead; fatigued with the cares of the day and with the unaccustomed weight of a suit of armour; he bade adieu in a few hurried but always attentive and polite words, to those who came to salute him, as they retired; he had now no one near except Joseph, who was talking with Laubardemont. The cardinal was looking at the king, to see if, before re-entering, this prince would not speak to him, when the sound of the horses of Cinq-Mars was heard; the guards of the cardinal questioned him, and allowed him to advance without followers, and only with De Thou.

"You are come too late, young man, to speak with the king," said the cardinal-duke, with a sharp voice; "one cannot make his majesty wait."

The two friends were going to retire, when the voice of Louis XIII. himself made itself heard. This prince was at that moment in one of those false positions which constituted the misfortune of his entire life. Profoundly irritated against his minister, but not concealing from himself that he owed the success of the day to him, desiring, moreover, to announce to him his intention to quit the army and to raise the siege of Perpignan, he was tossed between the desire of speaking to the cardinal, and the fear least his anger might be weakened; the minister, upon his part, dared not be the first to speak, being uncertain as to the thoughts which occupied the head of his master, and fearing to choose his time ill, but yet not able to decide upon retiring; both found themselves precisely in the position of two lovers who had quarrelled and desired to have an explanation, when the king seized with joy the first opportunity of extricating himself. The

chance was fatal to the minister; see upon what trifles depend those destinies which are called great!

"Is it not M. de Cinq-Mars?" said the king, in a loud voice; "let him approach, I am waiting for him."

Young d'Effiat approached on horseback, and at some paces from the king desired to set foot to earth, but scarcely had his leg touched the ground, than he dropped upon his knees.

"Pardon, sire," said he, "I believe that I am wounded;" and the blood issued violently from his boot.

De Thou had seen him fall, and had approached to sustain him; Richelieu seized this opportunity of also advancing with dissembled eagerness.

"Remove this spectacle from the eyes of the king," said he; "you see very well that this young man is dying."

"Not at all," said Louis, himself supporting him; "a king of France knows how to see a man die, and has no fear of the blood which flows for him; this young man interests me; let him be carried into my tent, and let him have doctors with him; if his wound is not serious, he shall come with me to Paris, for the siege is suspended, monsieur le cardinal; such is my desire; other affairs call me to the centre of the kingdom; I will leave you here to command in my absence; this is what I desired to say to you."

With these words the king went abruptly into his tent, preceded by his pages and his officers, carrying flambeaux.

The royal pavilion was closed, and Cinq-Mars borne in by de Thou and his people, while the duke de Richelieu, motionless and stupified, still regarded the spot where this scene had passed; he appeared thunderstruck, and incapable of seeing or hearing those who observed him.

Laubardemont, still intimidated by his ill reception of the preceding day, dared not speak a word to him, and Joseph hardly recognised in him his former master; for an instant he regretted having given himself to him, and fancied that his star was waning; but reflecting that he was hated by all men, and had no resource save in Riche-

lieu, he seized him by the arm, and shaking him roughly, said to him, in a low voice, but with asperity—

"Come, come, monseigneur, you are chicken-hearted; come with us."

And, seeming to sustain him by the elbow, but in fact drawing him in spite of himself, with the aid of Laubardemont, he made him enter his tent, as a schoolmaster forces a schoolboy to rest, fearing the effects of the evening mist upon him.

The prematurely aged man slowly obeyed the wishes of his two parasites, and the purple of the pavilion dropped upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

"O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. Is it not dead midnight?
Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself?
I love myself!" SHAKSPERE.

SCARCELY was the cardinal in his tent, before he dropped, armed and cuirassed, into a great arm-chair; and there, holding his handkerchief to his mouth, with a fixed look, he remained in this attitude, letting his two dark confidants wonder whether contemplation or annihilation maintained him in it. He was deadly pale, and a cold sweat streamed upon his brow. In wiping it, with a sudden movement, he threw behind him his red cap, the only ecclesiastical sign which remained upon him, and dropped again with his mouth upon his hands. The capuchin on one side, and the sombre magistrate on the other, considered him in silence, and seemed, with their brown and black costumes, like the priest and the notary of a dying man.

The friar, drawing from the depth of his chest a voice which seemed better suited to repeat the service of the dead than to administer consolation, spoke first:

"If monseigneur will please to recal my counsels given

at Narbonne, he will confess that I had a just presentiment of the troubles which this young man would one day cause him."

The magistrate continued:

"I have learnt from the old deaf abbé who dined at the house of the maréchale d'Effiat, and who heard all, that this young Cinq-Mars exhibited more energy than one would have imagined, and that he attempted to rescue the maréchal de Bassompierre. I have still by me the detailed report of the deaf man, who played his part very well; his eminence the cardinal must be sufficiently convinced by it."

"I have told monseigneur," recommenced Joseph, for these two ferocious Seyds alternated their discourse like the shepherds of Virgil; "I have told him that it would be well to get rid of this young d'Effiat, and that I would charge myself with the business, if such were his good pleasure; it would be easy to destroy him in the opinion of the king."

"It would be safer to make him die of his wound," answered Laubardemont; "if his eminence would have the goodness to command me, I know intimately the assistant-physician, who has cured me of a blow on the forehead, and is now attending to him. He is a prudent man, who is quite devoted to monseigneur the cardinal-duke, and whose affairs have been somewhat embarrassed by gambling."

"I believe," replied Joseph, with an air of modesty, mingled with a little bitterness, "that if his excellency proposed to employ any one in this useful project, it would be rather his accustomed negotiator, who has had some success on past occasions."

"I fancy that I could enumerate some signal instances," answered Laubardemont, "and very recent ones, of which the difficulty was great."

"Ah! no doubt," said the father, with a bow and an air of consideration and politeness, "your most bold and skilfully executed commission was the trial of Urbain Grandier, the magician. But, with Heaven's assistance, one may be enabled to execute things as excellent and bold. It is not quite without merit, for instance," added

he, dropping his eyes like a young girl, "to have vigorously extirpated a royal Bourbon branch."

"It was not very difficult," answered the magistrate, with bitterness, "to select a soldier from the guards to kill the count de Soissons; but to preside, judge—"

"And execute oneself," interrupted the heated capuchin, "is certainly less difficult than to educate a man, from infancy, in the thought of accomplishing great things with discretion, and to bear all tortures, if necessary, for the love of Heaven, rather than reveal the name of those who have armed him with their justice, or to die courageously upon the body of him that he has struck, as did one who was commissioned by me; he uttered no cry at the blow of the sword of Riquemont, the squire of the prince; he died like a saint: he was my pupil."

"To give orders is a different thing from running risk oneself."

"And did I risk nothing at the siege of Rochelle?"

"Of being drowned in a sewer, no doubt?" said Laubardemont.

"And you," said Joseph, "has your danger been that of catching your fingers in instruments of torture? And all this because the abbess of the Ursulines is your niece."

"It was a good thing for your brothers of St. Francis who held the hammers; but I, I was struck in the forehead by this same Cinq-Mars, who was leading an enraged multitude."

"Are you quite sure of that?" cried Joseph, delighted; "did he dare to act thus against the commands of the king?" The joy which this discovery gave him made him forget his anger.

"Fools!" exclaimed the cardinal suddenly breaking silence, and taking from his lips his handkerchief stained with blood; "I would punish your miserable dispute had it not taught me many secrets of infamy on your part. You have exceeded my orders; I commanded no torture, Laubardemont; that is your second fault; you get me hated for nothing; that was useless. But you, Joseph, do not neglect the details of this disturbance in which Cinq-Mars was engaged; it may be of use in the end."

"I have all the names and descriptions," said the secret judge, eagerly, bending his tall form and thin and olive-coloured visage, wrinkled with a servile smile, down to the arm-chair.

"It is well, it is well," said the minister, pushing him back; "but that is not the question yet. You, Joseph, be in Paris before this young upstart, who will be favourite I am certain; become his friend, make him of my party, or destroy him; let him serve me or fall. But above all, send me, every day, safe persons, to give me verbal accounts; I will have no more writing for the future. I am very ill satisfied with you, Joseph; what a miserable courier you chose to send from Cologne! he could not understand me; he saw the king too soon, and here we are still in disgrace in consequence. You have just missed losing me entirely. Go and watch what is about to be done at Paris; a conspiracy will soon be hatched against me; but it will be the last. I remain here in order to let them all act more freely. Go both of you, and send me my valet after the lapse of two hours: I wish to be alone."

The steps of these two men were still to be heard, as Richelieu, with eyes fixed upon the entrance to the tent, seemed to pursue them with his irritated looks.

"Wretches!" exclaimed he, when he was alone, "go and accomplish some more secret work, and afterwards I will crush yourselves, impure instruments of my power. The king will soon succumb beneath the slow malady which consumes him; I shall then be regent; I shall be king of France myself; I shall no longer have to dread the caprices of his weakness; I will destroy the haughty races of this country; I will be alone above them all; Europe shall tremble; I——"

Here the blood which filled his mouth obliged him to apply his handkerchief to it again.

"Ah! what do I say? Unhappy victim that I am! Here am I, death-stricken; my dissolution is near, my blood flows, and my spirit desires to labour still. Why? for whom? Is it for glory? 'tis an empty word. Is it for men? I despise them. For whom then, since I shall die,

perhaps, in two or three years? Is it for God? What a name! I have not walked with Him, He has seen all——"

Here he let his head fall upon his breast, and his eyes met the great cross of gold which was suspended from his neck; he could not help throwing himself back in his chair; but it followed him; he took it, and considering it with fixed and devouring looks, he said, in a low voice:

"Terrible sign! thou followest me! Shall I find thee elsewhere—divinity and suffering! what am I? what have I done?"

For the first time a singular and unknown terror penetrated him; he trembled, at once frozen and scorched by an invincible shudder; he dared not lift his eyes, fearing to meet some terrible vision; he dared not call, fearing to hear the sound of his own voice; he remained profoundly plunged in the contemplation of eternity, so terrible for him, and he murmured the following kind of prayer:

"Great God, if you hear me, judge me then, but do not isolate me in judging me. Look upon me surrounded by the men of my generation; consider the enormous work which I had undertaken; was not an enormous lever wanted to bestir those masses? and if this lever, in falling, crushes some useless wretches, am I very culpable? I seem wicked to men, but thou, supreme Judge, dost thou regard me thus? No; thou knowest that it is boundless power which makes creature culpable against creature; it is not Armand de Richelieu who destroys, it is the prime minister. It is not for his personal injuries, it is to carry out a system. But a system—what is this word? Is it permitted me to play thus with men, to regard them as numbers for working out a thought, which, perhaps, is false? I overturn the frame-work of the throne. What, if, without knowing it, I sap its foundations and hasten its fall! Yes, my borrowed power has seduced me. O labyrinth! O weakness of human thought! simple faith! why did I quit thy path? Why am I not a simple priest? If I dared to break with man and give myself to God, the ladder of Jacob would again descend in my dreams."

At this moment his ear was struck by a great noise outside; laughter of soldiers, ferocious shouts and oaths

mingled with words which were a long time sustained by a weak and clear voice; one would have said that it was the voice of an angel interrupted by the laughter of demons. He rose, and opened a sort of linen window, worked in the sides of his square tent. A singular spectacle presented itself to his view; he remained some instants contemplating it, attentive to the conversation which was going on.

"Listen, listen, La Valeur," said one soldier to another; "see! she begins again to speak and to sing; set her in the middle of the circle, between us and the fire."

"Don't you know her, don't you know her?" said another; "here is Grand-Ferré, who says that he knows her."

"Yes, I tell you I know her; and, by St. Peter of Loudun, I will swear that I have seen her in my village, when I had leave of absence, and it was upon an occasion at which one shuddered, but concerning which one dares not talk, especially to a cardinalist like you."

"Eh! and pray why dare not one speak of it, you great simpleton?" said an old soldier, raising his moustache.

"It is not spoken of because it burns the tongue; do you understand that?"

"No, I don't understand it."

"Well, nor I neither; but they were citizens who told it to me."

Here a general laugh interrupted him.

"Ha, ha, ha! is he a fool?" said one; "he listens to what the townsfolk tell him."

"Ah, well! if you listen to their jabber, you have time to lose," said another.

"You do not know, then, what my mother said, greenhorn?" said the eldest, gravely, dropping his eyes with a solemn air, to get himself listened to.

"Eh! how can you think that I know it, La Pipe? your mother must have died of old age before my grandfather came into the world."

"Well, greenhorn, I will tell you. You shall know, first of all, that my mother was a respectable Bohemian, as much attached to the regiment of carabineers of La Roque as my dog *Canon* there; she carried brandy round

her neck, in a barrel, and drank better than the best of us; she had fourteen husbands, all soldiers, who died upon the field of battle."

"Ha! that was a woman!" interrupted the soldiers, full of respect.

"And never once in her life did she speak to a townsman, unless it was to tell him, on coming to her lodging, 'Light my candle, and warm my soup.'"

"Well, and what is it that your mother said to you?"

"If you are in such a hurry, you shall not know, greenhorn; she said habitually in her talk, '*A soldier is better than a dog; but a dog is better than a bourgeois.*"

"Bravo! bravo! that was well said," cried the soldier, filled with enthusiasm at these fine words.

"That," said Grand-Ferré, "does not prove that the citizens who made the remark to me, that it burnt the tongue were unreasonable—besides, they were not altogether citizens, for they had swords, and they were grieved at a curé being burnt, and so was I."

"Eh! what was it to you that they burnt your curé, great simpleton?" said a sergeant, leaning upon the fork of his arquebus; "after him another would come; you might have taken one of our generals in his stead, who are all curés at present; for me, I am a royalist, and I say it frankly."

"Hold your tongue," cried La Pipe; "let this girl speak. It is these dogs of royalists who always disturb us in our amusements."

"What do you say?" answered Grand-Ferré; "do you even know what it is to be a royalist?"

"Yes," said La Pipe, "I know you all very well; go, you are for the old self-called princes of the peace, together with the wranglers against the cardinal and the gabelle; there! am I right or not?"

"No, old red-legs; a royalist is one who is for the king; that's what it is. And as my father was the king's valet, I am for the king, you see; and I have no liking for the red-legs, that's flat?"

"Ah, do you call me red-legs?" answered the old soldier; "you shall give me satisfaction to-morrow morning. If you had made war in the Valteline, you would not talk in that

style; and if you had seen his eminence marching upon the dyke at Rochelle, with the old marquis of Spinola, while volleys of cannon-shot were sent after him, you would have nothing to say about red-legs."

"Come, let us amuse ourselves instead of quarrelling," said the other soldiers.

The men who conversed thus were standing round a great fire, which illuminated them more than the moon, beautiful as it was; and in the middle of them was the object of their gathering together and their cries. The cardinal perceived a young woman arrayed in black and covered with a long white veil; her feet were naked: a thick cord clasped her elegant person; a long rosary fell from her neck almost to her feet; her hands, delicate, and white as ivory, turned its beads and made them pass rapidly beneath her fingers. The soldiers with a barbarous joy amused themselves with laying little brands in her way, to burn her naked feet; the oldest took the smoking match of his arquebus, and approaching it to the edge of her robe, said in a hoarse voice—

"Come, mad-cap, tell me your history or I will fill you with powder, and blow you up like a mine; take care, for I have already played that trick to others besides you, in the old wars of the Huguenots. Come, sing."

The young woman, looking at him gravely, replied nothing, and let down her veil.

"You don't manage her well," said Grand-Ferré, with a drunken laugh; "you will make her cry; you don't know the fine language of the court; let me speak to her;" and, touching her on the chin—

"My little heart," he said, "if you will please, my sweet, to recommence the little story you told just now to these gentlemen, I will pray you to travel with me upon the river *du Tendre*, as the great ladies of Paris say, and to take a glass of brandy with your faithful chevalier, who met you formerly at Loudun, when you played a comedy in order to burn a poor devil."

The young woman crossed her arms, and, looking around her with an imperious air, cried—

"Withdraw, in the name of the God of armies; withdraw, impious men; there is nothing in common between

us. I do not understand your tongue, nor you mine. Go, sell your blood to the princes of the earth at so many oboles a day, and leave me to accomplish my mission. Conduct me to the cardinal."

A coarse laugh interrupted her.

"Do you think," said a carabineer of Maurevert, "that his eminence the generalissimo will receive you with your feet naked? Go and wash them."

"The Lord has said: 'Jerusalem, lift thy robe, and pass the rivers of water,'" answered she, her arms still crossed. "Let be me conducted to the cardinal."

Richelieu cried with a loud voice:

"Bring the woman to me, and let her alone."

All were silent; they conducted her to the minister.

"Why," said she, beholding him, "why bring me before an armed man?"

They left her alone with him without answering.

The cardinal looked at her with a suspicious air.

"Madam," said he, "what are you doing in the camp at this hour? and, if your mind is not disordered, why these naked feet?"

"It is a vow, it is a vow," answered the young woman, with an air of impatience, seating herself beside him abruptly; "I have also made one not to eat until I have found the man I seek."

"My sister," said the cardinal, astonished and softened, approaching to observe her, "God does not exact such rigours from a weak body, and particularly from one of your age, for you seem very young."

"Young! oh, yes, I was very young a few days ago; but I have since passed two existences at least, so much have I thought and suffered: look on my countenance."

And she discovered a face perfectly beautiful; black and very regular eyes gave life to it; but in their absence one might have thought her features were those of a phantom, she was so pale; her lips were blue, and quivered, and a strong shudder made the encounter of her teeth audible.

"You are ill, my sister," said the minister, touched, taking her hand, which he felt to be burning hot. A sort of habit of inquiring concerning his own health, and that

of others, made him touch the pulse of her emaciated arm; he felt the arteries lifted by the beatings of a terrible fever.

"Alas!" continued he, with more of interest, "you have killed yourself with rigours beyond human strength; I have always blamed them, and especially at a tender age. What then has induced you to this? Is it to confide it to me that you are come? Speak calmly, and be sure of succour."

"Confide men!" answered the young woman; "oh! no, never. They have all deceived me; I will confide myself to no one, not even to M. Cinq-Mars, although he must soon die."

"What!" said Richelieu, contracting his brows, but with a bitter laugh; "what! do you know this young man? Has he been the cause of your misfortune?"

"Oh, no! he is very good, and hates wickedness; that is what will ruin him. Besides," said she, suddenly assuming a harsh and savage air, "men are weak, and there are things which women must accomplish. When there were no more valiant men in Israel, Deborah arose."

"Ah! how came you with all this fine learning?" continued the cardinal, still holding her hand.

"Oh! I can't explain that," answered she, with a touching air of naïveté and a very gentle voice, "you would not understand me; it is the devil who has taught me all, and who has destroyed me."

"Ah! my child, it is always he who destroys us; but he instructs us ill," said Richelieu, with an air of paternal protection and an increasing pity. "What have been your faults? Tell them to me; I have much power."

"Ah!" said she, with a look of doubt, "you have much influence over warriors, brave men and generals; beneath your cuirass there must beat a noble heart; you are an old general who know nothing of the tricks of crime."

Richelieu smiled, this mistake flattered him.

"I heard you ask for the cardinal; do you desire to see him? Did you come here to seek him?"

The girl drew back, and placed a finger upon her forehead.

"I had forgotten it," said she; "you have talked to me

too much—I had overlooked this idea, and yet it is an important one—it is for it that I have condemned myself to the hunger which kills me; I must accomplish it, or I shall die first. Ah!" said she, putting her hand beneath her robe in her bosom, whence she appeared to take something, "behold it, this idea——"

She suddenly blushed, and her eyes widened extraordinarily; she continued, bending to the ear of the cardinal:

"I will tell you; listen. Urbain Grandier, my lover Urbain, told me this night that it was Richelieu who had been the cause of his death; I took a knife from an inn, and I come here to kill him; tell me where he is."

The cardinal, surprised and terrified, recoiled with horror; he dared not call his guards, fearing the cries of this woman and her accusations, and nevertheless, a transport of this madness might be fatal to him.

"This frightful history will pursue me everywhere!" cried he, looking fixedly at her, and thinking within himself of the course he should take.

They remained in silence, face to face, in the same attitude, like two wrestlers who contemplate before attacking one another, or like the pointer and his victim petrified by the power of a look.

In the meantime, Laubardemont and Joseph had gone forth together, and, ere separating, they talked for a moment before the tent of the cardinal, because they wanted mutually to deceive each other; their hatred had just acquired new force by their quarrel; and each had resolved to ruin his rival in the mind of his master. The judge began the dialogue, which each of them had prepared, taking the arm of the other, as by one and the same movement.

"Ah! reverend father! how you have afflicted me by seeming to take in ill part some trifling pleasantries which I said to you just now!"

"Heavens, no! my dear sir, I am far from that. Charity, where would be charity? I have sometimes a holy warmth in conversation, for the good of the state and of monseigneur, to whom I am entirely devoted."

"Ah! who knows it better than I, reverend father? but render me justice, you also know how completely I

am attached to his eminence the cardinal, to whom I owe all. Alas! I have employed too much zeal in serving him, since he reproaches me with it."

"Reassure yourself," said Joseph; "he bears no ill-will towards you; I know him well, he can appreciate one's actions in favour of one's family; he too is a very good relation."

"Yes, there it is," answered Laubardemont; "consider my condition; my niece was totally lost with her convent if Urbain had triumphed; you feel that as well as I do, particularly as she did not quite comprehend us, and acted the child when she was obliged to appear."

"Is it possible? in full audience! What you tell me indeed makes me feel for you. How painful it must have been!"

"More so than you can imagine. She forgot, in her possession, all that she had been told; committed a thousand blunders in Latin, which we patched up as well as we could; and she even caused an unpleasant scene on the day of the trial; very unpleasant for me and for the judges; there were faintings-away and shrieks. Ah! I swear that I would have scolded her well if I had not been forced to quit precipitately that little town of Loudun. But, look you, it is natural enough that I am attached to her, she is my nearest relative; for my son has turned out ill, and no one knows what has become of him during the last four years. Poor little Jeanne de Belfiel! I made her a nun, and then abbess, in order to preserve all for that scamp. If I had foreseen his conduct, I would have retained her for the world."

"She is said to have great beauty," answered Joseph; "that is a precious gift for a family; she might have been presented at court, and the king—ah! ah!—mademoiselle de La Fayette—eh! eh!—mademoiselle d'Hautefort—you understand—it may be even possible to think of it yet."

"Ah! that is like you, monseigneur, for we know that you have been nominated to the cardinalate; how good you are to remember the most devoted of your friends."

Laubardemont was yet talking to Joseph, when they

found themselves at the end of the line of the camp, which led to the quarter of the volunteers.

"May God and his Holy Mother protect you during my absence," said Joseph, stopping; "to-morrow I depart for Paris; and as I shall have frequent business with this young Cinq-Mars, I will first go to see him, and learn news of his wound."

"If I had been listened to," said Laubardemont, "you would not now have had this trouble."

"Alas! you are right," answered Joseph, with a profound sigh, and raising his eyes to Heaven; "but the cardinal is no longer the same man; he will not take advantage of good ideas; he will ruin us if he goes on so."

And, making a low bow to the judge, the capuchin took the road which he had indicated to him.

Laubardemont followed him for some time with his eyes, and, when he was quite sure of the route which he had taken, he returned, or rather ran back, to the tent of the minister. "The cardinal sends him away, he tells me; that shows that he is tired of him; I know secrets which will ruin him. I will add, that he is gone to pay court to the future favourite; I will replace this monk in the favour of the minister. The moment is propitious; it is midnight; he is to be alone for an hour and a half yet. Let me run."

He arrived at the tent of the guards, which was before the pavilion.

"Monseigneur gives audience to some one," said the captain, hesitating; "you cannot enter."

"Never mind, you saw me leave an hour ago; and there are things passing of which I must give an account."

"Come in, Laubardemont," cried the minister; "come in quickly, and alone."

He entered. The cardinal, still seated, held the two hands of the nun in one of his, and with the other he imposed silence upon his stupified agent, who remained motionless, not yet seeing the face of this woman; she spoke volubly, and the strange things she said contrasted horribly with the sweetness of her voice. Richelieu seemed moved.

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"Yes, I will stab him with a knife; it is a knife which the demon Beherith gave me at the inn; but it is the nail of Sisera. It has a handle of ivory, look you, and I have wept much over it. Is it not singular, my good general? I will turn it in the throat of him who killed my friend, as he himself told me to do; and afterwards I will burn the body; there is like for like, the punishment which God permitted to Adam. You have an astonished air, my brave general; but you would be much more so, if I were to repeat to you his song—the song which he sang to me again yesterday night, at the hour of the funeral-pyre, you understand?—the hour when it rains, the hour when my hand burns, as now; he said to me, 'They are much deceived, the magistrates, the red judges. I have eleven demons at my command, and I shall come to see you when the clock strikes—under a canopy of purple velvet, with torches, torches of resin to give us light;' ah! that is beautiful! Listen, listen to what he sings."

And she sang a strange and melancholy strain to the air of *De Profundis*.

"Is it not singular, my good general?" said she, when she had finished; "and I, I answer him every evening. Then he speaks, and speaks as spirits and prophets do. He says: 'Woe! woe to him who has shed blood! Are the judges of the earth gods? No, they are men who grow old and suffer, and yet they dare to say aloud: Let that man die! The penalty of death! the pain of death! Who has given to man the right of imposing it on man? Is the number two?—One would be an assassin, look you! But count well, one, two, three.—Behold, they are wise and just, these grave and salaried criminals! O crime! the horror of Heaven! If you looked upon them from above, as I look upon them, you would be yet paler than I am. Flesh destroys flesh! That which lives by blood sheds blood! coldly, and without anger! like a God with power to create!'"

The cries which the unhappy girl uttered, as she rapidly spoke these words, terrified Richelieu and Laubardemont so much that they still remained motionless. The delirium and the fever continued to transport her.

"'Did the judges tremble?' said Urbain Grandier to me;

'did they tremble at deceiving themselves?' They work the death of the just. The question! they bind his limbs with ropes to make him speak; his skin cracks, tears away, and rolls up like a parchment; his nerves are naked, red, and glittering; his bones crack; the marrow spurts out.—But the judges sleep. They dream of flowers and spring. How hot the grand chamber is! says one, awaking, this man has not chosen to speak! Is the torture finished? And, pitiful at last, he dooms him to death. Death! the sole fear of the living! Death! the unknown world! He sends before him a furious soul which will wait for him. Oh! has he never seen the vision of vengeance? has he never seen, before falling to sleep, the flayed prevaricator?"

Already weakened by fever, fatigue, and grief, the cardinal, seized with horror and pity, exclaimed:

"Ah! for the love of God! let this terrible scene have an end; take away this woman, she is mad!"

The frantic creature turned, and suddenly uttering loud cries:

"Ah! the judge! the judge! the judge!" she said, recognising Laubardemont.

The latter, clasping his hands, and trembling before the cardinal, said with terror:

"Alas! monseigneur, pardon me, she is my niece, who has lost her reason; I was not aware of this misfortune, or she would have been shut up long ago. Jeanne, Jeanne, —come, madam, to your knees; ask forgiveness of monseigneur, the cardinal-duke."

"It is Richelieu!" cried she, and astonishment seemed wholly to paralyse this young and unhappy beauty; the flush which had animated her at first, gave place to a deadly paleness, her cries to a motionless silence, her wandering looks to a frightful fixedness of her large eyes, which constantly followed the agitated minister.

"Take away this unfortunate child, quickly," said he; "she is dying, and so am I; so many horrors pursue me since that sentence, that I believe all hell is loosed upon me."

He rose as he spoke; Jeanne de Belfiel, still silent and stupified, with haggard eyes, open mouth, and head bent

forward, yet remained beneath the shock of her double surprise, which seemed to have extinguished the rest of her reason and her strength. At the movement of the cardinal, she shuddered to find herself between him and Laubardemont, looked by turns at one and the other, let the knife which she held fall from her hand, and retired slowly towards the opening of the tent, covering herself completely with her veil, and looking wildly and with terror behind her upon her uncle who followed, like an affrighted lamb, which already feels at its back the burning breath of the wolf, about to seize it.

Thus they both went forth, and, scarcely in the open air, the furious judge caught the hands of his victim, tied them with a handkerchief, and easily led her, for she uttered no cry, not even a sigh, but followed him, with her head still drooping upon her bosom, and as if plunged in profound somnambulism.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SPANIARD.

" Qu'un ami véritable est une douce chose !
Il cherche vos besoins au fond de votre cœur,
Il vous épargne la pudeur
De les lui découvrir vous-même."

LA FONTAINE.

IN the meantime, a scene of quite a different nature was passing in the tent of Cinq-Mars; the words of the king, the first balm to his wounds, had been followed by the anxious care of the surgeons of the court; a spent ball, easily extracted, had been the only cause of his accident: he was allowed to travel, and all was ready. The invalid had received, up to midnight, friendly or interested visits; among the first were those of little Gondi and of Fontrailles, who were also preparing to quit Perpignan for Paris; the ex-page, Olivier d'Entraigues, joined with them in complimenting the fortunate volunteer whom the king seemed to have distinguished; the habitual

coldness of the prince towards all who surrounded him having caused those who knew of them to regard the few words he had spoken as assured signs of high favour, all came to congratulate him.

At length, released from visitors, he lay upon his camp bed; De Thou sat by his side, holding his hand, and Grandchamp at his feet, still grumbling at the numerous interruptions that had fatigued his wounded master. Cinq-Mars himself tasted one of those moments of calm and hope, which so refresh the soul as well as the body; the hand unoccupied by his friend, secretly pressed the gold cross that hung next to his heart, and the beloved donor of which he was so soon to behold. It was but outwardly that, with kindly looks, he heard the counsels of the young magistrate; his inward thoughts were all turned towards the object of his journey, the object, also, of his life. The grave De Thou went on, in a calm gentle voice—

"I shall soon follow you to Paris. I am happier than yourself at seeing the king take you there with him; you are right in looking upon it as the commencement of a friendship which must be turned to profit. I have deeply reflected on the secret causes of your ambition, and I think I have divined your heart. Yes, that feeling of love for France, which made it beat in your earliest youth, must have gained greater strength; you would be near the king, in order to serve your country, in order to put in action those golden dreams of your early years. Certes, the thought is a vast one, and worthy of you! I admire you; I bow before you. To approach the monarch with the chivalrous devotion of our fathers, with a heart full of candour, and, prepared for any sacrifice, to receive the confidences of his soul, to pour into his those of his subjects, to soften the sorrows of the king by telling him the confidence his people have in him, to cure the wounds of the people by laying them open to its master, and, by the intervention of your favour, thus to re-establish that intercourse of love between the father and his children, which, for eighteen years, has been interrupted by a man whose heart is marble; for this noble enterprise, to expose yourself to all the horrors of his vengeance, and, what is even worse, to brave

all the perfidious calumnies which pursue the favourite to the very steps of the throne: this dream was worthy of you. Pursue it, my friend; be never discouraged; speak loudly to the king of the merit and misfortunes of his most illustrious friends who are trampled on; tell him fearlessly, that his old nobility have never conspired against him, and that from the young Montmorency to the amiable comte de Soissons, all have opposed the minister, and never the monarch; tell him that the old families of France were born with his race, that in striking them he affects the whole nation, and that, if he destroy them, his own race will suffer, that it will stand alone exposed to the blast of time and events, as an old oak trembling and exposed to the wind of the plain, when the forest which surrounded and supported it has been destroyed. Yes," cried De Thou, growing animated, "this aim is a fine and noble one; go on in your course with a resolute step, expel even that secret shame, that bashfulness which a noble soul experiences before it can resolve upon flattering —upon paying what the world calls its court. Alas, kings are accustomed to these continual expressions of false admiration for them; look upon them as a new language which must be learned, a language hitherto foreign to your lips, but which, believe me, may be nobly spoken, and which may express high and generous thoughts."

During this warm discourse of his friend, Cinq-Mars could not refrain from a sudden blush, and he turned his head on his pillow, towards the tent, so that he might not be seen. De Thou stopped:

"What is the matter, Henri? You do not answer; am I deceived?"

Cinq-Mars gave a deep sigh, and was still silent.

"Is not your heart affected by these ideas which I thought would have transported it?"

The wounded man looked more calmly at his friend, and said:

"I thought, my dear De Thou, that you were not going to interrogate me further, and that you were willing to have a blind confidence in me. What evil genius has moved you thus to sound my soul? I am not a stranger to these ideas which possess you. Who told you that I

had not conceived them? Who told you that I had not formed the firm resolution of prosecuting them infinitely farther in action than you have put them into words? Love for France, virtuous hatred of the ambition which oppresses and shatters her ancient institutions with the axe of the executioner, the firm belief that virtue may be as skilful as crime, these are my gods as much as yours. But when you see a man kneeling in a church, do you ask him what saint or what angel protects him and receives his prayer? What matters it to you, provided that he pray at the foot of the altars that you adore, provided that, if called upon, he fall a martyr at the foot of those altars? When our forefathers journeyed with naked feet towards the holy sepulchre, with a pilgrim's staff in their hands, did men inquire the secret vow which led them to the Holy Land? They struck, they died, and men, perhaps God himself, asked no more; the pious captain who led them, never stripped their body to see whether the red cross and hair-cloth concealed any other mysterious symbol; and in heaven, doubtless, they were not judged with any greater rigour for having aided the strength of their resolutions upon earth by some hope permitted to a Christian, some second or secret thought, more human and nearer the mortal heart."

De Thou smiled, and slightly coloured, lowering his eyes.

"My friend," he answered, gravely; "this excitement may be injurious to you; let us not continue this subject; let us not mingle God and heaven in our discourse; 'tis not well; and draw the clothes over your shoulder, for the night is cold. I promise you," he added, covering his young invalid with a maternal care, "I promise not to again offend you with my counsels."

"And I," cried Cinq-Mars, despite the interdiction to speak, "swear to you by this gold cross you see, and by the holy Mary, to die rather than renounce the plan that you first traced out; you may one day, perhaps, be forced to pray me to stop; but then it will be too late."

"Well, well!" repeated the counsellor, "now sleep; if you do not stop, I will go on with you, wherever you lead me."

And, taking a prayer-book from his pocket, he began to read attentively; in a short time he looked at Cinq-Mars, who was still awake; he made a sign to Grandchamp to put the lamp out of sight of the invalid; but this new care succeeded no better; the latter, with his eyes still open, tossed restlessly on his narrow bed.

"Come, you are not calm," said de Thou, smiling; "I will read to you some pious passage which will put your mind in repose. Ah, my friend, it is here that true repose is to be found—it is in this consolatory book, for, open it where you will, you will always see, on the one hand, man in the only condition that suits his weakness, prayer, and the uncertainty as to his destiny; and, on the other, God himself speaking to him of his infirmities! What a glorious and heavenly spectacle! What a sublime bond between heaven and earth! Life, death, and eternity are there: open it at hazard."

"Yes!" said Cinq-Mars, rising with a vivacity which had something infantine in it, "you shall read to me, but let me open the book; you know the old superstition of our country! when the mass-book is opened with a sword, the first page on the left contains the destiny of him who reads, and the first person who enters after he has read, is powerfully to influence the reader's future fate."

"What childishness! But be it as you will. There's your sword; put in the point—let us see."

"Let me read myself," said Cinq-Mars, taking one side of the book. Old Grandchamp gravely advanced his tawny face and his grey hair to the feet of the bed to listen. His master read—stopped at the first phrase, but with a smile, perhaps slightly forced, he went on to the end.

"'I. Now it was in the city of Milan that they appeared.

"'II. The high priest said to them: 'Bow down and adore the gods.'

"'III. And the people were silent, looking at their faces which appeared as the faces of angels.

"'IV. But Gervais, taking the hand of Protais, cried, looking to heaven, and filled with the Holy Ghost:

"'V. Oh, my brother! I see the Son of man smiling upon us; let me die first.

"'VI. For if I see thy blood, I fear I shall shed tears unworthy of the Lord our God.

"'VII. Then Protais answered him in these words:

"'VIII. My brother, it is just that I should perish after thee, for I am older, and have more strength to see thee suffer.

"'IX. But the senators and people ground their teeth at them.

"'X. And the soldiers having struck them, their heads fell together on the same stone.

"'XI. Now it was in this same place that the blessed Saint Ambrose found the ashes of the two martyrs which gave sight to the blind.'"

"Well!" said Cinq-Mars, looking at his friend when he had finished; "what do you say to that?"

"God's will be done; but we should not scrutinize it."

"Nor put off our designs for a child's play," said d'Effiat, impatiently, and pulling round him a cloak which was thrown over him. "Remember the lines we formerly so frequently quoted: *Justum et tenacem propositi virum*, —these iron words are stamped upon my brain. Yes, let the universe crumble around me, its wrecks shall carry me away still resolute."

"Let us not compare the thoughts of man with those of Heaven, and let us be submissive," said de Thou, gravely.

"*Amen!*" said old Grandchamp, whose eyes had filled with tears, which he hastily brushed away.

"What hast thou to do with it, old soldier: thou weepest," said his master.

"*Amen!*" said a voice in a nasal tone, at the entrance of the tent.

"Parbleu, monsieur! rather put that question to his grey eminence who comes to visit you," answered the faithful servant, pointing to Joseph, who advanced with his arms crossed, making a salutation with a frowning air.

"Ah, it will be he then!" murmured Cinq-Mars.

"Perhaps, I come mal-àpropos," said Joseph, soothingly.

"Perhaps very àpropos," said Henri d'Effiat, smiling with a glance at de Thou. "What can bring you here, father, at one in the morning? It should be some good work."

Joseph saw he was ill received; and as he had always sundry reproaches to make himself, with reference to all the persons whom he addressed, and as many resources in his mind for getting out of the difficulty, he fancied that they had discovered the object of his visit, and felt that it was not a moment of ill-humour that he ought to select for preparing the way to friendship. Therefore, seating himself coldly near the bed, he said—

"I come, sir, to speak to you on the part of the cardinal-generalissimo, the two Spanish prisoners you have made; he desires to have the most prompt information concerning them. I am to see and question them. But I did not suppose you were still awake; I merely wished to receive them of your people."

After a forced interchange of politeness, they ordered into the tent the two prisoners, whom Cinq-Mars had almost forgotten.

They appeared: the one young and displaying an animated and rather wild countenance—this was the soldier; the other, concealing his form under a brown cloak, and his gloomy features, which had something ambiguous in their expression, under his broad brimmed hat, which he did not take off, was the officer; he spoke first:

"Why do you make me leave my straw and my sleep? is it to deliver me or hang me?"

"Neither," said Joseph.

"What have I to do with thee, man, with the long beard? I did not see thee at the breach."

It took some time, after this amiable exordium, to make the stranger understand the right a capuchin had to interrogate him.

"Well!" he said, "what dost want?"

"I would know your name and country."

"I shall not tell my name, and as for my country, I

have the air of a Spaniard; but perhaps am not one, for a Spaniard never acknowledges his country."

Father Joseph, turning towards the two friends, said: "Unless I deceive myself, I have heard his voice somewhere: this man speaks French without any accent; but it seems he wishes to give us enigmas as in the East."

"The East? that's it," said the prisoner: "a Spaniard is a man from the East, he is a catholic Turk; his blood flags or boils, he is lazy or indefatigable; indolence makes him a slave—ardour a tyrant: immovable in his ignorance, ingenious in his superstition, he wants only a religious book, and a tyrannical master; he obeys the law of the pyre, he commands by that of the poniard: at night he falls asleep in his blood-thirsty misery, nurses fanaticism and awakes to crime. Who is this gentleman? is it the Spaniard or the Turk? Guess! Ah! ah! You seem to discover that I have wit, because I light upon analogy. Truly, gentlemen, you do me honour, and yet the idea may be carried much farther, if desired; if I pass to the physical order, for example, may I not say to you: this man has serious and long features, a black, an almond shaped eye, rugged brows, a sad and changeable mouth, tawny, meagre, and wrinkled cheeks; his head is shaved, and he covers it with a black handkerchief in the form of a turban; he passes a whole day lying or standing under a burning sun, without motion, without utterance, smoking a pipe that intoxicates him. Is this a Turk or a Spaniard? Are you content, gentlemen? Truly it would seem so; you laugh, and what do you laugh at? I, who have presented this idea to you—I have not laughed; see, my countenance is sad. Ah, perhaps it is because the gloomy prisoner has suddenly become a gossip, and talks quick. Ah, that's nothing! I might tell you other things, and render you some service, my worthy friends. If I ran into anecdote, for example—if I told you I knew a priest, who ordered the death of some heretics before saying mass, and who, furious at being interrupted at the altar during the holy sacrifice, cried to those who asked for his orders: '*Kill them all, kill them all!*'—should you all laugh, gentlemen? No, not all. This gentleman

here, for instance, would bite his lips and his beard. Oh, it is true he might answer that he did wisely, and that they were wrong to interrupt his unsullied prayer. But if I added, that he concealed himself for an hour behind the curtain of your tent, monsieur de Cinq-Mars, to listen while you talked, and that he came to betray you, and not for me, what would he say? Now, gentlemen, are you content? May I retire after this display?"

The prisoner had uttered this with the rapidity of a quack vending his wares, and in so loud a voice that Joseph was quite confounded. He indignantly arose at last, and, addressing himself to Cinq-Mars, said—

"How can you suffer a prisoner who ought to have been hanged, to speak to you thus, sir?"

The Spaniard, without deigning to attend to him any farther, leaned towards d'Effiat, and whispered in his ear—

"I can be of no farther use to you, give me my liberty; I might ere this have taken it, but I would not do so without your consent; give it me, or have me killed."

"Go, if you will," said Cinq-Mars to him. "I assure you I shall be very glad;" and he told his people to retire with the soldier, whom he wished to keep in his service.

This was the affair of a moment; there no longer remained any one in the tent but the two friends, the abashed Joseph and the Spaniard, when the latter, taking off his hat, showed a French but savage countenance; he laughed, and seemed to respire more air into his broad chest.

"Yes, I am a Frenchman," he said to Joseph; "but I hate France, because she gave birth to my father, who is a monster, and to me, who have become one, and who once struck him; I hate her inhabitants because they have robbed me of my whole fortune at play, and because I have robbed them and killed them; I have been two years in Spain in order to kill more Frenchmen; but, now, I hate Spain still more—no one will know why. Adieu, I must live henceforth without a nation; all men are my enemies. Go on, Joseph, and you will soon be as good as I. Yes, you saw me once before," continued he, violently, pushing him in the breast and throwing him down,

"I am Jacques de Laubardemont, the son of your worthy friend."

At these words, quickly leaving the tent, he disappeared like an apparition. De Thou and the servants, who ran to the entrance, saw him with two bounds spring over a surprised and disarmed soldier, and run towards the mountains with the swiftness of a hart, despite various musket shots. Joseph took advantage of the disorder to slip away, stammering a few words of politeness, and left the two friends laughing at his adventure and his disappointment, as two schoolboys laugh at seeing the spectacles of their pedagogue fall off; and at last preparing to seek a rest of which they both stood in need, and which they soon found—the wounded man in his bed, and the young counsellor in his chair.

As for the capuchin, he walked towards his tent, meditating how he should turn all this so as to take the greatest possible revenge, when he met Laubardemont dragging by her two hands the young mad-woman. They recounted to one another their mutual and horrible adventures.

Joseph had no small pleasure in turning the poniard in the wound of his friend's heart, by telling him of the fate of his son.

"You are not singularly happy in your family," he added; "I advise you to shut up your niece, and hang your son, if you are fortunate enough to find him."

Laubardemont replied with a hideous laugh:

"As for this idiot here, I am going to give her to an ex-secret judge, at present a smuggler in the Pyrenees, at Oleron; he can make what he pleases of her, a servant in his *posada*, for instance; I care not, so that my lord never hears of her."

Jeanne de Belfiel, her head hanging down, gave no sign of sensibility; every glimmer of reason was extinguished in her; one word alone remained upon her lips, and this she continually pronounced—

"The judge! the judge! the judge!" she said murmuringly, and was silent.

The uncle and Joseph threw her, almost like a sack of corn, on one of the horses which were led up by two

servants; Laubardemont mounted another, and prepared to leave the camp, wishing to get into the mountains before day.

"A good journey to you," he said to Joseph; "execute your business well in Paris; I commend to you Orestes and Pylades."

"A good journey to you," answered the other; "I commend to you Cassandra and Œdipus."

"Oh! he has neither killed his father nor married his mother."

"But he is on the high road to those little pleasantries."

"Adieu, my reverend father!"

"Adieu, my venerable friend!"

They said aloud,—but in a low voice:

"Adieu, assassin in the grey robe; during thy absence I shall have the ear of the cardinal."

"Adieu, villain in the red robe; go thyself and destroy thy cursed family; finish shedding that portion of thy blood that is in others' veins; what of it remains in thee, I will take charge of. I'faith a well employed night."

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EMEUTE.

"Le danger, sire, est pressant et universel, et au delà de tous les calculs de la prudence humaine."—MIRABEAU, *Adresse au Roi.*

"Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought,"

exclaims the immortal Shakspere in the chorus of one of his tragedies:

"Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.
. . . . . .
. . . . . behold,
And follow."

With this poetic movement he traverses time and space, and transports, at will, the attentive assembly to the theatre of his sublime scenes.

We shall avail ourselves of the same privilege, though without the same genius. No more than he will we seat ourselves upon the tripod of the unities, but merely casting our eyes upon Paris and the old dark palace of the Louvre, we will at once pass over the space of two hundred leagues, and the period of two years.

Two years! what changes may they not have upon men, upon their families, and above all in that great and so troublous family of nations, whose long alliances a single

day suffices to destroy, whose wars are ended by a birth, whose peace is broken by a death. We ourselves have beheld kings returning to their dwelling on a spring day; that same day a vessel sailed for a voyage of two years; the navigator returned; the kings were seated upon their throne; nothing seemed to have taken place in his absence, and yet God had deprived those kings of a hundred days of their reign.

But nothing was changed for France in 1642, the epoch to which we turn, except her fears and her hopes. The future alone had changed its aspect. Before again beholding our personages we must contemplate at large the state of the kingdom.

The powerful unity of the monarchy was rendered still more imposing by the misfortunes of the neighbouring states; the revolutions in England and those in Spain and Portugal, rendered the calm which France enjoyed still more admired; Strafford and Olivarès overthrown or defeated, aggrandized the immovable Richelieu.

Six formidable armies, reposing upon their triumphant weapons, served as a rampart to the kingdom; those of the north, in league with Sweden, had put the imperialists to flight, still pursued by the spirit of Gustavus Adolphus; those on the frontiers of Italy had in Piedmont received the keys of the towns which had been defended by prince Thomas; and those which strengthened the chain of the Pyrenees held in check revolted Catalonia, and chafed before Perpignan, which they were not allowed to take. The interior was not happy, but tranquil. An invisible genius seemed to have maintained this calm; for the king, mortally sick, languished at St. Germain with a young favourite; and the cardinal was, they said, dying at Narbonne. Some deaths, however, betrayed that he yet lived, and at intervals, men falling as if struck by a poisonous blast recalled to mind the invisible power.

St. Preuil, one of Richelieu's enemies, had just laid his *iron head* upon the scaffold, *without shame or fear*, as he himself said on mounting it.

Meantime France seemed to govern herself; for the prince and the minister had been separated a long time: and of these two sick men, who mutually hated each other,

one had never held the reins of the state, the other no longer showed his power; he was no longer named in the public acts; he appeared no longer in the government, and seemed effaced everywhere; he slept, like the spider surrounded by his nets.

If some events and some revolutions had taken place during these two years, it must have been in hearts; it must have been some of those occult changes from which, in monarchies without firm foundation, terrible overthrows and long and bloody dissensions arise.

To enlighten ourselves, let us glance at the old black building of the unfinished Louvre, and listen to the conversation of those who inhabited it, and those who surrounded it.

It was the month of December; a rigorous winter had afflicted Paris, where the misery and inquietude of the people were extreme; however, curiosity was still alive, and they were eager for the spectacles given by the court. Their poverty weighed less heavily upon them while they contemplated the agitations of the rich; their tears were less bitter on beholding the struggles of power; and the blood of the nobles which flowed in their streets, and seemed the only blood worthy of being shed, made them bless their obscurity. Already had tumultuous scenes and conspicuous assassinations proved the monarch's weakness, the absence and approaching end of the minister; and, as a kind of prologue to the bloody comedy of the Fronde, sharpened the malice and even fired the passions of the Parisians. This confusion was not displeasing to them; indifferent to the causes of the quarrels which were abstruse for them, they were not so with regard to individuals, and already began to regard the party chiefs with affection or hatred, not on account of the interest which they supposed them to take in the welfare of their class, but simply because as actors they pleased or displeased.

One night especially, pistol and gun-shots had been heard frequently in the city; the numerous patrols of the Swiss and the body guards had even been attacked, and had met with some barricades in the tortuous streets of the Isle Nôtre-Dame; carts chained to the posts, and laden with barrels, prevented the cavaliers from advancing, and

some musket shots had wounded several men and horses. However, the town still slept, except the quarter which surrounded the Louvre, which was at this time inhabited by the queen, and monsieur the duke of Orleans. There everything announced a nocturnal expedition of a very serious nature.

It was two o'clock in the morning; it was freezing, and the darkness was intense, when a numerous assemblage stopped upon the quay, which was then hardly paved, and slowly and by degrees occupied the sandy ground which sloped down to the Seine. This troop was composed of about two hundred men; they were wrapped in large cloaks, raised by the long Spanish swords which they wore. Walking, without preserving any order, backwards and forwards, they seemed to wait for events rather than to seek them. Many of them seated themselves, with their arms folded, upon the loose stones of the newly-commenced parapet; they preserved entire silence. However, after a few minutes passed in this manner, a man, who appeared to come out at one of the vaulted doors of the Louvre, approached slowly, holding a dark lantern, the light from which he turned upon the features of each individual, and which he blew out after having found the man he sought amongst them: he spoke to him in a whisper, taking him by the hand:

"Well! Olivier, what did M. le Grand say to you?[1] Does all go on well?"

"Yes, yes, I saw him yesterday at St. Germain; the old cat is very ill at Narbonne, he is going *ad patres;* but we must manage our affairs roundly, for it is not the first time that he has played the torpid. Have you people enough for this evening, my dear Fontrailles?"

"Be easy; Montrésor is coming with an hundred of Monsieur's gentlemen; you will recognise him; he will be disguised as a master mason, with a rule in his hand. But above all do not forget the pass-words: do you know them all well, you and your friends?"

"Yes, all, except the abbé de Gondi, who has not yet

[1] The master of the horse, Cinq-Mars, was thus named by abbreviation. *This name will* often occur in the course of the recital.

arrived; but, Dieu me pardonne, I think he is there himself. Who the devil would have known him?"

And here a little man without a cassock, dressed as a soldier of the French guards, and wearing very black false moustaches, slipped between them. He danced about with a joyous air, and rubbed his hands.

"Vive Dieu! all goes on well, my friend. Fiesco could not do better," and rising upon his toes to tap Olivier upon the shoulder:

"Do you know that, for a man who has just quitted the rank of pages, you don't manage badly, sire Olivier d'Entraigues, and you will be among our illustrious men if we find a Plutarch. All is well organized; you arrive at the very moment, neither too soon nor too late, like a true party chief. Fontrailles, this young man will get on, I prophesy. But we must make haste; in two hours we shall have some of the archbishops of Paris, my uncle's parishioners; I have lessoned them well; and they will cry, *Vive Monsieur! vive la Regente! et plus de Cardinal!* like madmen! They are good devotees, thanks to me who have stirred them up. The king is very bad. Oh! all goes well, very well; I come from Saint Germain; I have seen our friend Cinq-Mars; he is good, very good, still firm as a rock. Ah! that is what I call a man! How he has played with them with his melancholy and careless air! He is the master of the court at present. The king, they say, is going to make him duke and peer; it is much talked of, but he still hesitates. We must decide that by our movement this evening: the will of the people! he must do the will of the people: we will make him hear it. It will be the death of Richelieu, you'll see. It is above all hatred to him which is to predominate in the cries, for that is the essential thing. That will at last decide our Gaston, who is still uncertain, is he not?"

"And how can he be anything else?" said Fontrailles; "if he were to take a resolution to-day in our favour, it would be unfortunate."

"Why so?"

"Because we should be sure that to-morrow morning he would be against us."

"Never mind," replied the abbé, "the queen is firm."

"And she has heart also," said Olivier; "that gives me some hope for Cinq-Mars, who it seems to me has sometimes dared to frown when he looked at her."

"Child that you are, how little do you yet know of the court! nothing can sustain him but the king's hand, who loves him as a son; and as for the queen, if her heart beats, it is for the past and not for the future. But these trifles are not to the purpose: tell me, mon cher, are you sure of your young advocate whom I see roaming about there? is he all right?"

"Perfectly, he is an excellent royalist: he would throw the cardinal into the river in an instant; beside, it is Fournier of Loudun; that is saying everything."

"Well, well, these are the men we like. But take care of yourselves, messieurs; some one comes from the Rue Saint Honoré."

"Who goes there?" cried the foremost of the troop to some men who were advancing. "Royalists or cardinalists?"

"Gaston and Le Grand," replied the new comers in a low voice.

"It is Montrésor and Monsieur's people," said Fontrailles; "we may soon commence."

"Yes, *par la corbleu*," said the new comer; "for the cardinalists will pass at three o'clock; we were told so just now."

"Where are they going?" said Fontrailles.

"There are more than two hundred of them to escort M. de Chavigny, who is going to see the old cat at Narbonne, they say; they thought it safer to pass by the Louvre."

"Well! we will give him a velvet paw," said the abbé.

As he finished saying this, a noise of carriages and horses was heard. Several men in cloaks rolled an enormous stone into the middle of the street. The foremost cavaliers passed rapidly through the crowd, pistol in hand, suspecting that something was going on; but the postilion who drove the horses of the first carriage ran upon the stone and fell.

"Whose carriage is this which thus crushes foot-passengers?" cried the cloakmen all at once; "it is tyrannical;

it can be no other but a friend of the cardinal *de la Rochelle.*"[1]

"It is one who does not fear the friends of the little Le Grand," exclaimed a voice from the open door, from which a man threw himself upon a horse.

"Drive these cardinalists into the river!" cried a shrill piercing voice.

This was a signal for the pistol shots which were furiously exchanged on every side, and which lighted up this tumultuous and sombre scene; the clashing of swords and trampling of horses did not prevent the cries from being heard on one side; "Down with the minister! long live the king! long live Monsieur and M. le Grand! down with the *red-stockings!*" on the other: "Long live his eminence! long live the great cardinal! death to the factious! long live the king!" for the name of the king presided over every hatred, as over every affection, at this strange time.

The men on foot had, however, succeeded in placing the two carriages across the quay, so as to make a rampart against Chavigny's horses, and from this, between the wheels, through the doors and springs, overwhelmed them with pistol shots, and dismounted many. The tumult was frightful, when the gates of the Louvre were all at once thrown open, and two squadrons of the body guard came out at a trot; most of them carried torches in their hands to light themselves and those they were to attack. The scene changed. As the guards reached each of the men on foot, the latter was seen to stop, remove his hat, make himself known, and name himself; and the guards withdrew, sometimes saluting him and sometimes shaking him by the hand. This succour to Chavigny's carriages was then nearly useless, and only served to augment the confusion. The body guards, as if to satisfy their consciences, rushed through the crowd of duellists, saying:

"Now, messieurs, be moderate."

But, when two gentlemen had decidedly crossed swords, and were warmly engaged with each other, the guard who beheld them, stopped to judge the fight, and some-

[1] During the long siege of this town, the name was given to M. de Richelieu, to ridicule his obstinacy in commanding as general in chief and attributing to himself the merit of taking la Rochelle.

times even to favour the one who he thought was of his opinion; for this body, like all France, had their royalists and their cardinalists.

The windows of the Louvre were one by one lighted up, and many women's heads were seen behind the little lozenge-shaped panes, attentively watching the combat.

Numerous Swiss patrols came out with flambeaux. These soldiers were easily distinguished by their singular uniform. Their right sleeve was striped blue and red, and the silk stocking of their right leg was red; the left side striped with blue, red and white, and the stocking white and red. It had no doubt been hoped in the royal chateau that this foreign troop would disperse the assembly; but they were mistaken. These impassable soldiers coldly and exactly executed, without going beyond, the orders they had received, circulating symmetrically between the armed groups which they divided for a moment, returning before the gate with perfect precision, and resuming their ranks as on parade, without informing themselves whether the enemies between whom they had passed, had rejoined or not.

But the noise, for a moment appeased, became general by dint of personal disputes. In every direction challenges, insults, and imprecations were heard; it seemed as if nothing but the destruction of one of the two parties could put an end to the combat, when loud cries, or rather frightful howls, raised the tumult to its highest pitch. The abbé de Gondi, then employed in dragging a cavalier by his cloak to pull him down, exclaimed:

"Here are my people! Fontrailles, now you will have something worth seeing. Look! look already how they come on—it is really charming."

And he left his hold, and mounted upon a stone to contemplate the manœuvres of his troops, crossing his arms with the importance of a general of an army. The day was beginning to break, and from the end of the isle Saint Louis a crowd of men, women, and children, of the lowest dregs of the people, were seen rapidly advancing, casting towards heaven and the Louvre strange vociferations. Girls carried long swords, children dragged *immense* halbards and pikes of the time of the League;

old women in rags dragged after them by cords, carts full of rusty and broken arms; workmen of every trade, the most of them drunk, followed armed with clubs, forks, lances, shovels, torches, stakes, crooks, levers, sabres, and spits; they sang and howled by turns, counterfeiting with atrocious yells the cries of a cat, and carrying for a flag one of these animals suspended from a pole and wrapped in a red rag, thus representing the cardinal, whose taste for cats was generally known. Public criers rushed about, all red and breathless, throwing on the pavement and sticking on the parapets, the posts, the walls of the houses, and even on the palace, long satires in short verse, made upon the personages of the time; butcher boys and scullions, carrying large cutlasses, beat the charge upon saucepans, and dragged in the mud a newly-slaughtered pig, with the red cap of a chorister on its head. Young and vigorous men, dressed as women, and painted with a coarse vermilion, were yelling at the pitch of their voices: *We are mothers of families ruined by Richelieu; death to the cardinal!* They carried in their arms straw children, which they threw into the river.

When this disgusting mob had overrun the quays with its thousands of imps, it produced a strange effect upon the combatants, and entirely contrary to that expected by their patron. The enemies on both sides lowered their arms, and separated. Those of Monsieur and of Cinq-Mars were revolted at seeing themselves succoured by such auxiliaries; and themselves aiding the cardinal's gentlemen to remount their horses and to gain their carriages, and their valets to convey the wounded to them, gave their adversaries personal rendezvous to terminate their quarrel upon a ground more secret and more worthy of them. Reddening at the superiority of numbers and the ignoble troops which they seemed to command, foreseeing, perhaps, for the first time, the fearful consequences of their political machinations, and what was the scum they were stirring up, they withdrew, slouching their large hats over their eyes, throwing their cloaks over their shoulders, and dreading the daylight.

"You have spoilt all, my dear abbé, with this mob,"

said Fontrailles, stamping his foot, to Gondi, who was already sufficiently confounded; "your good man of an uncle has fine parishioners."

"It is not my fault," replied Gondi, in a sullen tone; "these idiots came an hour too late; if they had arrived in the night, they would not have been seen, which spoils the effect somewhat, to speak the truth (for I admit that the daylight is detrimental to them), and we should only have heard the voice of the people: *Vox populi, vox Dei.* Nevertheless, there is not so much harm done. They will by their multitude give us the means of escaping without being known, and after all, our task is ended; we did not wish the death of the sinner. Chavigny and his men are worthy fellows, whom I love; if he is only slightly wounded, so much the better. Adieu, I am going to see M. de Bouillon, who has arrived from Italy."

"Olivier," said Fontrailles, "proceed to Saint Germain with Fournier and Ambrosio; I will go and give an account to Monsieur, with Montrésor."

All separated, and disgust did, with these high-born men, what force could not do.

Thus ended this blunder, calculated to bring forth great misfortunes; no one was killed in it; the cavaliers, having gained a few scratches and lost a few purses, resumed their rout by the side of the carriages along the bye-streets; the others escaped, one by one, through the populace they had raised up. The miserable wretches who composed it, deprived of the chief of the troops, still remained two hours yelling and screaming until the effects of their wine was gone, and the cold had extinguished at once the fire of their blood and that of their enthusiasm. At the windows of the houses, on the quay of the city, and along the walls, the wise and genuine people of Paris watched, with a sorrowful air and in mournful silence, these preludes of disorder, whilst the various bodies of merchants, dressed in black, and preceded by their provosts, walked slowly and courageously through the populace, towards the *Palais de Justice*, where the parliament was to assemble, to complain to it of these terrible nocturnal scenes.

The apartments of Gaston of Orleans were in a great

confusion. This prince then occupied the wing of the Louvre parallel with the Tuileries, and his windows looked into the court on one side, and, on the other, over a mass of little houses and narrow streets, which almost entirely covered the place. He had risen precipitately, awakened suddenly by the report of the fire-arms, had thrust his feet into large square-toed slippers, with high heels; and, wrapped in a large silk dressing-gown, covered with golden ornaments embroidered in relief, walked backwards and forwards in his bed-room, sending every minute a fresh lacquey to see what was going on, and ordering them immediately to go for the abbé de la Rivière, his general counsellor; but he was unfortunately out of Paris. At every pistol-shot this timid prince rushed to the windows, without seeing anything but some flambeaux, which were carried quickly along; it was in vain that he was told that the cries he heard were in his favour—he did not cease to walk up and down the apartments, in the greatest disorder; his long black hair dishevelled, and his blue eyes open and enlarged by disquiet and terror; he was still thus, when Montrésor and Fontrailles at length arrived, and found him beating his breast, and repeating, a thousand times: "*Meâ culpa, meâ culpa.*"

"Come—come!" he exclaimed, from a distance, running to meet them. "Come! quick! What is going on?—what are they doing there?—who are these assassins?—what are these cries?"

"They cry, 'Long live Monsieur!'"

Gaston, without appearing to hear, and holding the door of his chamber open for an instant, that his voice might reach the galleries in which were the people of his household, continued to cry with all his strength, and gesticulating violently:

"I know nothing of all this, and I have authorized nothing—I will not hear anything—I will not know anything; I will never enter into any project. These are rioters, who make all this noise; do not speak to me of them, if you wish to be well received here; I am the enemy of no man—I detest such scenes."

Fontrailles, who knew the man with whom he had to deal, said nothing, but entered with his friend, that

Monsieur might have time to discharge his first fury; and when all was said, and the door carefully shut, he began to speak:

"Monseigneur," said he, "we come to ask you a thousand pardons for the impertinence of these people, who will persist in crying out that they desire the death of your enemy, and that they would even wish to make you regent, if we had the misfortune to lose his majesty. Yes, the people are always frank in their discourse; but they were so numerous, that all our efforts could not restrain them—it was truly a cry from the heart—an explosion of love, which reason could not restrain, and which escaped all bounds."

"But what has passed, then?" interrupted Gaston, somewhat calmed. "What have they been doing these four hours that I have heard them?"

"That love," said Montresor, coldly, "as M. de Fontrailles had the honour of telling you, so escaped all rule and bounds, that we ourselves were carried away by it, and felt seized with that enthusiasm which always transports us at the mere name of Monsieur, and which leads us on to things which we had not premeditated."

"But what, then, have you done?" said the prince.

"Those things," replied Fontrailles, "of which M. de Montrésor had the honour to speak to Monsieur, are precisely those which I foresaw here yesterday evening, when I had the honour of conversing with you."

"That is not the question," interrupted Gaston. "You cannot say that I have ordered or authorized anything—I meddle with nothing—I know nothing of government."

"I admit," continued Fontrailles, "that your highness commanded nothing, but you permitted me to tell you that I foresaw that this night would be a troubled one about two o'clock, and I hoped that your astonishment would not have been so great."

The prince, recovering himself little by little, and seeing that he did not alarm the two champions, having also upon his conscience, and reading in their eyes the recollection of the consent which he had given them the evening before, sat down upon the side of his bed, crossed

his arms, and, looking at them with the air of a judge, again said, in a commanding tone—

"But what, then, have you done?"

"Why, scarce anything, monseigneur," said Fontrailles; "chance led us to meet in the crowd some of our friends who had a quarrel with M. de Chavigny's coachman, who was driving over them; a few animated words ensued and rough gestures, and a few scratches, which kept M. de Chavigny waiting, and that's all."

"Absolutely all," repeated Montrésor.

"How, all!" exclaimed Gaston, much moved, and stamping about the chamber; "and is it, then, nothing to stop the carriage of a friend of the cardinal-duke? I do not like such scenes; I have already told you so. I do not hate the cardinal; he is certainly a great politician—a very great politician; you have compromised me horribly; it is known that Montrésor is with me; if he has been recognised, they will say that I sent him."

"Chance," said Montrésor, "threw in my way this peasant's dress, that Monsieur may see under my cloak, and which, for that reason, I preferred to any other."

Gaston breathed again.

"You are sure, then, that you have not been recognised; you understand, my dear friend, how painful it would be to me; you must admit yourself—"

"Sure of it!" exclaimed the prince's gentleman; "I would stake my head and my share in paradise, that no one has seen my features, or called me by my name."

"Well," continued Gaston, again seating himself on his bed, and assuming a calmer air, in which even a slight satisfaction was visible, "tell me, then, what has passed."

Fontrailles took upon himself the recital, in which, as we may suppose, the populace played a great part, and Monsieur's people none; and in his peroration, he said—

"From our windows even, monseigneur, respectable mothers of families might have been seen, driven by despair, throwing their children into the Seine, cursing Richelieu.'

"Ah, 'tis dreadful!" exclaimed the prince, indignant, or feigning to be so and to believe in these excesses. "Is it, then, true, that he is so generally detested? But

we must allow that he deserves it. What! his ambition and avarice have, then, reduced to this extremity the good inhabitants of Paris, whom I love so much."

"'Yes, monseigneur," replied the orator; "and here it is not Paris alone, it is entire France, which, with us, entreats you to decide upon delivering her from this tyrant; all is ready, nothing is wanting but a sign from your august head to annihilate this pigmy, who has attempted to assault the royal house itself."

"Alas, Heaven is my witness that I myself forgive him," answered Gaston, raising up his eyes; "but I can no longer bear the cries of the people; yes, I will go to their help!—that is to say," continued the prince, "so that my dignity is not compromised, and that my name is not seen at all in the matter."

"Well, but it is precisely that we want," exclaimed Fontrailles, a little more at his ease.

"See, monseigneur, there are already some names to put after yours, who will not fear to sign. I will tell you them immediately, if you wish it."

"But—but," said the duke of Orleans, fearfully, "do you know that it is a conspiracy that you propose to me so simply?"

"Fie, monseigneur, men of honour like us—a conspiracy! Oh, not at all!—a league at the utmost, a slight combination to give a direction to the unanimous wish of the nation and the court: that's all."

"But that is not so clear, for after all this affair will be neither general nor public, therefore it is a conspiracy; you will not avow that you are concerned in it."

"I, monseigneur!—excuse me to all the world, since the kingdom is already in it, and I am of the kingdom. And who would not sign his name after that of MM. de Bouillon and Cinq-Mars?"

"After, perhaps; not before," said Gaston, fixing his eyes upon Fontrailles more keenly than he had expected.

The latter hesitated a moment.

"Well, then, what would monseigneur do if I told him the names after which he could sign his?"

"Ah, ah! this is amusing," answered the prince, laughing; "know you not that above mine there are not many? *I see but one.*"

"And if there be one, will monseigneur promise to sign that of Gaston beneath it?"

"Ah, parbleu, with all my heart; I risk nothing there, for I see none but the king, who surely is not of the party."

"Well, from this moment permit us," said Montrésor, "to take you at your word, and deign at present to consent to two things only: to see M. de Bouillon in the queen's apartments, and monsieur the master of the horse at the king's palace."

"Agreed!" said Monsieur, gaily tapping Montrésor on the shoulder. "I will to-day wait on my sister-in-law at her toilet, and I will invite my brother to hunt the stag with me at Chambord."

The two friends asked nothing further, and were themselves surprised at their work; they had never seen so much resolution in their chief. Accordingly, fearing to lead him to a topic which might divert him from the path he had adopted, they hastened to turn the conversation upon other subjects, and retired in delight, leaving as their last words in his ear that they relied upon his keeping his promise.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ALCOVE.

"Agitez tous leurs sens d'une rage insensée,
Tambours, fifre, trompette, ôtez-leur la pensée."
N. LEMERCIER, *Panhypocrisiade.*

WHILE a prince was thus re-assured with difficulty by those who surrounded him, and manifested to them a terror which might have proved contagious, a princess more exposed to accidents, more isolated by the indifference of her husband, weakened by nature and by the timidity which is the result of the absence of happiness, on her side set the example of the calmest courage and

the most pious resignation, and tranquillized her terrified suite; it was the queen. Having hardly slept an hour, she heard shrill cries behind the doors and the thick tapestries of her chamber. She ordered her women to open the door, and the duchess de Chevreuse, en chemise, and wrapped in a great cloak, fell nearly fainting at the foot of her bed, followed by four of her ladies-in-waiting, and three of the women of the bed-chamber. Her delicate feet were bare, and bleeding from a wound she had received in running; she cried, weeping like a child, that a pistol-shot had broken her shutters and her window-panes, and had wounded her; that she intreated the queen to send her into exile, where she would be more tranquil than in a country where they wanted to assassinate her, because she was the friend of her majesty.

Her hair was in great disorder, and fell to her feet; it was her principal beauty, and the young queen thought that this toilet was less the result of chance than might have been imagined.

"Well! ma chère, what has happened?" she said to her, with sang-froid; "you look like a Magdalen, but in her youth, and before she repented. It is probable that if they wish to harm any one here it is me; tranquillize yourself."

"No, madame; save me, protect me; it is this Richelieu who pursues me, I am sure."

The sound of pistols, which was then heard more distinctly, convinced the queen that the terrors of madame de Chevreuse were not vain.

"Come and dress me, madame de Motteville!" cried she. But this lady had completely lost her self-possession, and opening one of those immense ebony coffers which then answered the purpose of wardrobes, took from it a casket of the princess's diamonds to save it, and did not listen to her. The other women had seen on a window the reflection of the torches, and imagining that the palace was on fire, threw jewels, laces, golden vases, and even the china, into sheets which they intended to lower into the street; at this moment madame de Guémené arrived, a little more dressed than the duchess de

Chevreuse, but taking the thing still more tragically; her terror inspired the queen with a slight degree of fear, because of the ceremonious and tranquil character she was known to possess. She entered without courtseying, pale as a spectre, and said with volubility—

"Madame, it is time to make our confession, the Louvre is attacked, and all the populace are arriving from the city, I have been told."

Terror silenced and rendered motionless all the persons present.

"We shall die!" exclaimed the duchess de Chevreuse, still on her knees. "Ah! mon Dieu! why did I leave England? Yes, let us confess: I confess aloud: I have loved ....., I have been loved by....."

"Well, well," said the queen, "I do not undertake to hear it to the end; that would not perhaps be the least of my dangers, of which, however, you think little."

The sang-froid of Anne of Austria, and this last severe observation, however, restored a little calm to this beautiful personage, who rose in confusion, and perceiving the disordered state of her toilet, went to repair it as she best could in a contiguous closet.

"Dona Stefania," said the queen to one of her women, the only Spaniard whom she had retained with her; "go seek the captain of the guards: it is time that I should see men at last, and hear something reasonable."

She said this in Spanish, and the mystery of this order given in a language which the ladies did not understand, restored those in the chamber to their senses.

The waiting woman was telling her beads, but she rose from the corner of the alcove in which she had sought refuge, and hastened to obey her mistress.

The signs of the revolt and the symptoms of terror became meantime more distinct. In the great court of the Louvre was heard the trampling of the horses of the guards, the orders of the chiefs, the rolling of the queen's carriages, which were being prepared, should it be necessary to fly; the rattling of the iron chains dragged along the pavement to form barricades in case of an attack, hurried steps in the corridor, the clashing of arms, the confused cries of the people, which rose and fell, went and

ame again, like the noise of the waves and the winds. The door once more opened, and this time it was to admit a very charming personage.

"I expected you, dear Maria," said the queen, extending her arms to the duchess of Mantua; "you have been more courageous than any of us, you are attired fit to be seen by all the court."

"I was not in bed, fortunately," replied the young princess Gonzaga, casting down her eyes; "I saw all these people from the windows. Oh! madame, madame, fly! I beseech you to escape by the secret stairs, and to let us remain in your place; they might take one of us for the queen;" and she added with tears, "I have heard cries of death. Fly, madame! I have no throne to lose; you are the daughter, the wife, and mother of kings; save yourself, and leave us here."

"You have more to lose than I have, mon amie, in beauty, youth, and I hope in happiness," said the queen, with a gracious smile, giving her her beautiful hands to kiss; "remain in my alcove and welcome; but we will both remain there. The only service I accept from you, belle enfant, is to bring me here to my bed that little golden casket which my poor Motteville has left on the ground, and which contains all that I have most precious."

Then, in taking it, she added in Maria's ear:

"If any misfortune should happen to me, swear that you will throw it into the Seine."

"I will obey you, madame, as my benefactress, and my second mother," she answered, weeping.

The noise of the combat redoubled on the quays, and the chamber windows often reflected the flashes of the fire-arms of which they heard the explosion. The captain of the guards, and the captain of the Swiss, sent for orders through dona Stefania.

"I permit them to enter," said the princess; "stand aside ladies; I am a man, in a moment like this, and I ought to be so." Then raising the bed-curtains, she continued, addressing the two officers—

"Gentlemen, first remember that you answer with your heads for the life of the princes, my children; you know *that, monsieur* de Guitaut?"

"I sleep across their doorway, madam, but this movement does not threaten either them or your majesty."

"'Tis well; do not think of me until after them," interrupted the queen, "and protect indiscriminately all those who are threatened. You also hear me, monsieur de Bassompierre; you are a gentleman; forget that your uncle is yet in the Bastille, and do your duty by the grandsons of the dead king, his friend."

He was a young man, with a frank, open countenance.

"Your majesty," said he, with a slight German accent, "may see that I have forgotten my family, and not yours." And he displayed his left hand despoiled of two fingers, which had just been cut off. "I have still another hand," said he, bowing, and withdrawing with Guitaut.

The queen, much moved, rose immediately, and despite the prayers of the princess de Guémené, the tears of Maria di Gonzaga, and the cries of madame de Chevreuse, insisted upon placing herself at the window, and half opened it, leaning upon the shoulder of the duchess of Mantua.

"What do I hear?" she said; "they are crying 'Long live the king! Long live the queen!'"

The people, imagining they recognised her, redoubled their cries at this moment, and shouted louder than ever, "Down with the cardinal! Long live monsieur le Grand!"

Maria shuddered.

"What is the matter with you?" said the queen, observing her; but as she did not answer, and trembled in every limb, this good and gentle princess appeared not to perceive it, and paying the greatest attention to the cries and movements of the populace, she even exaggerated an inquietude which she had not felt since the first name had reached her ear. An hour after, when they came to tell her that the crowd only awaited a sign from her hand to withdraw, she waved it graciously, and with an air of satisfaction; but this joy was far from being complete, for her heart was still troubled by many things, and, above all, by the presentiment of the regency. The more she leant forward to show herself, the more she beheld the revolting scenes which the increasing light exhibited; terror took possession of her soul, as it became necessary

to appear calm and confiding, and her heart was saddened at the very gaiety of her words and countenance. Exposed to all eyes, she felt herself a woman, and shuddered in looking at that people whom she would soon, perhaps, have to govern, and who already took upon themselves to demand the death of ministers, and to call upon their queen to appear before them.

She saluted them.

A hundred and fifty years after, that salute was repeated by another princess, like herself of Austrian blood, and queen of France. The monarchy without basis, such as Richelieu made it, was born and died between these two salutes.

The princess at last closed her windows, and hastened to dismiss her timid suite. The thick curtains fell again over the barred windows, and the chamber was no longer lighted by a day which was odious to her; large white wax flambeaux burnt in candelabras, in the form of golden arms, which stood out from the framed and flowered tapestries with which the walls were covered. She remained alone with Maria of Mantua, and re-entering with her the inclosure which was formed by the royal balustrade, she fell in a reclining posture upon her bed, fatigued by her courage and her smiles, and burst into tears, her head supported by her pillow. Maria, on her knees upon a velvet footstool, held one of her hands in both hers, and, without daring to speak first, leaned her head tremblingly upon it; for, until that moment, a tear had never been seen in the queen's eyes.

They remained thus for some minutes. The princess then raising herself up by a painful effort, spoke:

"Do not afflict yourself, my child; let me weep; 'tis such a relief to one who reigns! If you pray to God for me, ask him to grant me sufficient strength not to hate the enemy who pursues me everywhere, and who will destroy the royal family of France and the monarchy by his measureless ambition. I recognise him in all that has just taken place; I see him in this tumultuous revolt."

"What, madam! is he not at Narbonne? for it is the cardinal of whom you speak, no doubt? and have you not *heard that these* cries were for you, and against him?"

"Yes, mon amie, he is three hundred leagues away from us, but his fatal genius watches at the door. If these cries have been heard, it is because he has allowed them; if these men were assembled, it is because they have not yet reached the hour which he has destined for their destruction. Believe me, I know him, and I have dearly paid for the knowledge of that dark soul; it has cost me all the power of my rank, the pleasures of my age, the affections of my family, and even the heart of my husband; he has isolated me from the whole world; he now confines me within a barrier of honours and respect; and formerly he dared, to the scandal of all France, to bring an accusation against myself; they examined my papers, they interrogated me; they made me sign myself guilty, and ask the king's pardon for a fault of which I was ignorant; and I owed to the devotion, and the perhaps eternal imprisonment of a faithful servant,[1] the preservation of this casket which you have saved for me. I read in your looks that you think me too fearful; but do not deceive yourself, as all the court now does; be sure, my dear child, that this man is everywhere, and that he knows even our thoughts."

"What, madame! does he know all that these men have cried under your windows, and the names of those who sent them?"

"Yes, no doubt he knows it, or has foreseen it; he permits it, he authorises it, to compromise me in the king's eyes, and keep him eternally separated from me; he would complete my humiliation."

"But the king has not loved him for two years; he loves another."

The queen smiled; she gazed some time in silence upon the pure and open features of the beautiful Maria, and her look, full of candour, which was languidly raised towards her. She smoothed back the black ringlets which shaded her noble forehead, and seemed to rest her eyes and her soul in looking at that charming innocence displayed upon so lovely a face; she kissed her cheek, and resumed:

"You do not suspect, my poor girl, a sad truth; it is

[1] He was called Laporte. Neither the fear of torture nor the hope of the cardinal's gold could draw from him one word of the queen's secrets.

that the king loves no one, and that those who appear the most in favour will the soonest be abandoned by him, and thrown to him who engulfs and devours all."

"Ah! mon Dieu! what is this you tell me?"

"Know you how many he has destroyed?" continued the queen, in a low voice, and looking into her eyes as if to read in them all her thoughts, and to make her own penetrate there. "Know you the end of his favourites? Have you been told of the exile of Baradas—of that of Saint-Simon, of the convent of Mademoiselle de La Fayette? the shame of Madame d'Hautfort—the death of Chalais? all have fallen before an order from Richelieu to his master; without this favour which you mistake for friendship, their life would have been peaceful; but this favour is mortal: it is a poison. Look at this tapestry which represents Sémélé; the favourites of Louis XIII. resemble that woman; his attachment devours like this fire, which dazzles and consumes her."

But the young duchess was no longer in a condition to listen to the queen; she continued to fix her large dark eyes upon her, dimmed by a veil of tears; her hands trembled in those of Anne of Austria, and her lips quivered with convulsive agitation.

"I am very cruel, am I not, Maria?" continued the queen, in an extremely sweet voice, and caressing her like a child from whom one would draw an avowal; "oh! yes, no doubt I am very wicked; your heart is full; you cannot bear it, my child. Come, tell me; how stands it with you and monsieur de Cinq-Mars?"

At this word grief found a passage, and still on her knees at the queen's feet, Maria, in her turn, shed upon the bosom of the good princess a deluge of tears, with childish sobs and so violent an agitation of her head and her fine shoulders, that it seemed as though her heart would break. The queen waited a long time for the end of this first movement, rocking her in her arms as if to appease her grief, frequently repeating, "My child! my child! do not afflict yourself thus."

"Ah, madam!" she exclaimed, "I have been guilty towards you; but I did not reckon upon that heart; I have done wrong, and I shall perhaps be punished severely

for it. But, alas! how shall I venture to speak to you, madam? It was not so much to open my heart to you that was difficult, it was to avow to you that I had need to read there myself."

The queen considered a moment, as if to reflect; placing her finger upon her lips—

"You are right," she then replied, "you are quite right. Maria, it is always the first word which is the most difficult to say, and that difficulty often destroys us; but it must be so, and without this tenacity one would be often wanting in dignity. Ah! how difficult it is to reign! Here I would descend into your heart, but I come too late to do you good."

Maria of Mantua hung her head without making any answer.

"Must I encourage you to speak?" said the queen; "must I remind you that I have almost adopted you for my eldest daughter; that after having sought to unite you with the king's brother, I prepared for you the throne of Poland? Must I do more, Maria? Yes, I must, I will; if afterwards you do not bare your whole heart to me, I have misjudged you. Open this golden casket; here is the key; open it fearlessly, do not tremble as I do."

The duchess of Mantua obeyed with hesitation, and beheld in this little chased coffer a knife of rude form, the handle of which was of iron, and the blade very rusty; it lay upon some letters carefully folded, upon which was the name of Buckingham. She would have lifted them up; Anne of Austria stopped her.

"Seek nothing further," she said; "that is all the treasure of the queen. And it is one, for it is the blood of a man who lives no longer, but who lived for me; he was the most beautiful, the bravest, the most illustrious of the nobles of Europe; he covered himself with the diamonds of the English crown to please me; he raised up a fierce war and armed fleets, which he himself commanded, that he might have the happiness of once fighting him who was my husband; he traversed the seas to gather a flower upon which I had trod, and ran the risk of death to kiss and bathe with his tears the feet of this bed, in the presence of two of my ladies in waiting. Shall I say more? Yes, I

will say it to you—I loved him, I love him still in the past, more than I could love him in the present. He never knew it, never divined it. This face, these eyes were marble towards him, whilst my heart burned and was breaking with grief; but I was the queen of France!" Here Anne of Austria forcibly grasped Maria's arm. "Dare now to complain," she continued, "if you have not yet ventured to speak to me of your love, and dare now to be silent when I have told you these things."

"Ah, yes, madam, I shall dare to confide my grief to you, since you are to me——"

"A friend! a woman!" interrupted the queen; "I was a woman in my terror, which put you in possession of a secret unknown to the whole world; I am a woman by a love which survives the man I loved. Speak; tell me; it is now time."

"It is too late, on the contrary," replied Maria, with a forced smile; "M. de Cinq-Mars and myself are united for ever."

"For ever!" exclaimed the queen—"can you mean it? And your rank, your name, your future, is all lost? Do you reserve this despair for your brother the duc de Bethel, and all the Gonzagas?"

"For more than four years I have thought of it; I am resolved, and for ten days we have been affianced!"

"Affianced!" exclaimed the queen, clasping her hands; "you have been deceived, Maria; who would have dared this without the king's order? It is an intrigue which I will know; I am sure that you have been misled and deceived."

Maria hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Nothing was more simple, madam, than our attachment. I inhabited, you know, the old chateau of Chaumont, with the maréchale d'Effiat, the mother of monsieur de Cinq-Mars. I had retired there to weep for the death of my father, and it soon happened that he had to deplore the loss of his. In this numerous afflicted family, I saw his grief only which was as profound as mine; all that he said I had already thought, and when we spoke of our afflictions we found them wholly alike. As I had been the first to suffer, I was better acquainted with sorrow than he,

and I endeavoured to console him by telling him all that I had suffered, so that in pitying me he forgot himself. This was the commencement of our love, which, as you see, took its birth, as it were, between two tombs."

"God grant, ma chère, that it may have a happy termination," said the queen.

"I hope so, madam, since you pray for me," continued Maria; "besides, everything now smiles upon me; but at that time I was very miserable. The news arrived one day at the chateau that the cardinal had called M. de Cinq-Mars to the army; it seemed to me that I was again deprived of one of my relations, and yet we were strangers. But M. de Bassompierre spoke without ceasing of battles and death; I retired every evening in grief, and I wept during the night. I at first thought that my tears flowed for the past, but I soon perceived that it was for the future; and I felt that they could not be the same tears, since I wished to conceal them. Some time passed in the expectation of his departure: I saw him every day; and I pitied him for having to depart, because he repeated to me every instant that he would have wished to live eternally, as he then did, in his country and with us. He was thus without ambition until the day of his departure; because he knew not whether he was—whether he was—"

Maria blushed, cast down her humid eyes, and smiled.

"Well!" said the queen, "whether he was beloved—is it not so?"

"And in the evening, madam, he left ambitious."

"That is evident, certainly. He left," said Anne of Austria, somewhat relieved; "but he has been back two years, and you have seen him?"

"Seldom, madam," said the young duchess, proudly; "and always in the presence of the priest, before whom I have promised to be the wife of no other than Cinq-Mars."

"Is it really, then, a marriage? have they dared to do it? I shall inquire. But, Heaven, what faults! how many faults in the few words I have heard. Let me reflect upon them."

And speaking aloud to herself, the queen continued,

her eyes and head bent down in the attitude of reflection:

"Reproaches are useless and cruel if the evil is done: the past is no longer ours, let us think of the future. Cinq-Mars is brave, able, and even profound in his ideas; I have observed that he has made a great way in two years, and I now see that it was for Maria; he comports himself well, he is worthy of her in my eyes, but not so in the eyes of Europe. He must rise yet higher. the princess of Mantua cannot, may not marry less than a prince. He must become one. Of myself I can do nothing; I am not the queen, I am the neglected wife of the king. There is only the cardinal, the eternal cardinal, and he is his enemy; and perhaps this disturbance—"

"Alas! it is the commencement of the war between them; I saw it at once."

"He is then lost!" exclaimed the queen, embracing Maria. "Pardon, my child, for thus afflicting you; but in times like these we must see all and say all; yes, he is lost if he does not himself overthrow this wicked man, for the king will not renounce him; force alone—"

"He will overthrow him, madam; he will do it, if you assist him. You are the divinity of France; oh! I conjure you, protect the angel against the demon; it is your cause, that of your royal family, that of all your nation."

The queen smiled.

"It is, above all, your cause, my child; and it is as such that I will embrace it to the utmost extent of my power; it is not great, I have told you; but such as it is, I lend it to you entirely; provided, however, that this *angel* does not stoop to commit mortal sins," added she, with a meaning look: "I heard his name pronounced this night by voices most unworthy of him."

"Oh, madam, I would swear that he knows nothing of it!"

"Ah! my child, do not speak of state affairs; you are not yet learned enough in them. Let me sleep, if I can, before the hour of my toilet; my eyes are burning, and yours also, perhaps."

Saying these words, the amiable queen reclined her head upon the pillow which covered the casket, and soon

Maria saw her fall asleep through utter fatigue. She then rose, and seating herself in a great tapestried square arm-chair, joined her hands upon her knees, and began to reflect upon her painful situation; consoled by the aspect of her gentle protectress, she often raised her eyes to watch her slumber, and sent her in secret all the blessings which love ever showers upon those who protect it; sometimes kissing the tresses of her blond hair, as if by this kiss she could convey to her soul all the ideas favourable to the thought ever present to her mind.

The queen's slumber was prolonged, while Maria thought and wept. However, she remembered that at ten o'clock she must appear at the royal toilet before all the court; she resolved to cast aside reflection, to dry her tears, and took a thick folio volume placed upon a table inlaid with enamel and medallions: it was the *Astrée* of M. d'Urfé, a work *de belle galantrie*, adored by the fair prudes of the court. The unsophisticated and straightforward mind of Maria could not enter into these pastoral loves; she was too simple to understand the "bergers du Lignon," too clever be pleased at their discourse, and too impassioned to feel their tenderness. However, the great *vogue* of the romance so far influenced her, that she sought to compel herself to take an interest in it, and accusing herself internally every time that she felt the ennui which exhaled from the pages of the book, she ran through it with impatience to find something to please and transport her; an engraving arrested her attention; it represented the shepherdess Astrée with high heeled shoes, a corset, and an immense *vertugadin*, raising herself upon her toe to watch floating down the river the tender Celadon, drowning himself in despair at having been somewhat coldly received in the morning. Without explaining to herself the reason of the taste and accumulated fallacies of this picture, she sought, in turning over the pages, a word which could fix her attention—she saw that of *Druid*.

"Ah! here is a great character," said she; "I shall no doubt see one of those mysterious sacrificers of whom Britain, I am told, still preserves the raised monuments; but I shall see him sacrificing men; that would be a spectacle of horror; however, let us read it."

Saying this, Maria read with repugnance, knitting her brows, and nearly trembling, the following:

"The Druid Adamas, delicately called the shepherds Pimandre, Ligdamont, and Clidamant, newly arrived from Calais. 'This adventure cannot terminate,' said he, 'but by the extremity of love. The soul, when it loves, transforms itself into the object beloved; it is to represent this that my agreeable enchantments will show you in this fountain, the nymph Sylvia, whom you all three love. The high-priest Amasis is about to come from Montbrison, and will explain to you the delicacy of this idea. Go, then, gentle shepherds; if your desires are well regulated, they will not cause you any torments; and if they are not so, you will be punished by faintings similar to those of Celadon, and the shepherdess Galatea, whom the inconstant Hercules abandoned in the mountains of Auvergne, and who gave her name to the tender country of the Gauls; or you will be stoned by the shepherdesses of Lignon, as was the ferocious Amidor. The great nymph of this cave has made an enchantment.'"

The enchantment of the great nymph was complete on the princess, who had scarcely sufficient strength to find out with a trembling hand, towards the end of the book, that the Druid Adamas was an *ingenious allegory*, figuring the lieutenant-general of Montbrison, of the family of the Papons; her weary eyes closed, and the great book slipped from her dress to the cushion of velvet upon which her feet were placed, and where the beautiful Astrée and the gallant Celadon reposed luxuriously, less immovable than Maria of Mantua, vanquished by them and by profound sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CONFUSION.

" *Saint Jacques Major.* Esse point moy ?
Saint Jehan. Ou moy aussi ?
Saint Pierre. Ou moy qui suis icy assis ?
Saint Andre. Esse moy ?
Saint Simon. Suis-je point celuy ?
Saint Jude. Esse point moy ?
Saint Thomas. Ou moi aussi ?" ANCIEN MYSTERE.

DURING this same morning, the various circumstances which we have seen in the apartments of Gaston d'Orleans and of the queen, the calm and silence of study reigned in a modest cabinet of a large house near the Palais de Justice. A bronze lamp, of a gothic shape, struggling with the coming day threw its red light upon a mass of papers and books which covered a large table; it lighted the bust of l'Hospital, that of Montaigne, of the historian the president de Thou, and of king Louis XIII.; a chimney, sufficiently vast for a man to enter, and even to sit there, was occupied by a large fire burning upon enormous andirons. Upon one of these was placed the foot of the studious de Thou, who, already risen, examined with attention the new works of Descartes and Grotius; he was writing upon his knee his notes upon these books of philosophy and politics, which were then the general subject of conversation; but, at this moment, the *Meditations Metaphysiques* absorbed all his attention; the philosopher of Touraine enchanted the young counsellor. Often, in his enthusiasm, he struck upon the book, uttering exclamations of admiration; sometimes he took a sphere placed near him, and turning it some time with his fingers, abandoned himself to the most profound reveries of science; then led by them to a still greater elevation of mind, he would suddenly throw himself upon his knees before a crucifix, placed upon the chimney-piece, because at the limits of the human mind he had found God. At other times, he buried himself in his great arm-chair, so

as to be nearly sitting upon his shoulders, and placing his two hands upon his eyes, followed in his head the trace of the reasoning of Réné Descartes, from this idea of the first meditation:

"Suppose that we are asleep, and that all these particularities—namely, that we open our eyes, move our heads, spread our arms—are nothing but false illusions——"

to this sublime conclusion of the third:

"There remains only one thing to be said; it is that like the idea of myself, that of God is born and produced with me from the time I was created. And certainly it should not be thought strange that God, in creating me, should have placed in me this idea to be, as it were, the mark of the workman impressed upon his work."

These thoughts entirely occupied the mind of the young counsellor, when a loud noise was heard under the windows; he thought that some house on fire excited these prolonged cries, and hastened to look towards the wing of the building occupied by his mother and sisters; but all appeared to sleep there, and the chimneys did not even send forth any smoke, to attest that its inhabitants were even awake. He blessed Heaven for it, and running to another window, he saw the people, whose exploits we have witnessed, hastening towards the narrow streets which led to the quay. After having examined this rabble rout of women and children, the ridiculous flag which led them, and the rude disguises of the men: "It is some popular fête, or some carnival comedy," said he; and again returning to the corner of the fire, he placed a large almanack upon the table, and carefully sought in it what saint was fêted that day. He looked in the column of the month of December, and finding at the fourth day of this month the name of *Sainte Barbe*, he remembered that he had seen several small cannons and barrels pass, and, perfectly satisfied with the explanation which he had given himself, hastened to drive away the interruption which had called off his attention, and resumed his gentle studies, rising only sometimes to take a book from the shelves of *his library*; and, after having read in it a phrase, a

line, or only a word, threw it from him upon his table or on the floor, covered in this way with books or papers which he would not occupy himself in returning to their places, lest he should break the thread of his reveries.

All at once the door was hastily opened, and a name was announced which he had distinguished among those at the bar, and a man whom his connexions with the magistracy had made personally known to him.

"And by what chance, at five o'clock in the morning, do I see Monsieur Fournier?" he cried; "are there some unfortunates to defend, some families to be supported by the fruits of his talent, some error to dissipate in us, some virtue to awaken in our hearts? for these are of his accustomed works. You come, perhaps, to inform me of some fresh humiliation of our parliament; alas! the secret chambers of the Arsenal are more powerful than the ancient magistracy of Clovis; the parliament is on its knees, all is lost, unless it is directly filled with men like yourself."

"Monsieur, I do not merit your praise," said the advocate, entering, accompanied by a grave and aged man, enveloped like himself in a large cloak. "I deserve, on the contrary, your censure, and I am almost a penitent, as is M. le comte du Lude whom you see here. We come to ask an asylum for the day."

"An asylum! and against whom?" said de Thou, making them sit down.

"Against the lowest people in Paris, who will have us for chiefs, and from whom we fly; 'tis odious; the sight, the smell, the ear and the touch, above all, are too severely wounded by it," said M. du Lude, with a comical gravity; "it is too much!"

"Ah! too much, you say?" said de Thou, very much astonished, but not willing to show it.

"Yes," answered the advocate; "really, between ourselves, M. le Grand goes too far."

"Yes, he advances things too fast: he will render all our projects abortive," added his companion.

"Ah! and you say he goes too far?" replied M. de Thou, rubbing his chin, more and more surprised.

It was three months since his friend Cinq-Mars had been to see him; and he, without feeling much disquieted

about it, knowing that he was at Saint-Germain in high favour, and never quitting the king, was far removed from the news of the court. Given up to his grave studies, he never heard of public events, till they were forced upon his attention; he knew nothing of current life until the last moment, and often amused his intimate friends by his naïve astonishment; the more so that from a little worldly vanity he desired to have it appear as though he were fully acquainted with the course of events, and tried to conceal the surprise he experienced at every fresh intelligence. He was now in this situation, and to this vanity was added the feeling of friendship; he would not have it supposed that Cinq-Mars had been negligent towards him, and, for his friend's honour even, would appear to be informed of his projects.

"You know very well how far we have proceeded," continued the advocate.

"Yes, of course. Well."

"Intimate as you are with him, you cannot be ignorant that all has been organizing for a year past."

"Certainly, all has been organizing—but proceed."

"You will admit with us that M. le Grand is wrong?"

"Ah, ah, that is as it may be; but explain yourself, I shall see."

"Well! you know upon what we had agreed at the last conference of which he informed you?"

"Ah! that is to say,—pardon me, I perceive it nearly; but set me a little upon the track."

"'Tis useless: you no doubt remember what he himself recommended us to do at Marion de Lorme's?"

"To add no one to our list," said M. du Lude.

"Ah! yes, yes! I understand," said de Thou; "that appears reasonable, very reasonable, truly."

"Well," continned Fournier, "he himself has infringed this agreement; for this morning, besides the ragamuffins whom that ferret the abbé de Gondi brought to us, there was some vagabond captain, who during the night struck with sword and poniard, gentlemen of both parties, crying out at the top of his voice, 'A moi, d'Aubijoux; you gained three thousand ducats from me, here are three sword thrusts for you; à moi! La Chapelle! I will

have ten drops of your blood in exchange for my ten pistoles!' and I myself saw him attack these gentlemen and many more of both sides, loyally enough, it is true, for he only struck them in front and on their guard, but with great success and with a most revolting impartiality."

"Yes, monsieur, and I was going to tell him my opinion," interposed du Lude, "when I saw him escape through the crowd, like a squirrel, laughing greatly with some ill-looking men with dark swarthy faces; I do not doubt, however, that M. de Cinq-Mars sent him, for he gave orders to that Ambrosio whom you must know, that Spanish prisoner, that rascal whom he has taken for a servant. In faith, I am disgusted with all this, and I was not born to be mixed up with this canaille."

"This, sir," replied Fournier, "is very different from the affair at Loudun. There the people only rose, without actually revolting; it was the sensible and estimable part of the populace, indignant at an assassination, and not heated by wine and money. It was a cry raised against an executioner, a cry of which one could be the honourable organ, and not these howlings of factious hypocrisy, of a mass of unknown people, the dregs of the mud and sewers of Paris. I confess that I am very tired of what I see, and I have come to intreat you to speak about it to M. le Grand."

De Thou was very much embarrassed during this conversation, and sought in vain to understand what Cinq-Mars could have to do with the people, who appeared to him merely merry-making; on the other hand, he persisted in not owning his ignorance; it was, however, entire; for, the last time he had seen his friend, he had spoken only of the king's horses and stables, of hawking, and of the importance of the king's huntsmen in the affairs of the state, which did not seem to announce vast projects in which the people could take a part. He at last timidly ventured to say:

"Messieurs, I promise to do your commission; meanwhile, I offer you my table and beds as long as you please. But to give my advice in this matter is very difficult. By the way, it was not the fête of Saint Barbe I saw this morning?"

"The Saint Barbe!" said Fournier.

"The Saint Barbe!" echoed du Lude. "They burnt powder."

"Oh, yes, yes, that is what M. de Thou means," said Fournier, laughing; "very good, very good, indeed. Yes, I think to-day is Saint Barbe."

De Thou was now altogether confused and reduced to silence; as for the others, seeing that they did not understand him, nor he them, they had recourse to silence.

They were sitting thus mute, when the door opened to admit the old tutor of Cinq-Mars, the abbé Quillet, who entered, limping somewhat. He looked very gloomy, retaining none of his former gaiety in his air or language; but his look was still animated, and his speech energetic.

"Pardon me, my dear de Thou, that I so early derange you in your occupations; it is strange, is it not, in a gouty invalid? Ah, time advances; two years ago I did not limp. I was, on the contrary, nimble enough at the time of my journey to Italy; but then fear gives legs as well as wings."

Then going into the recess of a window, he signed de Thou to come to him.

"I need hardly remind you, my friend, who are in their secrets, that I affianced them a fortnight ago, as they have told you."

"Ah! indeed! whom?" exclaimed poor de Thou, fallen from the Charybdis into the Scylla of astonishment.

"Come, come, don't affect surprise; you know very well whom," continued the abbé; "but, faith, I fear I have been too complying with them, though these two children are really interesting in their love; I fear for him more than for her; I doubt he is acting very foolishly, judging from the disturbance this morning. We must consult together about it."

"But," said de Thou, very gravely, "upon my honour, I do not know what you mean. Who is acting foolishly?"

"Now, my dear sir, will you still play the mysterious with me? It is really insulting," said the worthy man, beginning to be angry.

"No, indeed, I mean it not; whom have you affianced?"

"Again! fie, sir."

"And what was the disturbance this morning?"

"You are mocking me! I take my leave," said the abbé, rising.

"I vow that I understand not a word of all that has been told me to-day. Do you mean M. de Cinq-Mars?"

"Very well, sir, very well; you treat me as a cardinalist; very well, we part," said the abbé Quillet, now altogether furious. And he snatched up his crutch, and quitted the room hastily, without listening to de Thou, who followed him to his carriage, seeking to pacify him, but without effect, because he did not wish to name his friend upon the stairs in the hearing of his servants, and could not explain the matter otherwise. He had the annoyance of seeing the old abbé depart, still in a passion; he called out to him amicably, "To-morrow," as the coachman drove off, but got no answer.

It was, however, not uselessly that he had descended to the foot of the stairs, for he saw thence hideous groups of the mob returning from the Louvre, and was thus better able to judge of the importance of their movements in the morning; he heard rude voices exclaiming, as in triumph:

"She showed herself, however, the little queen!"—"Long live the good duke de Bouillon, who is coming to us! He's got a hundred thousand men with him, all on rafts on the Seine. The old cardinal de la Rochelle is dead! Long live the king! Long live M. le Grand!"

The cries redoubled at the arrival of a carriage and four, with the royal livery, which stopped at the counsellor's door, and in which de Thou recognised the equipage of Cinq-Mars; Ambrosio alighted to open the ample curtains, which the carriages of that period had for doors. The people threw themselves between the carriage steps and the door of the house, so that Cinq-Mars had an absolute struggle ere he could get out, and disengage himself from the market-women, who sought to embrace him, vociferating:

"Here you are, then, my duck, my dear! Here you are, my pet! Ah! how handsome he is, the love, with his big collar! Isn't he worth half a dozen of the other fellow with the white moustache? Come, my son, bring us out some *good* wine this morning."

Henry d'Effiat pressed, blushing deeply the while, his friend's hand, who hastened to have his doors closed.

"This popular favour is a cup one must drink," said he, as they ascended the stairs.

"It appears to me," replied de Thou, gravely, "that you drink it even to the very dregs."

"I will explain all this clamorous affair to you," answered Cinq-Mars, somewhat embarrassed. "At present, if you love me, dress yourself to accompany me to the queen's toilet."

"I promised you blind adherence," said the counsellor; "but, truly I cannot keep my eyes shut much longer, if—"

"Once again, I will give you a full explanation, as we return from the queen. But make haste, it is nearly ten o'clock."

"Well, I will go with you," replied De Thou, conducting him into his cabinet, where were the count du Lude, and Fournier, while he himself passed into his dressing-room.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TOILET.

"Qu'il est doux d'etre belle alors qu'on est aimée."

DELPHINE GAY.

THE grand écuyer's carriage rolled rapidly towards the Louvre, when, closing the curtain, he took his friend's hand, and said to him, with emotion—

"Dear de Thou, I have kept great secrets in my heart, and believe me, they have sat heavily there; but two fears impelled me to silence; that of your danger, and, shall I say it, that of your counsels."

"Yet you well know," replied de Thou, "that I despise the first, and I thought that you did not despise the second."

"No, but I feared them; I still fear them. I would not be stopped. Do not speak, my friend; not a word, I *conjure you, before* you have heard and seen all that is about

to take place. I will go back with you to your house, on quitting the Louvre; there, I will listen to you, and thence I shall go to continue my work; for nothing will shake my resolution, I warn you; I have just said so to the gentlemen at your house."

Cinq-Mars had in his accent nothing of the rudeness which might be implied from his words: his voice was conciliatory, his look gentle, amiable, affectionate; his air, as tranquil as it was determined; there was no indication of the slightest effort over himself; de Thou remarked it, and sighed.

As he descended from the carriage with him, he followed him up the great staircase of the Louvre. When they entered the queen's apartment, announced by two ushers dressed in black and bearing ebony rods, she was seated at her toilet: this was a sort of table of black wood, inlaid with tortoiseshell, mother-of-pearl, and brass, in an infinity of designs of very bad taste, but which give to all this sort of furniture an air of grandeur which we still admire in it; a mirror, rounded at the top, which the ladies of our time would consider small and insignificant, stood in the middle of the table, with scattered jewels and necklaces. Anne of Austria, seated before it, in a large arm chair of crimson velvet, with long gold fringe, was as motionless and grave as on her throne, whilst Dona Stefania and Madame de Motteville, on either side, lightly touched her beautiful blond hair with a comb, as if finishing the queen's coiffure, which, however, was already perfectly arranged and decorated with pearls. Her long tresses, though light, were exquisitely glossy, manifesting that to the touch they must be fine and soft as silk. The daylight fell without a shade upon her forehead, which had no reason to dread the test, itself reflecting an almost equal light from its surpassing fairness, which the queen was pleased thus to display; her blue eyes blended with green, were large and regular, and her vermilion mouth had that under lip of the princesses of Austria, somewhat prominent and slightly cleft, in the form of a cherry, which may still be marked in all the female portraits of this time, whose painters seemed to have aimed at *imitating* the queen's mouth, in order to

please the women of her suite, whose desire was, no doubt, to resemble her. The black dress then adopted by the court, and of which the form was even fixed by an edict, set off the ivory of her arms, bare to the elbow, and ornamented with a profusion of lace, which flowed from her loose sleeves. Large pearls hung in her ears, and from her girdle. Such was the appearance of the queen at this moment. At her feet, upon two velvet cushions, a boy of four years old was playing with a little cannon, which he was assiduously breaking in pieces; this was the dauphin, afterwards Louis XIV. The duchess Maria di Gonzaga was seated on her right hand, upon a stool; the princess de Gueméné, the duchess de Chevreuse, and Mademoiselle de Montbazon, Mesdemoiselles de Guise, de Rohan, and de Vendome, all beautiful and brilliant in youth, were behind her, standing. In the recess of a window, Monsieur, his hat under his arm, was talking in a low voice with a man, stout, with a red face and a steady and daring eye: this was the duke de Bouillon. An officer of about twenty-five years old, well-formed, and of agreeable features, had just given several papers to the prince, which the duke de Bouillon appeared to be explaining to him.

De Thou, after having saluted the queen, who said a few words to him, approached the princess de Gueméné, and conversed with her, in an undertone, with an air of affectionate intimacy, but all the while, intent upon his friend's interest, and secretly trembling lest he should have confided his destiny to a being less worthy of him than he wished, he examined the princess Maria with the scrupulous attention, the scrutinizing eye of a mother examining the woman whom her son has selected for his bride; for he thought that Maria could not be altogether a stranger to the enterprise of Cinq-Mars. He saw with dissatisfaction that her dress, which was extremely elegant, appeared to inspire her with more vanity than became her on such an occasion. She was incessantly re-arranging upon her forehead and her hair the rubies which ornamented her head, and which scarcely equalled the brilliancy and animated colour of her complexion; she *looked frequently* at Cinq-Mars, but it was rather the look

of coquetry than that of love, and her eyes often glanced towards the mirror on the toilet, in which she watched the symmetry of her beauty. These observations of the counsellor began to persuade him that he was mistaken in imagining her to be the bride of Cinq-Mars, especially when he saw that she seemed to have a pleasure in sitting at the queen's side, while the duchesses stood behind her, and that she often looked haughtily at them.

"In that heart of nineteen," said he, "love, were there love, would reign alone and above all to-day; it is not she!"

The queen made an almost imperceptible movement of the head to Madame de Gueméné, after the two friends had spoken a moment with each person present, and at this sign, all the ladies except Maria di Gonzaga, making profound courtesies, quitted the apartment without speaking, as if by previous arrangement. The queen, then herself turning her chair, said to Monsieur:

"My brother, I beg you will come and sit down by me. We will consult upon what I have already told you. The princess Maria will not be in the way; I begged her to remain. We have no interruption to apprehend."

The queen seemed more at ease in her manner and language; and no longer preserving her severe and ceremonious immobility, she signed to the other persons present to approach her.

Gaston d'Orleans, somewhat alarmed at this solemn opening, came carelessly, sat down on her right hand, and said with a half smile and a negligent air, playing with his ruff and the chain of the Saint-Esprit which hung from his neck:

"I think, madam, that we shall fatigue the ears of so young a personage by a long conference; she would rather hear us speak of dances and of marriage of an elector, or of the king of Poland, for example."

Maria assumed a disdainful air: Cinq-Mars frowned.

"Pardon me," replied the queen, looking at her; "I assure you the politics of the present time interest her much. Do not seek to escape us, my brother," added she, smiling; "I have you to-day! It is the least we can do to listen to *M. de Bouillon*."

The latter approached, holding by the hand the young officer of whom we have spoken.

"I must first," said he, "present to your majesty the baron de Beauvau, who has just arrived from Spain."

"From Spain?" said the queen, with emotion; "there is courage in that; you have seen my family?"

"He will speak to you of them, and of the count-duke d'Olivarès. As to courage, it is not the first time he has shown it; he commanded the cuirassiers of the comte de Soissons."

"How! so young, sir! you must be fond of political wars."

"On the contrary, your majesty will pardon me," replied he, "for I served with the *princes of the peace.*"

Anne of Austria smiled at this jeu-de-mot. The duke of Bouillon, seizing the moment to bring forward the grand question he had in view, quitted Cinq-Mars, to whom he had just given his hand with an air of the most zealous friendship, and approaching the queen with him:—

"It is miraculous, madam," said he, "that this period still contains in its bosom some noble characters, such as these;" and he pointed to the master of the horse, to young Beauvau, and to de Thou: "it is only in them that we can place our hope for the future: such men are indeed very rare now, for the great leveller has passed a long scythe over France."

"Is it of Time you speak," said the queen, "or of a real personage?"

"Too real, too living, too long living, madam," replied the duke, becoming more animated; "but his measureless ambition, his colossal selfishness can no longer be endured. All those who have a noble heart are indignant at this yoke, and at this moment more than ever we see misfortunes threatening us in the future. It must be said, madam; yes, it is no longer time to blind ourselves to the truth, or to conceal it: the king's illness is serious; the moment for thinking and resolving has arrived, for the time to act is not far distant."

The severe and abrupt tone of M. de Bouillon did not surprise Anne of Austria, but she had always seen him *more calm,* and was therefore somewhat alarmed by the

disquietude he betrayed: quitting accordingly the tone of pleasantry which she had at first adopted, she said:

"How, what fear you, and what would you do?"

"I fear nothing for myself, madam, for the army of Italy or Sedan will always secure my safety; but I fear for you, and perhaps for the princes, your sons."

"For my children, monsieur le duc, for the sons of France? Do you hear him, my brother, and do you not appear astonished?"

The queen was deeply agitated.

"No, madam," said Gaston d'Orleans, calmly; "you know that I am accustomed to persecution; I am prepared to expect anything from that man; he is master, we must be resigned."

"He master!" exclaimed the queen; "and from whom does he hold his powers, if not from the king? and after the king what hand will sustain him, so please you? who will prevent him from again returning to nothing? will it be you or I?"

"It will be himself," interrupted M. de Bouillon, "for he seeks to be named regent; and I know that at this moment he contemplates taking your children from you, and requiring the king to confide them to his care."

"Take them from me!" cried the mother, involuntarily seizing the dauphin, and taking him in her arms.

The child, standing between the queen's knees, looked at the men who surrounded him with a gravity very singular for his age, and seeing his mother in tears placed the hand upon the little sword he wore.

"Ah, monseigneur," said the duke de Bouillon, bending half down to address to him what he intended for the princess, "it is not against us that you must draw your sword, but against him who is undermining your throne; he prepares a mighty power for you, no doubt; you will have an absolute sceptre, but he has broken the armed fasces which sustained it. That fasces was your ancient nobility whom he has decimated. When you are king, you will be a great king, I foresee it; but you will only have subjects, and no friends; for friendship exists only in independence and a kind of equality which takes its rise in force. Your ancestors *had their* peers, you will not have yours. May God

aid you then, monseigneur, for man may not do it without institutions. Be great; but above all, around you, a great man, let there be others as strong: so that if the one stumbles, the whole monarchy may not fall."

The duke de Bouillon had a warmth of expression and a confidence of manner which captivated those who heard him: his valour, his keen perception in the field, the profundity of his political views, his knowledge of the affairs of Europe, his reflective and decided character, all rendered him one of the most capable and imposing men of his time; the only one, indeed, whom the cardinal duke really feared. The queen always listened to him with confidence, and allowed him to acquire a sort of empire over her. She was now more deeply moved than ever.

"Ah! would to God," she exclaimed, "that my son's mind was ripe for your counsels, and his arm strong enough to profit by them; until that time, however, I will listen, I will act for him; it is I who should be, and it is I who shall be regent; I will not resign this right but with my life: if we must make war, we will make it, for I will do everything but submit to the shame and terror of yielding up the future Louis XIV. to this crowned subject. Yes," she went on, colouring, and closely pressing the young dauphin's arm; "yes, my brother, and you gentlemen, counsel me; speak, how do we stand? Must I depart? Speak openly. As a woman, as a wife, I could have wept my so mournful position; but now, see, as a mother, I do not weep. I am ready to give you orders if it be necessary."

Never had Anne of Austria looked so beautiful as at this moment, and the enthusiasm she manifested electrified all those present, who needed but a word from her mouth to speak. The duke de Bouillon cast a glance upon Monsieur, which decided him.

"Ma foi," said he, with deliberation, "if you give orders, my sister, I will be your captain of the guards, on my honour; for I too am weary of the vexations occasioned me by this knave, who still dares to persecute me, and seeks to break off my marriage; and still keeps my friends in the Bastille or has them assassinated, from time to time; and, besides, I am indignant," said he, recollecting

himself and assuming a more solemn air; "I am indignant at the misery of the people."

"My brother," returned the princess, energetically, "I take you at your word, for with you one must do so, and I hope that together we shall be strong enough for the purpose; do only as M. le conde de Soissons did, but survive your victory; side with me, as you did with M. de Montmorency, but leap the ditch."

Gaston felt the point of this; he called to mind the well-known incident, when the unfortunate rebel of Castelnaudary leaped almost alone a large ditch, and found on the other side seventeen wounds, a prison, and death, in the sight of Monsieur, who remained motionless with his army. In the rapidity of the queen's enunciation he had not time to examine whether she had employed this expression proverbially or with a direct reference; but at all events he decided not to notice it, and was indeed prevented from doing so by the queen, who continued, looking at Cinq-Mars—

"But, above all, no panic terror; let us know exactly where we are, Monsieur le Grand; you have just left the king? is there fear with you?"

D'Effiat had not ceased to observe Maria di Gonzaga, whose expressive countenance exhibited to him all her ideas, far more rapidly and more surely than words; he read there the desire that he should speak, the desire that he should confirm the prince and the queen; an impatient movement of her foot conveyed to him her will that the thing should be accomplished, the conspiracy arranged. His face became pale and more pensive; he collected his thoughts for a moment, for he felt that his destiny was in that hour. De Thou looked at him and trembled, for he knew him well; he would fain have said one word to him, one only word, but Cinq-Mars had already raised his head: he spoke:

"I do not think, madam, that the king is so ill as you suppose; God will long preserve to us this prince; I hope so, I am even sure of it. He suffers, it is true, suffers much; but it is his soul more peculiarly that is sick, and of an evil which nothing can cure, of an evil which one would not wish to one's greatest enemy, and which would gain him the pity of the whole world, if it were known. The end of his misery,

that is to say of his life, will not be granted him for a long time. His languor is entirely moral; there is in his heart a great revolution going on; he would accomplish it, and cannot; he has felt for many long years, growing within him the seeds of a just hatred against a man to whom he thinks he owes gratitude, and it is this internal combat between his natural goodness and his anger that devours him. Every year that has passed, has deposited at his feet, on one side, the great works of this man, and on the other his crimes. It is the last which now weigh down the balance; the king sees them and is indignant; he would punish, but all at once he stops and weeps. If you could witness him thus, madam, you would pity him. I have seen him seize the pen which was to sign his exile, dip it into the ink with a bold hand, and use it—for what? to congratulate him on some recent success. He at once applauds himself for his goodness as a Christian; curses himself for his weakness as a sovereign judge; despises himself as a king; he seeks a refuge in prayer, and plunges into meditation on the future; then he rises terrified, because he has seen in his thought the flames which this man merits, and which no one knows better than he how deeply he merits. You should hear him in these moments accuse himself of a guilty weakness, and exclaim that he shall himself be punished for not having known how to punish. One would say that there are spirits which order him to strike, for his arms are raised as he sleeps. In a word, madame, the storm murmurs in his heart, but burns none but himself; the lightning cannot escape."

"Well then, let us fire it!" exclaimed the duke de Bouillon.

"He who touches it may die of the contact," said Monsieur.

"But what a noble devotion!" cried the queen.

"How I should admire the hero," said Maria, in a half-whisper.

"I will do it," answered Cinq-Mars.

"*We* will do it," said M. de Thou, in his ear.

Young Beauvau had approached the duke de Bouillon.

"Monsieur," said he, "do you forget what follows?"

"*No, pardieu!* I do not forget it," replied the latter, in

a low voice; then addressing the queen,—"Madam," said he, "accept the offer of M. le Grand; he is more in a position to decide the king than either you or I; but hold yourself prepared, for the cardinal is too wary to be caught sleeping. I do not believe in his illness; I have no faith in the silence and immobility of which he has sought to persuade us this two years past; I would not believe in his death even, unless I had myself thrown his head into the sea, like that of the giant in Ariosto. Hold yourself ready to meet all contingencies, and let us, meanwhile, hasten our operations. I have shown my plans to Monsieur just now; I will give you a summary of them: I offer you Sedan, madam, for yourself and for messeigneurs, your sons. The army of Italy is mine; I will recal it if necessary. M. le Grand is master of half the camp of Perpignan; all the old Huguenots of La Rochelle and the South are ready to come to him at the first nod; all has been organized for a year past by my care, to meet events."

"I should not hesitate," said the queen, "to place myself in your hands, to save my children, if any misfortune should happen to the king. But in this general plan you forget Paris."

"It is ours on every side: the people by the archbishop, without his suspecting it, and by M. de Beaufort, who is its king; the troops by your guards and those of Monsieur, who shall be chief in command, if he please."

"Me! me! oh, that positively cannot be; I have not enough people, and I must have a retreat stronger than Sedan," said Gaston.

"It suffices for the queen," replied M. de Bouillon.

"Ah, that may be, but my sister does not risk so much as a man who draws the sword. Do you know these are bold measures you propose?"

"What, even if we have the king on our side?" asked Anne of Austria.

"Yes, madam, yes; we do not know how long that may last; we must make ourselves sure, and I do nothing without the treaty with Spain."

"Do nothing, then," said the queen, colouring deeply; "for certainly I will never hear that spoken of."

"And yet, madam, it were more prudent, and Monsieur is right," said the duke de Bouillon; "for the count-duke of San Lucra offers us seventeen thousand men, tried troops, and five hundred thousand crowns in ready money."

"What!" exclaimed the queen, with astonishment, "have you dared to proceed so far without my consent? already treaties with foreigners!"

"Foreigners! my sister; could we imagine that a princess of Spain would use that word?" said Gaston.

Anne of Austria rose, taking the dauphin by the hand, and leaning upon Maria:

"Yes, sir," she said; "I am a Spaniard, but I am the granddaughter of Charles the Fifth, and I know that a queen's country is where her throne is. I leave you, gentlemen; proceed without me; I know nothing of the matter for the future."

She advanced some steps, but seeing Maria pale and bathed in tears, she returned.

"I will, however, solemnly promise you inviolable secresy; but nothing more."

All were mentally disconcerted, except the duke de Bouillon, who, not willing to lose the advantages he had gained, said to her, bowing respectfully:

"We are grateful for this promise, madam, and we ask no more, persuaded that after the first success you will be entirely with us."

Not wishing to engage in a war of words, the queen courtesied, somewhat less coldly, and quitted the apartment with Maria, who cast upon Cinq-Mars one of those looks which comprehend at once all the emotions of the soul. He seemed to read in her beautiful eyes the eternal and mournful devotion of a woman who has given herself up for ever; and he felt that, if he had once thought of withdrawing from his enterprise, he should now have considered himself the basest of men. As soon as the two princesses had disappeared:

"There, there, I told you so, Bouillon, you offend the queen," said Monsieur; "you went too far; you cannot, certainly, accuse me of having been hesitating this morning; I have, on the contrary, shown more resolution than *I ought to* have done."

"I am full of joy and gratitude towards her majesty," said M. de Bouillon, with a triumphant air; "we are sure of the future. What will you do now, monsieur de Cinq-Mars?"

"I have told you, sir; I draw not back, whatever the consequences. I will see the king; I will run every risk to obtain his assent."

"And the treaty with Spain?"

"Yes, I—"

De Thou seized Cinq-Mars by the arm, and advancing suddenly, said with a solemn air:

"We have decided that it shall be only signed after the interview with the king; for should his majesty's just severity towards the cardinal dispense with it, we have thought it better not to expose ourselves to the discovery of so dangerous a treaty."

M. de Bouillon frowned.

"If I did not know M. de Thou," said he, "I should have regarded this as a defection; but from him——"

"Sir," replied the counsellor, "I think I may engage myself, on my honour, to do all that M. le Grand does; we are inseparable."

Cinq-Mars looked at his friend, and was astonished to see upon his mild countenance the expression of sombre despair; he was so struck with it, that he had not the courage to gainsay him.

"He is right, gentlemen," he said, with a cold but kindly smile, "the king will perhaps spare us much trouble: we may do good things with him. For the rest, monseigneur, and you, monsieur le duc," he added, with immoveable firmness, "fear not that I shall ever draw back; I have burned all the bridges behind me: I must advance; the cardinal's power shall fall, or my head."

"It is strange, very strange!" said Monsieur; "I see that every one here is further advanced in the conspiracy than I imagined."

"Not so, sir," said the duke de Bouillon; "we prepared only that which you might please to accept. Observe that there is nothing in writing; you have but to speak; and nothing exists or ever has existed: according to your order, the whole thing shall be a dream, or a volcano."

"Well, well, I am content, if it must be so," said Gaston; "let us occupy ourselves with more agreeable topics. Thank God we have a little time before us: I confess I wish that it were all over; I am not fitted for violent emotions, they affect my health," he added, taking M. de Beauvau's arm: "tell us if the Spanish women are still pretty, young man. It is said you are a great gallant among them. Tudieu! I'm sure you've got yourself talked of there. They tell me the women wear enormous petticoats. Well, I am not at all against that. They make the foot look smaller and prettier; I'm sure the wife of Don Louis de Haro is not handsomer than madame de Gueméné—is she? Come, be frank, I'm told she looks like a nun. Ah! you do not answer, you are embarrassed—she has then taken your fancy—or you fear to offend our friend M. de Thou in comparing her with the beautiful Gueméné. Well! let's talk of the customs: the king has a charming dwarf I'm told, and they put him in a pie. He is a fortunate man, that king of Spain! I don't know another equally so. And the queen, she is still served on bended knee, is she not? Ah! that is a good custom; we have lost it; it is very unfortunate, more unfortunate than may be supposed."

And Gaston d'Orleans had the confidence to speak in this tone nearly half an hour, with a young man whose serious character was not at all adapted to such conversation, and who, still occupied with the importance of the scene he had just witnessed, and the great interests which had been discussed, made no answer to this torrent of idle words; he looked at the duke de Bouillon with an astonished air, as if to ask him whether this was really the man whom they were going to place at the head of the most audacious enterprise that had been commenced for a long time; while the prince, without appearing to perceive that he remained unanswered, replied to himself, speaking with volubility, as he drew him gradually out of the room. He feared that one of the gentlemen present might recommence the terrible conversation about the treaty; but none desired to do so, unless it were the duke de Bouillon, who, however, preserved an angry silence. As for Cinq-Mars, he had been led away by de Thou, *under* cover of the chattering volley of Monsieur, who took *care not to* appear to notice their departure.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET.

" Et prononcés ensemble, à l'amitié fidèle,
Nos deux noms fraternels serviront de modèle."
A. SOUMET, *Clytemnestre.*

DE THOU had reached home with his friend, his doors were carefully shut, and orders given to admit no one and to excuse him to the refugees for allowing them to depart without seeing them again; and as yet the two friends had not spoken to each other.

The counsellor had thrown himself into his arm-chair, in deep meditation. Cinq-Mars, seated in the tall chimney-place, awaited, with a serious and sorrowful air, the termination of this silence. At length de Thou, looking fixedly at him, and crossing his arms, said, in a hollow and melancholy voice—

"This, then, is what you have come to! these, then, are the results of your ambition! You are about to banish, perhaps to slay a man, and to bring a foreign army into France; I am, then, to see you an assassin and a traitor to your country! By what paths have you arrived thus far? by what degrees have you descended so low?"

"Any other than yourself would not speak thus to me twice," said Cinq-Mars, coldly; "but I know you, and I like this explanation; I desired it, and sought it. You shall see my entire soul. I had at first another thought, a better one, perhaps, more worthy of our friendship, more worthy of friendship; friendship, the second thing upon earth."

He raised his eyes to heaven as he spoke, as if he there sought this divinity.

"Yes, it would have been better. I intended to have said nothing to you on this subject; it was a painful task to keep that silence; but hitherto I have succeeded. I wished to have conducted the whole enterprise without

you; to show you only the finished work. I wished to keep you out of the circle of my danger; but shall I confess my weakness? I feared to die, if I have to die, misjudged by you; I can well endure the idea of the world's malediction, but not of yours; but this has decided me upon avowing all to you."

"What! and but for this thought, you would have had the courage to conceal yourself for ever from me. Ah! dear Henri, what had I done that you should take this care of my life? By what fault have I merited to survive you, if you die? You have had the strength of mind to deceive me during two whole years; you have never presented to me aught of your life but its flowers; you have never entered my solitude but with a joyous countenance, and each time with a fresh favour; ah! you must be very guilty or very virtuous!"

"Do not seek in my soul more than it contains. Yes, I have deceived you, and therein was the only tranquil joy I had in the world. Forgive me for having stolen these moments from my destiny, so brilliant, alas! I was happy in the happiness you supposed me to enjoy; I made you happy in that dream, and I am only guilty now that I am about to destroy it, and to show myself as I was. Listen; I shall not detain you long; the story of an impassioned heart is ever simple. Once before, I remember, in my tent, when I was wounded, my secret had nearly escaped me; it would have been happy, perhaps, had it done so. Yet what would counsel have availed me? I should not have adopted it. In a word, 'tis Maria di Gonzaga whom I love."

"How! she who is to be queen of Poland?"

"If she is queen, it can only be after my death. But listen; for her I became a courtier; for her I have almost reigned in France; and for her I am about to fall—perhaps to die."

"Die! fall! when I have been reproaching your triumph! when I have wept over the sadness of your victory!"

"Ah! you but ill know me, if you suppose that I should be the dupe of fortune, when she smiles upon me; *if you* suppose that I have not seen to the bottom of my

destiny! I struggle against it, but 'tis the stronger I feel it; I have undertaken a task beyond human power, and I shall fail in it."

"Why, then, not stop? What is the use of intellect in the business of the world?"

"None; unless indeed it be to tell us the cause of our fall, and to enable us to foresee the day on which we shall fall. I cannot now recede. When a man is confronted with such an enemy as Richelieu, he must overcome him or be crushed by him. To-morrow I shall strike the last blow; did I not just now, in your presence, engage to do so?"

"And it is that very engagement that I would oppose. What confidence have you in those to whom you thus abandon your life? Have you not read their secret thoughts?"

"I know them all; I have read their hopes through their feigned rage; I know that they tremble while they threaten; I know that even now they are ready to make their peace by giving me up; but it is my part to sustain them and to decide the king. I must do it, for Maria is my betrothed, and my death is written at Narbonne. It is voluntarily, it is with a full knowledge of my fate that I have thus placed myself between the scaffold and supreme happiness. That happiness I must tear from the hands of fortune, or die on that scaffold. At this instant, I experience the joy of having broken through all doubt. What! blush you not at having thought me ambitious from a base egoism, like this cardinal; ambitious from a puerile desire for a power which is never satisfied? I am ambitious, but it is because I love. Yes, I love, and in that word all is comprised. But I accuse you unjustly; you have embellished my secret intentions, you have imparted to me noble designs (I remember them), high political conceptions; they are brilliant, they are grand, doubtless; but, shall I say it to you? those vague projects for the perfectionating of corrupt societies seem to me to crawl far below the devotion of love. When the whole soul vibrates full of that one thought, it has no room for the nice calculation of general interests; the topmost heights of the earth are far beneath heaven."

De Thou shook his head.

"What can I answer?" he said; "I do not understand you; your reasoning unreasons you; you hunt a shadow."

"Ay," continued Cinq-Mars; "far from destroying my strength, this inward fire has developed it; I have calculated everything; a slow course has led me to the end which I am about to attain. Maria held me by the hand; could I retreat? I would not have done it though a world faced me. Hitherto, all has gone well; but an invisible barrier arrests me: this barrier must be broken; it is Richelieu. I but now, in your presence, undertook to do this; but, perhaps, I was too hasty. I now think I was so. Let him rejoice; he expected me. Doubtless, he foresaw that it would be the youngest whose patience would first fail; if he played on this calculation, he played well. Yet, but for the love that has precipitated me on, I should have been stronger than he, and by just means."

Then a sudden change came over the face of Cinq-Mars; he turned pale and red twice, and the veins of his forehead rose like blue lines drawn by an invisible hand.

"Yes," he added, rising, and clasping together his hands with a force which indicated violent despair concentred in his heart, "all the torments with which love can tear its victims, I have in my breast. This timid girl, for whom I would shake empires, for whom I have suffered all, even the favour of a prince (who, perhaps, has not felt all I have done for her), cannot yet be mine. She is mine before God, yet I am estranged from her; nay, I must hear daily discussed before me which of the thrones of Europe will best suit her, in conversations, wherein I may not even raise my voice to give an opinion, and in which they scorn for her princes of the blood royal, who yet have precedence far before me. I must conceal myself like a culprit to hear through a grating the voice of her who is my wife; in public I must bow before her! her husband, yet her servant! 'Tis too much; I cannot live thus; I must take the last step, whether it raise me or hurl me down."

"And for your personal happiness you would overthrow a state?"

"The happiness of the state concurs with mine. I *secure that* undoubtedly in destroying the tyrant of the

king. The horror with which this man inspires me has passed into my very blood. When I was first on my way to him, I encountered in my journey his greatest crime; he is the genius of evil for the unhappy king! I will exorcise him; I might have become the genius of good for Louis XIII.; it was one of the thoughts of Maria, her most cherished thought. But I do not think I shall triumph in the uneasy soul of the prince."

"Upon what do you rely then?" said de Thou.

"Upon the cast of a die. If his will can this once last for a few hours, I have gained; 'tis a last calculation on which my destiny hangs."

"And that of your Maria!"

"Could you suppose it?" said Cinq-Mars, impetuously; "no, no, if he abandons me, I sign the treaty of Spain; and then—war!"

"Ah! horror!" exclaimed the counsellor; "what! a war! a civil war! and a foreign alliance!"

"Ay, 'tis a crime," said Cinq-Mars, coldly; "but have I asked you to participate in it?"

"Cruel, ungrateful man," replied his friend, "can you speak to me thus? Know you not, have I not proved to you, that friendship holds the place of every passion in my heart? Can I survive the least of your misfortunes, far less your death? Still, let me influence you not to strike France. Oh, my friend! my only friend! I implore you on my knees, let us not thus be parricides, let us not assassinate our country! I say *us*, because I will never separate myself from your actions; preserve to me my self-esteem, for which I have laboured so long; sully not my life and my death, which I have devoted to you."

De Thou had fallen at the feet of his friend, who, unable to preserve his affected coldness, threw himself into his arms, as he raised him, and, pressing him to his heart, said, in a stifled voice:

"Why love me thus? what have you done, friend? Why love me? you who are wise, pure, and virtuous; you who are not led away by an insensate passion and the desire for vengeance; you whose soul is nourished only by religion and science, why love me? What has my friendship given you, but anxiety and pain? must it now

heap dangers on you? Separate yourself from me; we are no longer of the same nature; you see, courts have corrupted me; I have no longer openness, no longer goodness; I meditate the ruin of a man—I can deceive a friend. Forget me, scorn me; I am not worthy of one of your thoughts, how should I be worthy of your perils?"

"By swearing to me not to betray the king and France," answered de Thou. "Know you that the preservation of your country is at stake; that if you yield to Spain our fortifications, she will never return them to you; that your name will be a horror to posterity; that French mothers will curse it when they shall be forced to teach their children a foreign language; know you all this? —come."

And he drew him towards the bust of Louis XIII.

"Swear before him; (he is your friend also) swear never to sign this infamous treaty."

Cinq-Mars lowered his eyes, but with inflexible tenacity answered, although he blushed as he did so:

"I have said it, if they force me to it, I will sign."

De Thou turned pale, and let fall his hand; he took two turns in his room, his arms crossed, in inexpressible anguish. At last, he advanced solemnly towards the bust of his father, and opened a large book standing at its foot, he turned to a page already marked, and read aloud:

'*I think, therefore, that M. de Lignebœuf was justly condemned to death by the parliament of Rouen, for not having revealed the conspiracy of Catteville against the state.*'

Then, keeping the book respectfully opened in his hand, and contemplating the image of the president de Thou, whose *Memoirs* he held, he continued:

"Yes, my father, you thought well; I shall be a criminal, I shall merit death; but can I do otherwise? I will not denounce this traitor, because that also would be treason, and he is my friend, and he is unhappy."

Then, advancing towards Cinq-Mars, and again taking his hand, he said:

"I do much for you in acting thus; but expect nothing further from me, sir, if you sign this treaty."

Cinq-Mars was moved to the heart's core by this scene,

for he felt all that his friend must suffer in casting him off. Checking, however, the tears which were rising to his smarting lids, and embracing de Thou tenderly, he exclaimed:

"Ah, de Thou, I find you still perfect. Yes, you do me a service in alienating yourself from me; for if your lot had been linked to mine, I should not have dared to dispose of my life; I should have hesitated to sacrifice it in case of need; but now I shall assuredly do so; and, I repeat to you, if they force me, I will sign the treaty with Spain."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HUNTING PARTY.

"On a bien de grâces à rendre à son étoile quand on peut quitter les hommes sans être obligé de leur faire du mal et de se déclarer leur ennemi."—CH. NODIER, *Jean Sbogar.*

MEANWHILE the illness of the king threw France into a consternation, which unsettled states ever feel on the approach of the death of princes. Although Richelieu was the centre of the monarchy, he only reigned in the name of Louis XIII., and as enveloped with the splendour of that name which he had aggrandized. Absolute as he was over his master, he still feared him; and this fear reassured the nation against his ambitious desires, of which the king himself was the fixed barrier. But this prince dead, what would the imperious minister do?—where would that man stop who had already dared so much? Accustomed to wield the sceptre, who would prevent him from still bearing it, and from inscribing his name alone at the foot of the laws which he alone should dictate? These terrors agitated all minds. The people in vain looked throughout the kingdom for those colossuses of the nobility, at the feet of whom it had been wont to find shelter in political storms; it now only saw their recent tombs; the parliaments were dumb, and men felt that nothing could be opposed to the monstrous growth of

this usurping power. No one was entirely deceived by the affected sufferings of the minister; none were touched with that feigned agony which had too often deceived the public hope, and distance nowhere prevented the weight of the finger of the dreaded *parvenu* from being felt.

The love of the people soon revived towards the son of Henry IV.; they hastened to the churches, they prayed, and often even wept. Unfortunate princes are always loved. The melancholy of Louis, and his mysterious sorrow, interested all France; and still living, they already regretted him, as if each man had wished to have been the depositary of his troubles, ere he carried away with him the grand secret of what is suffered by the men placed so high that they can see nothing before them but their tomb.

The king, wishing to reassure the whole nation, announced the temporary re-establishment of his health, and ordered the court to prepare for a grand hunting party, to be given at Chambord, a royal domain, whither his brother, the duc d'Orleans, prayed him to return.

This beautiful abode was the favourite retreat of the king, doubtless because, in harmony with his feelings, it combined grandeur with sadness. He often passed whole months there, without seeing any one whatsoever, incessantly reading and re-reading mysterious papers, writing unknown matters, which he locked up in an iron coffer, of which he alone had the key. He sometimes delighted in being served by a single domestic, and thus so forget himself by the absence of his suite, as to live for many days together like a poor man, or an exiled citizen, loving to figure to himself misery or persecution, in order the better to enjoy royalty afterwards. Another time, he would be in a more entire solitude; and, having forbidden any human creature to approach him, clothed in the habit of a monk, he would shut himself up in the vaulted chapel; there, reading the life of Charles the Fifth, he would imagine himself at Saint Just, and chant over himself that mass for the dead, which brought death upon the head of the Spanish monarch. But, in the midst of these very chants and meditations, his feeble mind *was pursued* and distracted by contrary images. Never

did life and the world appear to him more fair than in solitude, among the tombs. Between his eyes and the page which he endeavoured to read, passed brilliant processions, victorious armies, or nations transported with love; he saw himself powerful, combating, triumphant, adored; and if a ray of the sun through the large windows fell upon him, suddenly rising from the foot of the altar, he felt himself carried away by a thirst for daylight and the open air, which led him from his gloomy retreat; but, returned to real life, he found there once more disgust and ennui, for the first men he met recalled his power to his recollection by their homage. It was then that he believed in friendship, and called it to his side; but scarcely was he certain of its possession than an unconquerable scruple suddenly seized upon his soul—it was that of a too powerful attachment to the creature, turning him from the Creator, or, more frequently, an inward reproach for removing himself too much from the affairs of the state; the object of his momentary affection then seemed to him a despotic being, whose power drew him from his duties; but, unfortunately for his favourites, he had not the strength of mind outwardly to manifest towards them the resentment he felt, and thus to warn them of their danger; but continuing to caress them, added, by this constraint, fuel to the secret fire of his heart, and was impelled to absolute hatred of them; there were moments when he was capable of going to any lengths against them.

Cinq-Mars perfectly knew the weakness of that mind, which could not keep firmly in any path, and the weakness of that heart, which could neither wholly love nor wholly hate. Thus the position of favourite, the envy of all France, the object of jealousy, even on the part of the great minister, was so precarious and so painful, that, but for his love, he would have burst his golden chains with greater joy than a galley-slave feels when he sees the last ring that for two long years he has been filing with a steel spring concealed in his mouth, fall to the earth. This impatience to meet the fate he saw so near, hastened the explosion of that patiently excavated mine, as he had declared to his friend; but his situation was then that of a man who, placed by the side

of the book of life, should see passing over it, the hand which is to trace out his damnation or his salvation. He set out with Louis to Chambord, resolved to take the first opportunity favourable to his design. It soon presented itself.

The very morning of the day appointed for the chase, the king sent word to him that he was waiting for him on the *Escalier du Lys*. It may not, perhaps, be profitless to speak of this astonishing construction.

Four leagues from Blois, and one league from the Loire, in a small and very deep valley, between marshy swamps and a wood of large oaks, far from any high road, the traveller suddenly comes upon a royal, or rather magic castle. It might be said, that compelled by some wonderful lamp, a geni of the East had carried it off during one of the "thousand and one nights," and had brought it from the country of the sun, to conceal it in the land of fogs and mist, as the abode of the mistress of a handsome prince. This palace is hidden like a treasure; but with its blue domes, its elegant minarets, rising from thick walls or shooting into the air, its long terraces overlooking the wood, its light spires waving with the wind, its crescents everywhere rising over its colonnades, one might imagine oneself in the kingdom of Bagdad or of Cachmire, did not their blackened walls, with their covering of moss and ivy, and the pallid and melancholy hue of the sky, denote a rainy climate. It was indeed a genius who raised this building; but he came from Italy, and his name was Primaticcio. It was indeed a handsome prince whose amours were concealed in it; but he was a king, and he was named Francis I. His Salamander still spouts fire everywhere about it; it sparkles in a thousand places, on the arched roofs, and multiplies the flames there like the stars of heaven; it supports the capitals with its burning crown; it colours the windows with its fires; it meanders up and down the secret staircases; and everywhere seems to devour with its flaming glances the triple crescent of a mysterious Diana—that Diana of Poitiers, twice a goddess and twice adored in these voluptuous woods.

The base of this strange monument, is like the monument itself, full of elegance and mystery; there is a double

staircase, which rises in two interwoven spirals from the most remote foundations of the edifice up to the highest points, and ends in a lantern or small lattice work cabinet, surmounted by a colossal fleur-de-lys, visible from a great distance; two men may ascend it at the same moment, without seeing each other.

This staircase alone seems like a little isolated temple: like our churches, it is sustained and protected by the arcades of its thin, light, transparent, open-work wings; one would think the docile stone had given itself to the finger of the architect; it seems, so to speak, kneaded according to the slightest caprice of his imagination. One can hardly conceive how the plans were traced, in what terms the orders were explained to the workmen; the whole thing appears a transient thought, a brilliant reverie that at once assumed a durable form; the realization of a dream.

Cinq-Mars was slowly ascending the broad stairs which led him to the king's presence, and stopping longer at each step, in proportion as he approached him, either from disgust at the idea of seeing the prince whose daily complaints he had to listen to, or thinking of what he was about to do, when the sound of a guitar struck his ear. He recognised the beloved instrument of Louis and his sad, feeble, and trembling voice, faintly re-echoed from the vaulted ceiling; he seemed trying one of those romances, which himself was wont to compose, and several times repeated an incomplete strain with a trembling hand. The words could scarcely be distinguished; all that Cinq-Mars heard were a few such as *Abandon, ennui du monde, et belle flamme.*

The young favourite shrugged his shoulders as he listened.

"What new chagrin moves thee?" he said; "come let me again attempt to read that chilled heart which thinks it needs something."

He entered the narrow cabinet.

Clothed in black, half reclining on a couch, his elbows resting upon pillows, the prince was languidly touching the chords of his guitar; he ceased this, when he saw the grand-écuyer enter, and raising his large eyes to him, with an air of reproach, swayed his head to and fro for a

long time without speaking; then in a plaintive but emphatic tone he said—

"What do I hear, Cinq-Mars!—what do I hear of your conduct. How much do you pain me by forgetting all my counsels! you have formed a guilty intrigue; was it from you I was to expect such things? you whom I so loved for your piety and virtue!"

Full of his political projects, Cinq-Mars thought himself discovered, and could not help a momentary anxiety; but, perfectly master of himself, he answered without hesitation:

"Yes, sire, and I was about to declare it to you, for I am accustomed to open my soul to you."

"Declare it to me!" exclaimed the king, turning red and white, as under the shivering of a fever; "and you dare to contaminate my ears with these horrible avowals, sir, and to speak so calmly of your disorder. Go, you deserve to be condemned to the galley, like Rondin; it is a crime of high treason you have committed in your want of faith towards me. I had rather you were a coiner, like the marquis de Coucy, or at the head of the Croquants, than do as you have done; you dishonour your family, and the memory of the maréchal your father."

Cinq-Mars, deeming himself wholly lost, put the best face he could upon the matter, and said with an air of resignation:

"Well, then, sire! send me to be judged and put to death; but spare me your reproaches."

"Do you insult me, you petty country-squire?" answered Louis. "I know very well that you have not incurred the penalty of death in the eyes of men, but it is at the tribunal of God, sir, that you will be judged."

"Heavens, sire!" replied the impetuous young man, whom the insulting phrase of the king had offended, "why do you not allow me to return to the province you so much despise, as I have sought to do a hundred times! I will go there; I cannot support the life I lead with you; an angel could not bear it. Once more, let me be judged if I am guilty, or allow me to return to Touraine. It is you who have ruined me in attaching me to your person; if you have caused me to conceive lofty hopes, which you afterwards overthrew, is that my fault?

Wherefore have you made me grand-écuyer, if I was not to rise higher? In a word, am I your friend or not? and, if I am, why may I not be duke, peer, or even constable, as well as M. de Luynes, whom you loved so much because he trained falcons for you? Why am I not admitted to the council? I could speak as well as any of the old ruffs there; I have new ideas, and a better arm to serve you. It is your cardinal who has prevented you from summoning me there; and it is because he keeps you from me that I detest him," continued Cinq-Mars, clenching his fist, as if Richelieu stood before him; "yes, I would kill him with my own hand, if need were."

D'Effiat's eyes were inflamed with anger; he stamped his foot as he spoke, and turned his back to the king, like a sulky child, leaning against one of the columns of the cupola.

Louis, who recoiled before all resolution, and who was always terrified by the irreparable, took his hand.

O weakness of power! O caprices of the human heart! it was by this childish impetuosity, these very defects of his age, that this young man governed the king of France, as effectually as did the first politician of the time. This prince believed, and with some show of reason, that a character so hasty must be sincere; and even his fiery rage did not anger him; it did not apply to the real subject of his reproaches, and he could well pardon him for hating the cardinal. The very idea of his favourite's jealousy of the minister pleased him, because it indicated attachment, and all he dreaded was his indifference. Cinq-Mars knew this, and had desired to make it a means of escape, preparing the king to regard all that he had done as child's play, as the consequence of his friendship for him; but the danger was not so great, and he breathed freely when the prince said to him:

"The cardinal is not in question here; I love him no more than you do; but it is with your scandalous conduct I reproach you, and which I shall have much difficulty to pardon in you. What, sir! I learn that instead of devoting yourself to the pious exercises to which I have accustomed you—when I fancy you are at your *Salut* or your *Angelus*, you are off from St. Germain, and go

to pass a portion of the night—with whom? Dare I speak of it without sin? With a woman lost in reputation, who can have no relations with you but such as are pernicious to the safety of your soul, and who receives free-thinkers at her house—in a word, Marion de Lorme! What have you to say?—speak."

Leaving his hand in that of the king, but still leaning against the column, Cinq-Mars answered:

"Is it, then, so culpable to leave grave occupations for others more serious still? If I go to the house of Marion de Lorme, it is to hear the conversation of the learned men who assemble there. Nothing is more harmless than these meetings; readings are given there which, it is true, sometimes extend far into the night, but which commonly tend to exalt the soul, so far from corrupting it. Besides, you have never commanded me to account to you for all that I do; I should have informed you of this long ago, if you had desired it."

"Ah! Cinq-Mars! Cinq-Mars! where is your confidence? Do you feel no need of it? It is the first condition of a perfect friendship, such as ours ought to be, such as my heart requires."

The voice of Louis became more affectionate, and the favourite, looking at him over his shoulder, assumed an air less angry, but still simply ennuyé, and resigned to listening to him.

"How often have you deceived me!" continued the king; "can I trust myself to you? Are they not fops and gallants whom you meet at the house of this woman? Do not courtesans go there?"

"Heavens! no, sire; I often go there with one of my friends, a gentleman of Touraine, named René Descartes."

"Descartes! I know that name! Yes, he is an officer who distinguished himself at the siege of Rochelle, and who dabbles in writing; he has a good reputation for piety, but he is connected with Desbarreaux, who is a free-thinker. I am sure that you must mix with many persons who are not fit company for you; many young men without family, without birth. Come, tell me whom saw you last there?"

"Truly, I can scarcely remember their names," said

Cinq-Mars, looking at the ceiling; "sometimes I do not even ask them. There was, in the first place, a certain monsieur—monsieur Groot, or Grotius, a Hollander."

"I know him, a friend of Barnevelt; I pay him a pension. I liked him well enough, but the card.... but I was told that he was a high Calvinist."

"I also saw an Englishman, named John Milton; he is a young man just come from Italy, and is returning to London; he scarcely speaks at all."

"I don't know him,—not at all, but I'm sure he's some other Calvinist. And the Frenchmen, who were they?"

"The young man who wrote *Cinna*, and who has been thrice rejected at the *Academie eminente;* he was angry that du Ryer occupied his place there. He is called Corneille."

"Well," said the king, folding his arms, and looking at him with an air of triumph and reproach—"I ask you who are these people? Is it in such a circle that you ought to be seen?"

Cinq-Mars was confounded at this observation, which hurt his self-pride, and, approaching the king, he said:

"You are right, sire; but there can be no harm in passing an hour or two in listening to good conversation; besides, many courtiers go there, such as the duke de Bouillon, M. d'Aubijoux, the comte de Brion, the cardinal de la Vallette, MM. de Montrésor, Fontrailles; men illustrious in the sciences, as Mairet, Colletet, Desmarets, author of *Araine;* Faret, Doujat, Charpentier, who wrote the *Cyropédie;* Giry, Besons, and Baro, the continuer of *Astrée*—all academicians."

"Ah! now, indeed, here are men of real merit," said Louis: "there is nothing to be said against them; one cannot but gain from their society. Theirs are settled reputations, they're men of weight. Come, let us make up—shake hands, child. I permit you to go there sometimes, but do not deceive me any more; you see I know all. Look at this."

So saying, the king took from a great iron chest set against the wall, enormous packets of paper scribbled over with very fine writing. Upon one was written *Baradas*, upon another *d'Hautefort*, upon a third La

Fayette, and finally, *Cinq-Mars*. He stopped at the latter, and continued:

"See, how many times you have deceived me! These are the continual faults of which I have myself kept a register during the two years I have known you; I have written out our conversations day by day. Sit down."

Cinq-Mars obeyed with a sigh, and had the patience for two long hours to listen to a summary of what his master had had the patience to write in the course of two years. He yawned many times during the reading, as no doubt we should all do, were it needful to report this dialogue, which was found in perfect order with his will, at the death of the king. We shall only say that he finished thus:

"In fine, hear what you did on the 7th of December, three days ago. I was speaking to you of the flight of the hawk, and of the knowledge of hunting, in which you are deficient; I said to you, on the authority of *La Chasse Royale*, a work of king Charles IX., that after the hunter has accustomed his dog to follow a beast, he must consider him as of himself desirous of returning to the wood, and the dog must not be rebuked or struck in order to make him follow the track well; and that, in order to teach a dog to set well, creatures that are not game must not be allowed to pass or run, nor must any scents be missed, without putting his nose to them.

"Hear what you replied to me (and in a tone of ill-humour—mind that!)—'*Ma foi*, sire, give me rather regiments to conduct than birds and dogs. I am sure that people would laugh at you and me if they knew how we occupy ourselves.' And on the 8th—wait, yes, on the 8th—while we were singing vespers together in my chambers, you threw your book angrily into the fire, which was an impiety; and afterwards you told me that you had let it drop; a sin—a mortal sin; see, I have written below—*lie*, underlined. People never deceive me, I assure you."

"But, sire——"

"Wait a moment—wait a moment! In the evening you told me the cardinal had burnt a man unjustly, and out of *personal* hatred."

"And I repeat it, and maintain it, and will prove it, sire; it is the greatest crime of all of that man whom you hesitate to disgrace, and who renders you unhappy. I, myself, saw all, heard all, at Loudun; Urbain Grandier was assassinated rather than tried. Hold, sire, since you have there all those memoranda in your own hand, merely reperuse the proofs which I then gave you of it."

Louis, seeking the page indicated, and going back to the journey from Perpignan to Paris, read the whole narrative with attention, exclaiming:

"What horrors! How is it that I have forgotten all this! This man fascinates me—that's certain. You are my true friend, Cinq-Mars. What horrors! my reign will be stained by them. What! he prevented the letters of all the nobility and notables of the district from reaching me! Burn, burn alive! without proofs! for revenge! A man, a people have invoked my name in vain—a family curses me! Oh! how unhappy are kings!"

And the prince, as he concluded, threw aside his papers, and wept.

"Ah! sire, those are blessed tears that you weep!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, with sincere admiration; "would that all France were here with me!—she would be astonished at this spectacle, and would scarcely believe it."

"Astonished! France, then, does not know me?"

"No, sir," said d'Effiat, frankly, "no one knows you; and I, myself, with the rest of the world, at times accuse you of coldness and indifference."

"Of coldness! when I am dying with sorrow; of coldness! when I have immolated myself to their interests! Ungrateful nation! I have sacrificed all to it, even pride, even the happiness of guiding it myself, because I feared on its account for my fluctuating life; I have given my sceptre to be borne by a man I hate, because I believed his hand to be stronger than my own; I have endured the ill he has done to myself, thinking that he did good to my people; I have hidden my own tears to dry theirs; and I see that my sacrifice has been even greater than I thought it, for they have not perceived it; they have believed me incapable because I was kind, and without power because

I mistrusted my own; but no matter, God sees and knows me!"

"Ah! sire, show yourself to France, such as you are; reassume your usurped power; France will do for your love what she would never do from fear. Return to life, and reascend the throne.

"No, no; my life is well-nigh finished, my dear friend; I am no longer capable of the labour of supreme command."

"Ah, sire, this persuasion alone destroys your vigour. It is time that men should cease to confound power with crime, and to call this union, genius. Let your voice be heard proclaiming to the world that the reign of virtue is about to begin with your own; and henceforth, those enemies, whom vice has so much difficulty in suppressing, will fall before a word uttered from your heart. No one has, as yet, calculated all that the good faith of a king of France may do for his people, that people who are drawn so instantaneously towards all that is good and beautiful by their imagination and warmth of soul, and who are always ready with every kind of devotion. The king your father led us by a smile. What would not one of your tears do!"

During this address, the king, very much surprised, frequently reddened, hemmed and gave signs of great embarrassment, as always happened when any attempt was made to bring him to a decision; he also felt the approach of a conversation of too high an order, which the timidity of his soul forbade him to venture upon; and, repeatedly putting his hand to his chest, knitting his brows as if suffering violent pain, he endeavoured to relieve himself by the apparent attack of illness from the embarrassment of answering; but, either from passion or from a resolution to strike the crowning blow, Cinq-Mars went on calmly and with a solemnity that awed Louis, who, forced into his last entrenchments, at length said—

"But Cinq-Mars, how can I rid myself of a minister who for eighteen years past has surrounded me with his creatures?"

"*He is* not so very powerful," replied the grand-

écuyer; "and his friends will be his most sure enemies, if you but make a sign of your head. The ancient league of the *princes of peace* still exists, sire, and it is only the respect due to the choice of your majesty that prevents it from manifesting itself."

"Ah, mon Dieu! thou mayst tell them not to stop on my account. I would not restrain them; they surely do not accuse me of being a cardinalist. If my brother will give me the means of replacing Richelieu, I will adopt them with all my heart."

"I believe, sire, that he will to-day speak to you of M. le duc de Bouillon; all the royalists demand him."

"I don't dislike him," said the king, arranging his pillows; "I don't dislike him at all, although he is somewhat factious. We are relatives; knowest thou, *cher ami*," and he placed on this favourite expression more emphasis than usual—"knowest thou that he is descended in direct line from Saint Louis, by Charlotte de Bourbon, daughter of the duke de Montpensier? Knowest thou that seven princes of the blood-royal have been united to his house, and eight daughters of his family, one of whom was a queen, have been married to princes of the blood-royal? Oh! I don't at all dislike him; I have never said so—never!"

"Well, sire," said Cinq-Mars with confidence,—"Monsieur and he will explain to you, during the hunt, how all is prepared, who are the men that may be put in the place of his creatures, who the field-marshals and the colonels who may be depended upon against Fabert and the cardinalists of Perpignan. You will see that the minister has very few for him.

"The queen, monsieur, the nobility, and the parliaments are on our side; and the thing is done from the moment that your majesty is not opposed to it. It has been proposed to get rid of the cardinal, as the maréchal d'Ancre was got rid of, who deserved it less than he."

"As Concini?" said the king. "Oh, no, it must not be. I positively cannot consent to it. He is a priest and a cardinal—we shall be excommunicated. But if there be any other means, I am very willing; thou mayst speak of it to thy friends, and I on my side will think of the matter."

The word once spoken, the king gave himself up to his resentment, as if he had satisfied it, as if the blow were already struck. Cinq-Mars was vexed to see this, for he feared that his anger, thus vented, might not be of long duration. However, he put faith in his last words, especially when, after numberless complaints, Louis added—

"And would you believe that though now for two years I have mourned my mother, ever since that day when he so cruelly mocked me before my whole court by asking for her recal when he knew she was dead—ever since that day, I have been trying in vain to get them to bury her in France with my fathers? He has exiled even her ashes!"

At this moment Cinq-Mars thought he heard a sound on the staircase; the king reddened.

"Go," he said, "go; make haste, and prepare for the hunt; thou wilt ride next to my carriage. Go quickly, I desire it—go!"

And he himself pushed Cinq-Mars towards the entrance by which he had come.

The favourite went out, but his master's anxiety had not escaped him.

He slowly descended, and tried to divine the cause of it in his mind, when he thought he heard the sound of feet ascending the other staircase; he stopped—they stopped; he re-ascended, they seemed to him to descend; he knew that nothing could be seen between the interstices of the architecture, and he quitted the place, impatient and very uneasy, and determined to remain at the door of the entrance to see who should come out. But he had scarcely raised the tapestry which veiled the entrance to the guard-room, than he was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers who had been awaiting him, and was fain to proceed to the work of issuing the orders connected with his post, or to receive respects, communications, solicitations, presentations, recommendations, embraces—to observe that infinitude of relations which surround a favourite, and which require constant and sustained attention, for any absence of mind might cause great misfortunes. He thus almost forgot the trifling circumstance

which had made him uneasy, and which he thought might after all have only been a freak of the imagination; giving himself up to the sweets of a kind of continual apotheosis, he mounted his horse in the great court-yard, attended by noble pages, and surrounded by brilliant gentlemen.

Monsieur soon arrived, followed by his people, and in an hour the king appeared, pale, languishing, and supported by four men. Cinq-Mars, dismounting, assisted him into a kind of small and very low carriage, called a *brouette*, and the horses of which, very docile and quiet ones, the king himself drove. The prickers on foot, at the doors, held the dogs in leash; and at the sound of the horn, scores of young nobles mounted, and all set out to the place of meeting.

It was a farm called l'Ormage that the king had fixed upon, and all the court, accustomed to his ways, diffused themselves through the roads of the park, while the king slowly followed an isolated path, having at his side the grand écuyer and four persons whom he had signed to approach him.

The aspect of this pleasure-party was sinister; the approach of winter had stripped well nigh all the leaves from the great oaks in the park, whose dark branches now stood up against a grey sky, like branches of funereal candelabras; a light fog seemed to indicate rain; through the melancholy boughs of the thinned wood, the heavy carriages of the court were seen slowly passing on, filled with women, uniformly dressed in black, and obliged to await the result of a chase which they did not witness; the distant hounds gave tongue, and the horn was sometimes faintly heard like a sigh; a cold, cutting wind obliged every man to cover; and some of the women putting over their faces a veil, or mask of black velvet, to keep themselves from the air which the curtains of their carriages did not intercept (for there were no glasses at that time), seemed to wear what is called a domino. All was languishing and sad. The only relief was hat, ever and anon, groups of young men, in the excitement of the chase, flew past the avenue like the wind, cheering on the dogs or sounding their horns; then all again

became silent; as, after the discharge of fire-works, the sky appears darker than before.

In a path parallel with that followed by the king, were several courtiers enveloped in their cloaks. Appearing little intent upon the stag, they rode even with the king's brouette, and never lost sight of him. They conversed in low tones.

"Excellent! Fontrailles—excellent! victory! The king takes his arm every moment. See how he smiles upon him! See! M. le Grand dismounts and gets into the brouette by his side. Come, come, the old fox is done at last."

"Ah! that's nothing; did not you see how the king shook hands with Monsieur? he's made a sign to you, Montrésor. Look! Gondi."

"Look, indeed! that's very easy to say; but I don't see with my own eyes; I have only those of faith, and yours. Well! what are they doing now? I wish to Heaven I were not so near-sighted! Tell me, what are they doing?"

Montrésor answered:

"The king bends his ear towards the duc de Bouillon, who is speaking to him—he speaks again—he gesticulates —he does not cease! Oh, he'll be minister!"

"He will be minister!" said Fontrailles.

"He will be minister!" echoed the comte du Lude.

"Oh, no doubt of it!" said Montrésor.

"I hope he'll give me a regiment, and I'll marry my cousin," cried Olivier d'Entraigues with boyish vivacity.

The abbé Gondi sneered, and looking up at the sky, began to sing to a hunting tune:

"'Les étourneaux ont le vent bon,
Ton ton, ton ton, ton taine, ton ton—'

"I think, gentlemen, you are more short-sighted than I, or else miracles will come to pass in the year of grace 1642; for M. de Bouillon is no nearer being prime minister, though the king do embrace him, than I. He has good qualities, but he will not do; his qualities are not various enough. However, I have much respect for his

great and singularly foolish town of Sedan, which is a fine shelter in case of need."

Montrésor and the rest were too attentive to every gesture of the prince to answer him, and they continued:

"See, M. le Grand takes the reins, and is driving."

The abbé replied with the same air:

"Si vous conduisez ma brouette,
Ne versez pas, beau postillon,
Ton ton, ton ton, ton taine, ton ton."

"Ah! abbé, your songs will drive me mad," said Fontrailles; "you've got airs ready for every event in life."

"I will also find you events which shall go to all the airs," answered Gondi.

"Faith, the air of these pleases me," said Fontrailles, in an under voice; "I shall not be obliged by Monsieur to carry his confounded treaty to Madrid, and I'm not sorry for it; it is a somewhat touchy commission; the Pyrenees are not so easily passed as may be supposed; the cardinal is on the road."

"Ah! ah!" cried Montrésor.

"Ah! ah!" said Olivier.

"Well! what is't with you? ah! ah!" asked Gondi; "what have you discovered so fine?"

"Why, the king has again shaken hands with Monsieur. Thank Heaven, gentlemen, we're rid of the cardinal; the old boar is hunted down. Who will stick the knife into him? He must be thrown into the sea."

"That's too good for him," said Olivier; "he must be tried."

"Certainly," said the abbé, "and we shan't want charges against an insolent fellow, who has dared to discharge a page, shall we?" Then curbing his horse, and letting Olivier and Montrésor pass on, he leant towards M. du Lude, who was talking to two other serious personages, and said:

"In truth, I am tempted to let my valet-de-chambre into the secret; never was a conspiracy treated so lightly. Great enterprises require mystery; this would be an admirable one, if some trouble were taken with it. 'Tis in itself a finer one than I have ever read of in history;

there is stuff enough in it to upset three kingdoms, if necessary, and the blockheads will spoil all. It is really a pity; I should be very sorry. I've a taste for affairs of this kind, and in this one in particular I feel a special interest; there is grandeur about it, as cannot be denied. Do you not think so, d'Aubijoux? Montmort?"

While he was speaking, several large and heavy carriages with six and four horses, followed the same path at two hundred paces behind these gentlemen; the curtains were open on the left side through which to see the king. In the first was the queen; she was alone at the back, clothed in black, and veiled. On the front was the maréchale d'Effiat, and at the feet of the queen was the princess Maria. Seated on one side, on a stool, her robe and her feet hung out of the carriage, and were supported by a gilt step, for, as we have already observed, there were then no doors to the coaches. She also tried to see, through the trees, the movements of the king; and often leaned back, annoyed by the passing of the prince palatine and his suite.

This northern prince was sent by the king of Poland, apparently on a political negotiation, but, in reality, to induce the duchess of Mantua to espouse the old king Uladislas VI., and he displayed at the court of France all the luxury of his own, then called at Paris, *barbarian and Scythian*, and so far justified these names by strange eastern costumes. The palatine of Posnania was very handsome, and wore, in common with the people of his suite, a long, thick beard; his head, shaved like that of a Turk, was covered with a furred cap; he had a short vest, enriched with diamonds and rubies; his horse was painted red, and amply plumed. He was attended by a company of Polish guards, in red and yellow uniforms, wearing large cloaks with long sleeves, which hung negligently from the shoulder. The Polish lords who escorted him were dressed in gold and silver brocade, and behind their shaved heads floated a single lock of hair, which gave them an Asiatic and Tartar aspect, as unknown at the court of Louis XIII. as that of the Moscovites. The women thought all this rather savage and alarming.

Maria di Gonzaga was importuned with the profound salutations and oriental elegancies of this foreigner and his

suite. Whenever he passed before her, he thought himself called upon to address a compliment to her in broken French, awkwardly made up of a few words about hope and royalty. She found no other means to rid herself of him, than by repeatedly putting her handkerchief to her nose, and saying aloud to the queen:

"In truth, madam, these gentlemen have an odour about them that makes one quite ill."

"It will be desirable to strengthen your nerves, and accustom yourself to it," answered Anne of Austria, somewhat drily.

Then, fearing she had hurt her feelings, she continued, gaily:

"You will become used to them, as we have done; and you know, that in respect to odours, I am rather fastidious. M. Mazarin told me, the other day, that my punishment in purgatory will consist in breathing ill scents, and sleeping in Russian cloth."

Yet the queen was very grave, and soon subsided into silence. Burying herself in her carriage, enveloped in her mantle, and apparently taking no interest in what was passing around her, she yielded to the motion of the carriage. Maria, still occupied with the king, talked in a low voice with the maréchale d'Effiat; each sought to give the other hopes which neither felt, and sought to deceive each other out of love.

"Madam, I congratulate you; M. le Grand is seated with the king; never has he been so highly distinguished," said Maria.

Then she was silent for a long time, and the carriage rolled mournfully over the dead, dry leaves.

"Yes, I see it with joy; the king is so good!" answered the maréchale.

And she sighed deeply.

A long and sad silence again followed; each looked at the other, and mutually found their eyes full of tears. They dared not speak again, and Maria, drooping her head, saw nothing but the brown damp earth scattered by the wheels. A melancholy reverie occupied her mind; and although she had before her the spectacle of the first court of Europe at the feet of him she loved, everything

inspired her with fear, and dark presentiments involuntarily agitated her.

Suddenly a horse passed by her like the wind; she raised her eyes, and had just time to see the features of Cinq-Mars. He did not look at her; he was pale as a corpse, and his eyes were hidden under his knitted brows and the shadow of his lowered hat. She followed him with trembling eyes; she saw him stop in the midst of the group of cavaliers who preceded the carriages, and who received him with their hats off. A moment after he went into the wood with one of them, looking at her from the distance, and following her with his eyes until the carriage had passed; then he seemed to give the man a roll of papers, and disappeared. The mist which was falling prevented her from seeing him any more. It was, indeed, one of those fogs so frequent on the banks of the Loire. The sun looked at first like a small blood-red moon, enveloped in a tattered shroud, and within half an hour was concealed under so thick a cloud that Maria could scarcely distinguish the foremost horses of the carriage, while the men who passed at the distance of a few paces, looked like grizzly shadows. This icy vapour turned to a penetrating rain and at the same time a cloud of fetid odour. The queen made the beautiful princess sit beside her, and they turned towards Chambord quickly and in silence. They soon heard the horns recalling the scattered hounds; the huntsmen passed rapidly by the carriage, seeking their way through the fog, and calling to each other. Maria saw only now and then the head of a horse, or a dark body half-issuing from the gloomy vapour of the woods, and tried in vain to distinguish any words. At length, her heart beat: there was a call for M. de Cinq-Mars:

"The king asks for monsieur le Grand," was repeated about; "where can monsieur le grand ecuyer be gone to?"

A voice, passing near, said:

"He has just lost himself."

These simple words made her shudder, for her afflicted spirit gave them the most sinister meaning. The terrible thought pursued her to the chateau, and into her apartments, wherein she hastened to shut herself. She soon *heard the* noise of the entry of the king and of Monsieur;

then, in the forest, some shots whose flash was unseen. She in vain looked at the narrow windows; they seemed covered on the outside with a white cloth that shut out the light.

Meanwhile, at the extremity of the forest, towards Montfrault, there had lost themselves two cavaliers, wearied with seeking the way to the chateau, in the monotonous similarity of the trees and paths; they were about to stop near a pond, when eight or nine men, springing from the thickets, rushed upon them, and before they had time to draw, hung to their legs and arms and to the bridles of their horses in such a manner as to hold them fixed. At the same time a hoarse voice cried in the fog:

"Are you royalists or cardinalists? Cry: 'Vive le Grand!' or you are dead men."

"Scoundrels," answered the first cavalier, trying to open the holsters of his pistols, "I will have you hanged for abusing my name."

"*Dios es el Senor!*" cried the same voice.

All the men immediately released their hold, and ran into the wood; a burst of savage laughter was heard, and a man approached Cinq-Mars.

"*Amigo,* do you not recognise me? 'Tis but a joke of Jacques, the Spanish captain."

Fontrailles approached, and said in a low voice to the grand ecuyer:

"Sir, this is an enterprising fellow; I would advise you to employ him; we must neglect no chance."

"Listen to me," said Jacques de Laubardemont, "and answer at once. I am not a phrase-maker, like my father. I bear in mind that you have done me some good offices, and lately again, you have been useful to me, as you always are, without knowing it, for I have somewhat repaired my fortune in your little insurrections. If you will, I can render you an important service; I command a few brave men."

"What service?" asked Cinq-Mars. "We will see."

"I commence by a piece of information. This morning while you descended the king's staircase on one side, father Joseph ascended the other."

"Ha! this, then, is the secret of his sudden and inexpli-

cable change! Can it be! a king of France! and to allow us to confide all our secrets to him."

"Well! is that all? Do you say nothing? You know I have an old account to settle with the capuchin."

"What's that to me?" and he hung down his head, absorbed in a profound reverie.

"It matters a great deal to you, since you have only to speak the word, and I will rid you of him before thirty-six hours from this time, though he is now very near Paris. We might even add the cardinal, if you wish."

"Leave me: I will use no poniards," said Cinq-Mars.

"Ah! I understand you," replied Jacques, "you are right; you would prefer our dispatching him with the sword. This is just; he is worth it; 'tis a distinction due to him. It were, undoubtedly, more suitable for great lords to take charge of the cardinal; and that he who despatches his eminence should be in a fair way to be a maréchal. For myself, I am not proud; one must not be proud, whatever one's merit in one's profession; I must not touch the cardinal, he's a morsel for a king!"

"Nor any others," said the grand écuyer.

"Oh! let us have the capuchin," said captain Jacques, urgently.

"You are wrong if you refuse this office," said Fontrailles: "such things occur every day. Vitry began with Concini, and he was made a maréchal. You see men, extremely well at court, who have killed their enemies with their own hand, in the streets of Paris, and you hesitate to rid yourself of a villain! Richelieu has his agents, you must have yours; I cannot understand your scruples."

"Do not torment him," said Jacques, abruptly; "I understand it. I thought as he does when I was a boy, before reason came. I would not have killed even a monk; but let me speak to him."

Then turning towards Cinq-Mars:

"Listen: when men conspire, they seek the death or at least the downfall of some one—eh?"

And he paused.

"Now, in that case, we are out with God, and in with the devil—eh?"

"*Secundo*, as they say at the Sorbonne; it's no worse *when one is* damned, to be so for much than for little, eh?

"*Ergo*, it is indifferent whether a thousand or one be killed. I defy you to answer that."

"Nothing could be better argued, Doctor-dagger," said Fontrailles, half-laughing, "I see you will be a good travelling companion. You shall go with me to Spain if you like."

"I know you are going to take the treaty there," answered Jacques, "and I will guide you through the Pyrenees by roads unknown to man; but I shall be horribly vexed to go away without having wrung the neck of that old he-goat, whom we leave behind, like a knight in the midst of a game of chess. Once more, sir," he continued, with an air of pious earnestness, "if you have any religion in you, refuse no longer: recollect the words of our theological fathers, Hurtado de Mendoza and Sanchez, who have proved that a man may secretly kill his enemies, since by this means he avoids two sins: that of exposing his life, and that of fighting a duel. It is in accordance with this grand consolatory principle that I have always acted."

"Go, go," said Cinq-Mars, in a voice thick with rage; "I have other things to think of."

"Of what more important?" said Fontrailles; "this might be a great weight in the balance of our destinies."

"I am thinking how much the heart of a king weighs in it," said Cinq-Mars.

"You terrify me," replied the gentleman; "we cannot go so far as that!"

"Nor do I think what you suppose, sir," continued d'Effiat, in a severe tone: "I was merely reflecting how kings complain when a subject betrays them. Well! war! war! civil war, foreign war, let your fires be kindled! since I hold the match, I will apply it to the mine. Perish the state! perish twenty kingdoms, if necessary! no ordinary calamities suffice when the king betrays the subject. Listen to me."

And he took Fontrailles a few steps aside.

"I only charged you to prepare our retreat and succours, in case of abandonment on the part of the king. Just now I foresaw this abandonment, in his forced manifestation of friendship, and I decided upon your setting out,

when he finished his conversation by announcing his departure for Perpignan. I feared Narbonne; I now see that he is going there to deliver himself up a prisoner to the cardinal. Go at once. I add to the letters I have given you, the treaty here; it is in fictitious names, but here is the counterpart, signed by Monsieur, by the duke de Bouillon, and by me. The comte-duc d'Olivarez desires nothing further. There are blanks for the duke of Orleans, which you will fill up as you please. Go; in a month, I shall expect you at Perpignan. I will have Sedan opened to the seventeen thousand Spaniards from Flanders."

Then advancing towards the adventurer, who awaited him, he said:

"For you, brave fellow, since you desire to aid me, I charge you with escorting this gentleman to Madrid; you will be largely recompensed."

Jacques, twisting his moustache, replied:

"Ah! you do not then scorn to employ me! you exhibit your judgment and taste. Do you know, that the great queen Christina of Sweden has asked for me, and wished to have me with her, as her confidential man? She was brought up to the sound of the cannon by the *Lion of the North*, Gustavus Adolphus, her father. She loves the smell of powder and brave men; but I would not serve her, because she is a Huguenot, and I have fixed principles, from which I never swerve. *Par exemple*, I swear to you, by Saint Jacques, to guide Monsieur through the passes of the Pyrenees to Oleron, as surely as through these woods, and to defend him against the devil, if need be, as well as your papers, which we will bring you back without blot or tear. As for recompence, I want none. I always find it in the action itself. Besides, I do not receive money, for I am a gentleman. The Laubardemonts are a very ancient and very good family."

"Adieu, then, noble sir," said Cinq-Mars—"go!"

After having pressed the hand of Fontrailles, he sighed, and disappeared in the wood, on his return to the chateau de Chambord.

CHAPTER XX.

THE READING.

"Les circonstances dévoilent pour ainsi dire la royauté du génie, dernière ressource des peuples éteints. Les grands écrivains... ces rois qui n'en ont pas le nom, mais qui règnent véritablement par la force du caractère et de la grandeur des pensées, sont élus par les événements auxquels ils doivent commander. Sans ancêtres et sans postérité, seuls de leur race, leur mission remplie, ils disparaissent en laissant à l'avenir des ordres qu'il exécutera fidèlement."

P. DE LAMENNAIS.

SHORTLY after the events just narrated, at the corner of the Palais Royal, at a small and pretty house, numerous carriages were seen to draw up, and a door, reached by three stone steps, frequently to open. The neighbours often came to their windows to complain of the noise made at so late an hour of the night, despite the fear of robbers, and the patrol often stopped in surprise, and only passed on when they saw at each carriage ten or twelve footmen, armed with staves and carrying torches. A young gentleman, followed by three lacqueys, entered, and asked for Mademoiselle de Lorme; he wore a long rapier, ornamented with pink ribbon; enormous bows of the same colour on his high-heeled shoes, almost entirely concealed his feet, which, after the fashion of the day, he turned very much out. He frequently twisted a small curling moustache, and, before entering, combed his small pointed beard. There was but one exclamation, when he was announced.

"Here he is at last!" cried a young and rich voice; "he has made us wait long enough for him, the dear Desbarreaux. Come, take a seat; place yourself at this table, and read."

The speaker was a woman of about four and twenty, tall and handsome, notwithstanding her somewhat woolly black hair, and her dark olive complexion. There was something masculine in her manner which she seemed to derive from her circle, composed entirely of men; she took their arm unceremoniously, as she spoke to them.

with a freedom which she communicated to them. Her conversation was animated rather than joyous; it often excited laughter around her, but it was by dint of intellect that she created gaiety (if we may so express it), for her countenance, impassioned as it was, seemed incapable of bending into a smile, and her large blue eyes, under her jet black hair, gave her at first rather a strange appearance.

Desbarreaux kissed her hand with a gallant and chivalrous air; he then, talking to her all the time, walked round the large room, where were assembled nearly thirty persons; some seated in the large arm-chairs, others standing in the vast chimney-place, others conversing in the embrasures of the windows, under the heavy curtains. Some of them were obscure men, now illustrious; others illustrious men, now obscure for us posterity. Thus, among the latter, he profoundly saluted MM. d'Aubijoux, de Brion, de Montmort, and other very brilliant gentlemen, who were there as judges; tenderly, and with an air of esteem, pressed the hand of MM. Monteruel, de Sirmond, de Malleville, Baro, Gombauld, and other learned men, almost all called great men in the annals of the academy of which they were the founders, itself called, sometimes the *Académie des beaux esprits*, sometimes the *Académie Eminente*. But M. Desbarreaux gave but a mere patronizing nod to young Corneille, who was talking in a corner with a foreigner and a young man, whom he presented to the mistress of the house by the names of M. Poquelin, son of the *valet-de-chambre tapissier du Roi*. One was Molière, and the other Milton.

Before the reading expected from the young Sybarite, a great contest arose between him and other poets and prose writers of the time; they spoke to each other, with great volubility and animation, a language incomprehensible to any one who should suddenly have come amongst them without being initiated, eagerly pressing each other's hands with affectionate compliments and infinite allusions to their works.

"Ah! here you are, illustrious Baro," cried the new comer; "I have read your last sixain. Ah! what a sixain! how full of the gallant and the *tendre!*"

"What is that you say of the *Tendre?*" interrupted Marion de Lorme; "have you ever seen that country? You stopped at the village of Grand-Esprit, and at that of Jolis-Vers, but you have been no farther. If monsieur the governor of Notre-Dame de la Garde will please to show us his new chart, I will tell you where you are."

Scudéry arose with a vain-glorious and pedantic air, and unrolling upon the table a sort of geographical chart, tied with blue ribbons, he himself showed the lines of red ink which he had traced upon it.

"This is the finest piece of *Clélie,*" he said; "this chart is generally found very gallant, but 'tis merely a slight ebullition of playful wit, to please our little literary *cabale.* However, as there are strange people in the world, it is possible that all who see it may not have minds sufficiently well turned to understand it. This is the road which must be followed to go from *Nouvelle Amitié* to *Tendre;* and observe, gentlemen, that as we say Cumæ on the Ionian sea, Cumæ on the Tyrrhean sea, we shall say *Tendre-sur-Inclination, Tendre-sur-Estime,* and *Tendre-sur-Reconnaissance.* We must begin by inhabiting the village of *Grand-Cœur, Générosité, Exactitude,* and *Petits-Soins.*"

"Ah! how very pretty!" interposed Desbarreaux. "See the villages marked out; here is *Petits-Soins, Billet-Galant,* then *Billet-Doux!*"

"Oh! 'tis ingenious in the highest degree!" cried Vaugelas, Colletet, and the rest.

"And observe," continued the author, inflated with this success, "that it is necessary to pass through *Complaisance* and *Sensibilité;* and that if we do not take this road, we run the risk of losing our way to *Tiédeur, Oubli,* and of falling into the lake of *Indifférence.*"

"Delicious! delicious! gallant *au suprême!*" cried the auditors; "never was greater genius!"

"Well, madam," resumed Scudéry, "I now declare it in your house; this work, printed under my name, is by my sister, she who translated *Sappho* so agreeably." And without being asked, he recited in a declamatory tone, verses ending thus:

" L'amour est un mal agréable [1]
Dont mon cœur ne saurait guérir;
Mais quand il serait guérissable,
Il est bien plus doux d'en mourir."

"How! had that Greek so much wit? I cannot believe it," exclaimed Marion de Lorme; "how superior mademoiselle de Scudéry is to her. That idea is wholly hers; she must unquestionably put these charming verses into *Clélie*; they will figure well in that Roman history."

"Admirable, perfect!" cried all the savans; "Horatius, Aruns, and the amiable Porsenna are such gallant lovers."

They were all bending over the *carte de Tendre*, and their fingers crossed in following the windings of the amorous rivers. The young Poquelin ventured to raise a timid voice and his melancholy but acute glance, and said:

"What purpose does this serve? Is it to give happiness or pleasure? Monsieur seems to me not singularly happy, and I do not feel very gay."

The only reply he got was a general look of contempt; he consoled himself by meditating *les Précieuses ridicules*.

Desbarreaux prepared to read a pious sonnet, which he was penitent for having composed in an illness; he seemed to be ashamed of having thought for a moment upon God at the sight of his lightning, and blushed at the weakness. The mistress of the house stopped him.

"It is not yet time to read your beautiful verses; you would be interrupted; we expect monsieur le grand écuyer and other gentlemen; it would be actual murder to allow a great mind to speak during this noise and confusion. But here is a young Englishman who has just come from Italy, and is on his return to London. They tell me he has composed a poem—I don't know what; but he'll repeat some verses of it. Many of you gentlemen of the eminent company know English, and for the rest he has had the passages he is going to read translated by an ex-secretary of the duke of Buckingham, and here are copies in French on this table."

[1] See Clélie, t. i.

So saying, she took them and distributed them among her erudite visitors. The company seated themselves, and were silent. It took some time to persuade the young foreigner to speak or to quit the recess of the window, where he seemed to have come to a very good understanding with Corneille. He at last advanced to an arm chair placed near the table; he seemed of feeble health, and fell into, rather than seated himself, in the chair. He rested his elbow on the table, and with his hand covered his large and beautiful eyes, which were half closed, and reddened with night watches or tears. He repeated his fragments from memory; his doubting auditors looked at him haughtily, or, at least, patronizingly; others carelessly glanced over the translation of his verses.

His voice, at first suppressed, grew clearer by the very flow of his harmonious recital; the breath of poetic inspiration soon elevated him to himself, and his look, raised to heaven, became sublime as that of the young evangelist, conceived by Raffaello, for the light still shone on it. He narrated in his verses the first disobedience of man, and invoked the Holy Spirit who prefers before all other temples a pure and simple heart, who knows all, and who was present at the birth of time.

This opening was received with a profound silence, and a slight murmur arose, after the enunciation of the last idea. He heard not, he saw only through a cloud; he was in the world of his own creation; he continued.

He spoke of the infernal spirit, bound in avenging fire by adamantine chains, lying vanquished nine times the space that measures night and day to mortal men; of the darkness visible of the eternal prisons, and the burning ocean where the fallen angels float. Then, his voice, now powerful, began the address of the fallen angel. "Art thou," he said, "he who in the happy realms of light, clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine myriads? From what height fallen? What though the field be lost, all is not lost! Unconquerable will and study of revenge, immortal hate and courage never to submit or yield—what is else not to be overcome."

Here a lacquey, in a loud voice, announced MM. de Montrésor and d'Entraigues. They saluted, exchanged a

few words, deranged the chairs, and then settled down. The auditors availed themselves of the interruption, to institute a dozen private conversations; scarcely anything was heard but expressions of censure, and imputations of bad taste. Even some men of merit, dulled by a particular habit of thinking, cried out that they did not understand it; that it was above their comprehension (not thinking how truly they spoke); and from this feigned humility gained themselves a compliment, and for the poet an impertinent remark—a double advantage. Some voices even pronounced the word, profanation.

The poet, interrupted, put his head between his hands, and his elbows on the table, that he might not hear the noise, either of praise or censure. Three men only approached him, an officer, Poquelin, and Corneille; the latter whispered to Milton:

"I would advise you to change the picture; your hearers are not on a level with this."

The officer pressed the hand of the English poet, and said to him:

"I admire you, with all my soul."

The astonished Englishman looked at him, and saw an intellectual, impassioned, and sickly countenance.

He bowed, and collected himself, in order to proceed. His voice took a gentle tone, and a soft accent; he spoke of the chaste happiness of the two first of human beings; he described their majestic nakedness, the ingenuous command of their looks, their walk among lions and tigers, which gambolled at their feet; he spoke of the purity of their morning prayer, of their enchanting smile, the playful tenderness of their youth, and their enamoured conversation, so painful to the Prince of Darkness.

Gentle tears, quite involuntarily, made humid the eyes of the beautiful Marion de Lorme; nature had taken possession of her heart, despite her head; poetry filled it with grave and religious thoughts, from which the intoxication of pleasure had ever diverted her; the idea of virtuous love appeared to her for the first time, in all its beauty, and she seemed as if struck with a magic wand, and changed into a pale and beautiful statue.

Corneille, his young friend, and the officer, were full of

a silent admiration, which they dared not express, for raised voices drowned that of the surprised poet.

"I can't stand this!" cried Desbarreaux; "it's of an insipidity to make one sick."

"And what absence of grace, gallantry, and the *belle flamme!*" said Scudéry, coldly.

"Ah, how different from our immortal d'Urfé!" said Baro the continuator.

"Where is the *Ariane* — where the *Astrea?*" cried, with a groan, Godeau the annotator.

The whole assembly well nigh had these obliging remarks, but uttered so as only to be heard by the poet as a murmur of uncertain import; he understood, however, that he produced no enthusiasm, and collected himself to touch another chord of his lyre.

At this moment, the counsellor de Thou was announced, who, modestly saluting the company, glided silently behind the author, near Corneille, Poquelin, and the young officer. Milton resumed his strain.

He recounted the arrival of a celestial guest in the garden of Eden, like a second Aurora in mid-day, shaking the plumes of his divine wings; that filled the air with heavenly fragrance; who recounted to man the history of heaven, the revolt of Lucifer, clothed in an armour of diamonds, raised on a car brilliant as the sun, guarded by glittering cherubim, and marching against the Eternal. But Emmanuel appears on the living chariot of the Lord, and his two thousand thunderbolts, hurled down to hell, with awful noise, the accursed army confounded.

At this, the company arose, and all was interrupted; for religious scruples became leagued with false taste; nothing was heard but exclamations which obliged the mistress of the house to rise also, and endeavour to conceal them from the author. This was not difficult, for he was entirely absorbed in the elevation of his thoughts; his genius, at this moment, had nothing in common with the earth; and when he once more opened his eyes on those who surrounded him, he saw near him four admirers. whose voices were better heard than those of the assembly.

Corneille said to him:

"Listen. If you aim at present glory, do not expect it from so fine a work. Pure poetry is appreciated by but few souls; for the common run of men, it must be closely allied with the almost physical interest of the drama. I had been tempted to make a poem of Polyeuctes; but I shall cut down this subject, abridge it of the heavens, and it shall be only a tragedy."

"What matters to me the glory of the moment?" answered Milton. "I think not of success; I sing because I feel myself a poet; I go whither inspiration leads me; its path is ever the right one. If these verses were not to be read till a century after my death, I should write them just the same."

"I admire them before they are written," said the young officer. "I see in them the God whose innate image I have found in my heart."

"Who is it speaks thus kindly to me?" asked the poet.

"I am René Descartes," replied the soldier, gently.

"How, sir!" cried de Thou. "Are you so happy as to be related to the author of the *Princeps?*"

"I am the author of that work," replied René.

"You, sir!—but—still—pardon me—but—are you not a military man?" stammered out the counsellor, in amazement.

"Well, what has the habit of the body to do with the thought? Yes, I wear the sword; I was at the siege of Rochelle; I love the profession of arms, because it keeps the soul in a region of noble ideas, by the continual feeling of the sacrifice of life; yet it does not occupy the whole man; he cannot always apply his thoughts to it; peace lulls them. Moreover, one has also to fear seeing them suddenly interrupted by an obscure blow, or an absurd and untimely accident; and, if a man be killed in the execution of his plan, posterity preserves an idea of the plan which he himself had not, and which may be wholly preposterous, and this is the evil side of the profession for a man of letters."

De Thou smiled with pleasure at the simple language of this superior man, this man, whom he so admired, and in his admiration loved; he pressed the hand of the young

sage of Touraine, and drew him into an adjoining cabinet with Corneille, Milton, and Molière; and with them enjoyed one of those conversations which make us regard as lost the time which precedes them, and the time which is to follow them.

For two hours they had enchanted one another with their discourse, when the sound of music, of guitars and flutes, playing minuets, sarabands, allemandes, and the Spanish dances which the young queen had brought into fashion; the continual passing of groups of young ladies, and their joyous laughter, all announced that the ball had commenced. A very young and beautiful person, holding a large fan as it were a sceptre, and surrounded by ten young men, entered their retired chamber with her brilliant court, which she ruled like a queen, and entirely put to the rout the studious conversers.

"Adieu, gentlemen," said de Thou, "I make way for mademoiselle de Lenclos and her musketeers."

"Really, gentlemen," said the youthful Ninon, "we seem to frighten you; have I disturbed you? You have all the air of conspirators."

"We are, perhaps, more so than these gentlemen, although we dance," said Olivier d'Entraigues who led her.

"Ah, your conspiracy is against me, Monsieur le page!" said Ninon, looking the while at another light horseman, and abandoning her remaining arm to a third, the other gallants seeking to place themselves in the way of her flying *œillades;* for she distributed her glances brilliant as the rays of the sun dancing over the moving waters.

De Thou stole away without any one thinking of stopping him, and was descending the great staircase, when he met the little abbé de Gondi, red, hot, and out of breath, who stopped him, with an animated and joyous air.

"How now! whither go you? Let the foreigners and *savans* go—you are one of us. I am somewhat late, but our beautiful Aspasia will pardon me. Why are you going? Is it all over?"

"Why, it seems so; when the dancing begins, the reading is done."

"The reading, yes; but the oaths?" said the abbé, in a low voice.

"What oaths?" asked de Thou.

"Is not M. le Grand come?"

"I expected to see him; but I suppose he has not come, or else he has gone."

"No, no! come with me," said the hare-brained abbé, "you are one of us. Parbleu! it is impossible to do without you—come!"

De Thou, unwilling to refuse, and thus appear to disown his friends, even for parties of pleasure which annoyed him, followed de Gondi, who passed through two cabinets, and descended a small private staircase. At each step he took, he heard more distinctly the voices of an assemblage of men. Gondi opened the door. An unexpected spectacle met his view.

The chamber he was entering, lighted by a mysterious glimmer, seemed the asylum of the most voluptuous rendezvous; on one side was a gilt bed, with a canopy of tapestry ornamented with feathers, and covered with lace and ornaments; the furniture, shining with gold, was of greyish silk, richly embroidered; velvet cushions were at the foot of each arm-chair, upon a thick carpet. Small mirrors, connected with one another by ornaments of silver, seemed an entire glass, itself a perfection then unknown, and everywhere multiplied their glittering faces. No sound from without could penetrate this throne of delight, but the persons assembled there seemed far remote from the thoughts which it was calculated to give rise to. A number of men, whom he recognised as courtiers, or soldiers of rank, crowded the entrance of this chamber, and an adjoining apartment of larger dimensions; all were intent upon that which was passing in the centre of the first room. Here, ten young men, standing, and holding in their hands their drawn swords, the points of which were lowered towards the ground, were ranged round a table; their faces turned to Cinq-Mars, announced that they had just taken an oath to him; the grand-écuyer stood by himself before the fire-place, his arms folded with an air of all-absorbing reflection. Standing near him,

Marion de Lorme, grave and collected, seemed to have presented these gentlemen to him.

When Cinq-Mars perceived his friend, he rushed towards the door, casting a terrible glance at Gondi, and, seizing de Thou by both arms, stopped him on the last step.

"What do you here?" he said, in a stifled voice; "who brought you here? what would you with me? You are lost if you enter."

"What do you yourself here? what do I see in this house?"

"The consequences of that you wot of; go; this air is poisoned for all who are here."

"It is too late, they have seen me; what would they say if I were to withdraw? I should discourage them; you would be lost."

This dialogue had passed in low and hurried tones; at the last word, de Thou, pushing aside his friend, entered, and with a firm step crossed the apartment to the fire-place.

Cinq-Mars, trembling with rage, resumed his place, hung his head, collected himself, and soon raising a more calm countenance, continued a discourse which the entrance of his friend had interrupted:

"Be then with us, gentlemen; there is no longer any need for so much mystery; remember, that when a strong mind embraces an idea, it must follow it to all its consequences. Your courage will have a wider field than that of a court intrigue. Thank me: instead of a conspiracy, I give you a war. M. de Bouillon has departed to place himself at the head of his army of Italy; in two days, and before the king, I quit Paris for Perpignan; come all of you thither, the royalists of the army await us."

Here he threw around him calm and confident looks; he saw gleams of joy and enthusiasm in the eyes of all who surrounded him. Before allowing his own heart to be possessed by the contagious emotion which precedes great enterprises, he desired still more firmly to assure himself of them, and said with a grave air:

"Yes, war, gentlemen; think of it, open war. Rochelle and Navarre are arousing their protestants; the army of

Italy will enter on one side, the king's brother will join us on the other; the man we combat will be surrounded, vanquished, crushed. The parliaments will march in our rear, bearing their petitions to the king, a weapon as powerful as our swords; and, after the victory, we will throw ourselves at the feet of Louis XIII., our master, that he may pardon us for having delivered him from a cruel and ambitious man, and hastened his own resolution."

Here, again glancing around him, he saw increasing confidence in the looks and attitudes of his accomplices.

"How!" he continued, crossing his arms, and yet restraining with an effort his own emotion; "you do not recoil before this resolution, which would appear a revolt to any other men! Do you not think that I have abused the powers you have vested in me? I have carried matters very far, but there are times when kings would be served, as it were, in spite of themselves. All is arranged, as you know. Sedan will open its gates to us; and we are sure of Spain. Twelve thousand veteran troops will enter Paris with us. No place, however, will be given up to the foreigner; they will all have a French garrison, and be taken in the name of the king."

"Long live the king! long live the union! the new union, the holy league!" cried the assembly.

"It has come, then!" cried Cinq-Mars with enthusiasm; "it has come—the most glorious day of my life. Oh! youth, youth, from century to century called frivolous and improvident! of what will men now accuse thee, when they behold conceived, ripened, and ready for execution, under a chief of twenty-two, the most vast, the most just, the most beneficial of enterprises. My friends, what is a great life but a thought of youth executed by mature age? Youth looks fixedly into the future with its eagle glance, traces there a broad plan, lays the foundation stone, and all that our entire existence afterwards can do is to approximate to that first design. Oh! when can great projects arise, if not when the heart beats vigorously in the breast? The mind is not sufficient, it is but an instrument."

A fresh outburst of joy had followed these words, when an old man with a white beard stood forward from the *throng*.

"Bah!" said Gondi, in a low voice, "here's the old chevalier de Guise going to dote and damp us."

And, truly enough, the old man, pressing the hand of Cinq-Mars, said slowly and with difficulty, having placed himself near him:

"Yes, my son, and you, my children, I see with joy that my old friend Bassompierre is about to be delivered by you, and that you are about to avenge the count de Soissons and the young Montmorency. But it is expedient for youth, all ardent as it is, to listen to those who have seen much. I have witnessed the League, my children, and I tell you that you cannot now, as then, take the title of the *Holy League, the Holy Union, the Protectors of Saint Peter*, or *Pillars of the Church*, because I see that you reckon on the support of the Huguenots; nor can you put upon your great seal of green wax an empty throne, since it is occupied by a king."

"You may say by two," interrupted Gondi, laughing.

"It is, however, of great importance," continued old Guise, amidst the tumultuous young men, "to take a name to which the people may attach themselves; that of *War for the public welfare* has been made use of; *Princes of Peace* only lately; it is necessary to find one."

"Well, *the War of the king*," said Cinq-Mars.

"Aye, *the War of the king!*" cried Gondi, and all the young men.

"Moreover," continued the old seigneur, "it is essential to gain the approval of the theological faculty of the Sorbonne, which heretofore sanctioned even the *haut-gourdiers*, and the *sorgueurs*,[1] and to put in force its second proposition: that it is permitted to the people to disobey the magistrates, and to hang them."

"Eh! chevalier!" exclaimed Gondi; "this is not the question; let M. le Grand speak; we are thinking no more of the Sorbonne at present, than of your Saint Jacques Clement."

There was a laugh, and Cinq-Mars went on:

"I wished, gentlemen, to conceal nothing from you as to the projects of Monsieur, those of the duke de Bouillon,

[1] Names of the ligueurs.

or my own, for it is just that a man who stakes his life should know at what game; but I have placed before you the least fortunate chances, and I have not detailed our strength, for there is not one of you but knows the secret of it. Is it to you, messieurs de Montrésor and de Saint-Thibal, I need tell the treasures that Monsieur places at our disposal? Is it to you, monsieur d'Aignou, monsieur de Mouy, that I need tell how many gentlemen are eager to join your companies of men-at-arms and light-horse, to fight the cardinalists? How many in Touraine and in Auvergne, where lay the lands of the house of d'Effiat, and whence will march two thousand seigneurs, with their vassals? Baron de Beauvau, shall I repeat to you the zeal and valour of the cuirassiers whom you brought to the unhappy comte de Soissons, whose cause was ours, and whom you saw assassinated in the midst of his triumph by him whom with you he had defeated! Shall I tell these gentlemen of the joy of the count-duke d'Olivarès at the news of our intentions, and the letters of the cardinal-infanta to the duke de Bouillon? Shall I speak of Paris to the abbé de Gondi, to d'Entraigues, and to you, gentlemen, who are daily witnesses of her misery, of her indignation, and her desire to break forth? While all foreign nations demand peace, which the cardinal de Richelieu still destroys by his want of faith, (as he has done in violating the treaty of Ratisbon,) all orders of the state groan under his violence, and dread that colossal ambition which aspires to no less than the temporal and even spiritual throne of France."

A murmur of approbation interrupted Cinq-Mars. There was then silence for a moment, and they heard the sound of wind instruments, and the measured tread of the dancers.

This noise caused a momentary diversion, and a smile in the younger portion of the assembly.

Cinq-Mars profited by this, and raising his eyes:

"Pleasures of youth," he cried; "love, music, joyous dances, why do you not alone occupy our leisure hours? why are not you our sole ambition? What resentment *may* we not justly feel that we have to make our cries of *indignation* heard above our bursts of joy, our formidable

secrets in the asylum of love, and our oaths of war and death amidst the intoxication of fêtes and of life!

"Curses on him who saddens the youth of a people! When wrinkles furrow the brow of the young men, we may confidently say that the finger of a tyrant has hollowed them out. The other troubles of youth give it despair and not consternation. Watch those sad and mournful students pass day after day, with pale foreheads, slow step, and half suppressed voice; one would think they fear to live or to advance a step towards the future. What is there then in France? A man too many.

"Yes," he continued; "for two years I have watched the insidious and profound progress of his ambition. His strange practices, his secret commissions, his judicial assassinations are known to you; princes, peers, maréchals, all have been crushed by him; there is not a family in France but can show some sad trace of his passage. If he regards us all as enemies to his authority, it is because he would have in France none but his own house, which, twenty years ago, held only one of the smallest fiefs of Poitou.

"The humiliated parliament have no longer any voice; the presidents of Nismes, Novion, and Bellievre have revealed to you their courageous but fruitless resistance to the condemnation to death of the duke de la Vallette.

"The presidents and councils of sovereign courts have been imprisoned, banished, suspended,—a thing before unheard of—because they have raised their voices for the king, or for the public.

"The highest offices of justice—who fill them? infamous and corrupt men, who suck the blood and gold of the country. Paris and the maritime towns taxed; the rural districts ruined and laid waste by the soldiers, and other agents of the cardinal; the peasants reduced to feed on animals killed by the plague or famine, or saving themselves by self-banishment; such is the work of this new justice. His worthy agents have even coined money with the effigy of the cardinal-duke. Here are some of his royal pieces."

The grand-ecuyer threw upon the table a score of gold doubloons whereon Richelieu was represented. A fresh

murmur of hatred towards the cardinal arose in the apartment.

"And think you the clergy are less trampled on, and less discontented? No. Bishops have been tried, against the laws of the state and in contempt of the respect due to their sacred persons. We have seen, in consequence, Algerine corsairs commanded by an archbishop. Men of the lowest condition have been elevated to the cardinalate. The minister himself, devouring the most sacred things, has had himself elected general of the orders of Citeaux, Cluny, and Premontré, throwing into prison the monks who refused him their votes. Jesuits, Carmelites, Cordeliers, Augustins, Dominicans, have been forced to elect general vicars in France, in order no longer to communicate at Rome with their true superiors, because he would be patriarch in France, and head of the Gallican church."

"He's a schismatic, a monster!" cried several voices.

"His progress, then, is apparent, gentlemen; he is ready to seize both temporal and spiritual power; he has little by little fortified himself against the king in the strongest towns of France; seized the mouths of the principal rivers, the best ports of the ocean, the salt-pits, and all the securities of the kingdom; it is the king then, whom we must deliver from this oppression. *Le Roi et la paix* shall be our cry. The rest must be left to Providence."

Cinq-Mars greatly astonished the assembly, and de Thou himself, by this address. No one had ever before heard him speak so long together, not even in fireside conversation; and he had never, by a single word, shown the least aptitude for understanding public affairs; he had, on the contrary, affected the greatest indifference on the subject, even in the eyes of those whom he was moulding to his projects, merely manifesting a virtuous indignation at the violence of the minister, but affecting not to put forward any of his own ideas, in order not to suggest personal ambition as the aim of his labours. The confidence given to him, rested on his favour with the king and his personal bravery. The surprise of all present was therefore such as to cause a momentary silence; it was soon broken by

all the transports of Frenchmen, young or old, when fighting, of whatever kind, is held out to them.

Among those who came forward to press the hand of the young party leader, the abbé de Gondi jumped about like a kid.

"I have already enrolled my regiment!" he cried: "I have some superb fellows!"

Then, addressing Marion de Lorme:

"Parbleu, mademoiselle, I will wear your colours; your grey ribbon, and your order of the *Allumette*. The device is charming:

'Nous ne brûlons que pour brûler les autres.'

And I wish you could see all the fine things we shall do, if we are fortunate enough to come to blows."

The fair Marion, who did not like him, began to talk over his head to M. de Thou; a mortification which always exasperated the little abbé, who accordingly abruptly left her, walking as tall as he could, and scornfully twisting his moustache.

All at once, a sudden silence took possession of the assembly. A rolled paper had struck the ceiling and fallen at the feet of Cinq-Mars. He picked it up and unrolled it, after having looked eagerly around him; he sought in vain to divine whence it came; all those who advanced had only astonishment and intense curiosity depicted in their faces.

"Here is my name, wrongly written," he said, coldly.

"A CINQ-MARCS,
CENTURIE DE NOSTRADAMUS.[1]
"Quand *bonnet rouge* passera par la fenêtre,
A *quarante onces* on coupera tête,
Et *tout* finira."

"There is a traitor amongst us, gentlemen," he said, throwing away the paper. "But no matter. We are not men to be frightened by his sanguinary jests."

"We must find the traitor out, and throw him through the window," said the young men.

[1] This punning prediction was made public three months before the conspiracy.

Still a disagreeable sensation had come over the assembly. They now only spoke in whispers, and each regarded his neighbour with distrust. Some withdrew; the meeting grew thinner. Marion de Lorme repeated to every one that she would dismiss her servants, who alone could be suspected. Despite her efforts, a coldness reigned throughout the apartment. The first sentences of Cinq-Mars' address, too, had left some uncertainty as to the intentions of the king, and this untimely candour had somewhat shaken a few of the less determined conspirators.

Gondi pointed this out to Cinq-Mars.

"Hark ye," he said, in a low voice; "believe me, I have carefully studied conspiracies and assemblages; there are certain purely mechanical means which it is necessary to adopt; follow my advice here; I know a good deal of this sort of thing; they want something more; give them a little contradiction; that always succeeds in France; you will quite make them alive again. Seem not to want to retain them against their will, and they will remain."

The grand écuyer approved of the suggestion, and, advancing towards those whom he knew to be most deeply compromised:

"For the rest, gentlemen, I do not wish to force any one to follow me; plenty of brave men await us at Perpignan, and all France is with us. If any one desires to secure himself a retreat, let him speak; we will give him the means of placing himself in safety at once."

Not one would hear of this proposition; and the movement it occasioned produced a renewal of the oaths of hatred against the minister.

Cinq-Mars, however, proceeded to put the question individually to some of the persons present, in the election of whom he showed much judgment, for he ended with Montrésor, who cried that he would pass his sword through his body, if he had for a moment entertained such an idea, and with Gondi, who, rising fiercely on his heels, exclaimed:

"Monsieur le grand écuyer, my retreat is the archbishopric of Paris and l'île Notre-Dame; I'll make of it a place strong enough to keep me from being taken."

"And yours?" he said to de Thou.

"At your side," murmured de Thou, lowering his eyes, unwilling even to give importance to his resolution by the proneness of his look.

"You will have it so? well! I accept," said Cinq-Mars; "and my sacrifice herein, dear friend, is greater than yours."

Then turning towards the assembly:

"Gentlemen, I see in you the last men of France; for after the Montmorencys and the Soissons, you alone dare lift a head free and worthy of our old liberty. If Richelieu triumph, the ancient bases of the monarchy will crumble with us; the court will reign alone, in the place of the parliaments, the old barriers, and at the same time the powerful supports of the royal authority; let us be conquerors, and France will owe to us the preservation of her ancient manners and her time-honoured guarantees. And now, gentlemen, it were a pity to spoil the ball on this account; you hear the music—the ladies await you; let us go and dance."

"The cardinal shall pay the fiddlers," added Gondi.

The young men applauded with a laugh, and all re-ascended to the ball-room, as lightly as they would have gone to the battle field.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

"'Tis for you, fatal beauty, that I come to this terrible place!"
LEWIS, *The Monk.*

IT was the day following the assembly that had taken place in the house of Marion de Lorme. A thick snow covered the roofs of Paris and settled in its large gutters and streets, where it arose in grey heaps, furrowed by the wheels of carriages.

It was eight o'clock, and the night was dark; the tumult of the city was silent, on account of the thick carpet the winter had spread for it, and which deadened the sound of

the wheels over the stones, and of the feet of men and horses. In a narrow street that winds round the old church of St. Eustache, a man, enveloped in his cloak, slowly walked up and down, constantly watching for the appearance of some one; he often seated himself upon one of the posts of the church, sheltering himself from the falling snow under one of the statues of saints which jutted out from the roof of the building, stretching over the narrow path like birds of prey, which, about to make a stoop, have folded their wings. Often, too, the old man, opening his cloak, beat his arms against his breast to warm himself, or blew upon his fingers, ill protected from the cold by a pair of buff gloves reaching nearly to the elbow. At last he saw a slight shadow gliding along the wall.

"Ah, Santa Maria! what villanous countries are these of the North!" said a woman's voice, trembling. "Ah! the duchy of Mantua!—would I were back there again, Grandchamp!"

"Psha! don't speak so loud," said the old domestic, abruptly; "the walls of Paris have cardinalist ears, and more especially the walls of the churches. Has your mistress entered? My master awaits her at the door."

"Yes, yes; she has gone in."

"Be silent," said Grandchamp, "the sound of the clock is cracked; that's a bad sign."

"That clock has sounded the hour of a rendezvous."

"For me, it sounds like a passing-bell. But be silent, Laura, here are three cloaks passing."

They allowed three men to pass; Grandchamp followed them, made sure of the road they took, and returned to his seat, sighing deeply.

"The snow is cold, Laura, and I am old. M. le Grand might have chosen another of his men to keep watch for him while he's making love. It's all very well for you to carry love-letters, and ribbons, and portraits, and such trash—but for me, I ought to be treated with more consideration; monsieur le maréchal would not have done so. Old domestics give respectability to a house, and should be themselves respected."

"Has your master arrived long, *caro amico?*"

"*Eh! cara, caro!* leave me in peace. We had both

been freezing for an hour when you came; I should have had time to smoke three Turkish pipes. Attend to your business, and go and look to the other doors of the church, and see that no suspicious person is prowling about: since there are but two videttes, they must beat about well."

"Ah! what a thing it is to have no one to whom to say a friendly word when it is so cold: and my poor mistress! to come on foot all the way from the hotel de Nevers. Ah, *amore! qui regna amore!*"

"Come, Italian, wheel about, I tell thee; let me hear no more of thy musical tongue."

"Ah, Santa Maria! What a harsh voice, dear Grandchamp! you were much more amiable at Chaumont, in *Turena*, when you talked to me of *miei occhi neri*."

"Hold thy tongue, prattler; once more, thy Italian is only good for buffoons and rope-dancers, or to accompany the learned dogs."

"Ah! *Italia mia!* Grandchamp, listen to me, and you shall hear the language of the gods. If you were a gallant man like him who wrote this for a Laura like me!"—

And she began to hum—

"Lieti fiori e felici, e ben nate erbe
Che Madona pensando premer sole;
Piaggia ch'ascolti su dolci parole
E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe."

The old soldier was but little used to the voice of a young girl; and, in general, when a woman spoke to him, the tone he assumed in answering always fluctuated between an awkward compliment and an ebullition of temper. But on this occasion he appeared moved by the Italian song, and twisted his moustache, which was always with him a sign of embarrassment and distress; he even emitted a rough sound something like a laugh, and said—

"Pretty enough, mordieu! that recals to my mind the siege of Casal; but be silent, little one; I have not yet heard the abbé Quillet come. This troubles me; he ought to have been here before our two young people, and for some time past——"

Laura, who was afraid of being sent alone to the place

Saint-Eustache, answered that she was quite sure he had gone in, and continued—

"Ombrose selve, ove percote il sole
Che vi fa co' suoi raggi alte e superbe."

"Hum!" said the worthy old soldier, grumbling; "I have my feet in the snow, and a gutter runs down on my head, and there's dead at my heart, and you sing to me of violets of the sun, and of grass, and of love: be silent."

And retiring further in the recess of the church, he leaned his grey head upon his hands, pensive and motionless. Laura dared not again speak to him.

While her waiting-woman had gone to find Grandchamp, the young and trembling Maria, with a timid hand, had pushed open the folding-door of the church. She there found Cinq-Mars standing, disguised, and anxiously awaiting her. As soon as she recognised him, she advanced with rapid steps into the church, holding her velvet mask over her face, and hastened to take refuge in a confessional, while Henri carefully closed the door of the church by which she had entered. He made sure that it could not be opened on the outside, and then followed his betrothed to kneel within the place of penitence. Arrived an hour before her, with his old valet, he had found this open, a certain and understood sign that the abbé Quillet, his tutor, awaited him at the accustomed place. His care to prevent any surprise had made him remain himself to guard the entrance until the arrival of Maria. Delighted as he was at the punctuality of the good abbé, he would still scarcely leave his post to thank him. He was a second father to him, in all but authority, and he acted towards the good priest without much ceremony.

The old parish church of Saint-Eustache was dark; besides the perpetual lamp, there were only four flambeaux of yellow wax, which, attached above the fonts against the principal pillars, cast a red glimmer upon the blue and black marble of the empty church. The light scarcely penetrated the deep niches of the aisles of the sacred building. In one of the chapels—the darkest of them—was the *confessional*, of which we have before spoken, whose high

iron grating, and thick double planks, left visible only the small dome and the wooden cross. Here on either side, knelt Cinq-Mars and Maria of Mantua; they could scarcely see each other, but found that the abbé Quillet, seated between them, was there awaiting them. They could see through the little grating the shadow of his hood. Henry d'Effiat approached slowly; he was regulating, as it were, the remainder of his destiny. It was not before his king that he was about to appear, but before a more powerful sovereign, before her for whom he had undertaken his immense work. He was about to test her faith, and he trembled.

He trembled still more when his young betrothed knelt opposite to him; he trembled, because, at the sight of this angel, he could not help feeling all the happiness he might lose; he dared not speak first, and remained for an instant contemplating her head in the shade, that young head upon which rested all his hopes. Despite his love, whenever he looked upon her, he could not refrain from a kind of dread at having undertaken so much for a girl, whose passion was but a feeble reflection of his own, and who perhaps would not appreciate all the sacrifices he had made for her—bending the firm character of his mind to the compliances of a courtier, condemning it to the intrigues and sufferings of ambition, abandoning it to profound combinations, to criminal meditations, to the gloomy labours of a conspirator. Hitherto, in their chaste and secret interviews, she had always received each fresh intelligence of his progress with the transports of pleasure of a child; but without appreciating the labours of each of these so arduous steps that lead to honours, and always asking him with naïveté when he would be constable, and when they should marry, as if she were asking him when he would come to the Carousel, or whether the weather was fine. Hitherto, he had smiled at these questions and this ignorance, pardonable at eighteen, in a girl born to a throne and accustomed to a grandeur, natural to her, which she found around her on her entrance into life; but now he made more serious reflections upon this character; and when, but just quitting the imposing assembly of conspirators, representatives of all

the orders of the kingdom, his ear, wherein still resounded the masculine voices that had sworn to undertake a vast war—was struck with the first words of her for whom that war was commenced, he feared for the first time, lest this naïveté should be in reality simple levity, not coming from the heart. He resolved to sound it.

"Oh, heavens! how I tremble, Henri!" she said as she entered the confessional; "you make me come without guards, without a coach; I always tremble, lest I should be seen by my people, coming out of the hotel de Nevers. How much longer must I yet conceal myself like a criminal? The queen was very angry when I avowed the matter to her; and whenever she speaks to me of it, 'tis with her severe air that you know, and which always makes me weep. Oh, I am terribly afraid!"

She was silent; Cinq-Mars replied only with a deep sigh.

"How! you do not speak to me!" she said.

"Are these, then, all your terrors?" asked Cinq-Mars, bitterly.

"Can I have greater? Oh, mon ami! in what a tone, with what a voice do you address me!—are you angry because I came too late."

"Too soon, madam—much too soon, for the things you are to hear, for I see you are far from prepared for them."

Maria, affected at the gloomy and bitter tone of his voice, began to weep.

"Alas, what have I done!" she said, "that you should call me madam, and treat me thus harshly?"

"Be tranquil," replied Cinq-Mars, but with irony in his tone; "'tis not, indeed, you who are guilty; but I—I alone; not towards you, but for you."

"Have you done wrong then? have you ordered the death of any one? Oh! no, I am sure you have not, you are so good!"

"What!" said Cinq-Mars, "are you as nothing in my designs? did I misconstrue your thoughts when you looked at me in the queen's boudoir? Can I no longer read in your eyes! Was the fire which animated them that of a love for Richelieu? that admiration which you promised

to him who should dare to say all to the king, where is it? Is it all a falsehood?"

Maria burst into tears.

"You still speak to me with bitterness," she said; "I have not deserved it. Do you suppose, because I speak not of this fearful conspiracy, that I have forgotten it? do you not see me miserable at the thought? Must you see my tears—behold them: I shed enough in secret. Henri, believe that if I have avoided this terrible subject in our last interviews, it is from the fear of learning too much; have I any other thought than that of your danger? Do I not know that it is for me you incur them? Alas! if you fight for me, have I not also to sustain attacks no less cruel? Happier than I, you have only to combat hatred, while I struggle against friendship; the cardinal will oppose to you men and weapons, but the queen, the gentle Anne of Austria, employs only tender advice; caresses, sometimes tears."

"Touching and invincible constraint to make you accept a throne," said Cinq-Mars, bitterly; "I well conceive you must need some efforts to resist such seductions; but first, madam, I must release you from your vows."

"Alas, great Heaven! what is there, then, against us?"

"There is God above us, and against us," replied Henri, in a severe tone; "the king has deceived me."

There was an agitated movement on the part of the abbé.

Maria exclaimed: "I foresaw it; this is the misfortune I dreamed and dreamed of. Is it I who caused it?"

"He deceived me, as he pressed my hand," continued Cinq-Mars; "he betrayed me by the villain Joseph, whom an offer has been made to me to poniard."

The abbé gave a start of horror, which half opened the door of the confessional.

"Oh, father, fear nothing," said Henri d'Effiat, "your pupil will never strike such blows. Those I prepare, will be heard from afar, and the broad day will light them up; but there remains a duty—a sacred duty, for me to fulfil; behold your son sacrifice himself before you. Alas! I have not lived long in the sight of happiness, and I am

about, perhaps, to destroy it, by your hand that consecrated it."

As he spoke, he opened the light grating which separated him from his old tutor; the latter, still observing an extraordinary silence, passed his hood over his forehead.

"Restore this nuptial ring to the duchess of Mantua," said Cinq-Mars, in a tone less firm; "I cannot keep it, unless she give it me a second time, for I am not the same whom she promised to espouse."

The priest hastily seized the ring, and passed it through the opposite grating; this mark of indifference astonished Cinq-Mars.

"What! father," he said, "are you also changed?"

Maria wept no longer; but raising her angelic voice, which awakened a faint echo along the aisles of the church, as the softest sigh of the organ, she said, returning the ring to Cinq-Mars:

"Oh, dearest, be not angry! I comprehend you not. Can we break asunder what God has just united? and can I leave you, when I know you are unhappy? If the king no longer loves you, at least you may be assured he will not harm you, since he has not harmed the cardinal, whom he never loved. Do you think yourself undone, because he is perhaps unwilling to separate from his old servant? Well, let us await the return of his friendship; forget these conspirators, who affright me; if they give up hope, I shall thank Heaven; for then I shall no longer tremble for you. Why needlessly afflict ourselves? The queen loves us, and we are both very young—let us wait. The future is beautiful, since we are united, and sure of ourselves. Tell me what the king said to you at Chambord. I followed you long with my eyes. Heavens! how sad to me was that hunting party!"

"He has betrayed me, I tell you," answered Cinq-Mars. "Yet who could have believed it, that saw him press our hands, turning from his brother to me, and to the duke de Bouillon, making himself acquainted with the minutest details of the conspiracy? of the very day on which Richelieu was to be arrested at Lyons; fixing himself the *place of* his exile (our party desired his death, but the

recollection of my father made me ask his life). The king said that he himself would direct the whole affair at Perpignan; yet, just before, Joseph, that foul spy, had issued from out of the *cabinet du Lys*. Oh, Maria! shall I own it? at the moment I heard this, my very soul was tossed. I doubted everything; it seemed to me that the centre of the world was unhinged, when I found truth quit the heart of a king. I saw our whole edifice crumble to the ground; another hour, and the conspiracy would vanish away, and I should lose you for ever. One means remained; I employed it."

"What means?" said Maria.

"The treaty with Spain was in my hand—I signed it."

"Ah, heavens! destroy it."

"It is gone."

"Who bears it?"

"Fontrailles."

"Recal him."

"He will, ere this, have passed the defiles of Oleron," said Cinq-Mars, rising up. "All is ready at Madrid—all at Sedan. Armies await me, Maria—armies! Richelieu is in the midst of them. He totters; it needs but one blow to overthrow him, and you are mine for ever—for ever the wife of the triumphant Cinq-Mars."

"Of Cinq-Mars the rebel," she said, sighing.

"Well, have it so, the rebel; but no longer the favourite. Rebel, criminal, worthy of the scaffold, I know it," cried the impassioned youth, falling on his knees; "but a rebel for love, a rebel for you, whom my sword will at last achieve for me."

"Alas, a sword imbrued in the blood of his country! Is it not a poniard?"

"Pause! for pity, pause, Maria! Let kings abandon me, let warriors forsake me, I shall only be the more firm; but a word from you will vanquish me, and once again the time for reflection will be passed from me. Yes, I am a criminal, and that is why I still hesitate to think myself worthy of you. Abandon me, Maria; take back the ring."

"I cannot," she said; "for I am your wife, whatever you be."

"You hear her, father!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, transported with happiness; "bless this second union, the work of devotion, even more beautiful than that of love. Let her be mine while I live."

Without answering, the abbé opened the door of the confessional, and had quitted the church ere Cinq-Mars had time to rise and follow him.

"Where are you going? what is the matter?" he cried.

But no one answered.

"Do not call out, in the name of Heaven," said Maria, "or I am lost; he has doubtless heard some one in the church."

But d'Effiat, agitated, and without answering her, rushed forth, and sought his late tutor through the church, but in vain; drawing his sword, he proceeded to the entrance which Grandchamp had to guard; he called him and listened.

"Now let him go," said a voice at the corner of the street, and at the same moment was heard the galloping of horses.

"Grandchamp, wilt thou answer?" cried Cinq-Mars.

"Help! Henri, my dear boy!" exclaimed the voice of the abbé Quillet.

"Whence come you? You endanger me," said the grand écuyer, approaching him.

But he saw that his poor tutor, without a hat in the falling snow, was in a most deplorable condition.

"They stopped me, and they robbed me," he cried; "the villains, the assassins! they prevented me from calling out; they stopped my mouth with a handkerchief."

At this noise, Grandchamp at length came rubbing his eyes, like one just awakened. Laura, terrified, ran into the church to her mistress; all hastily followed her to reassure Maria, and then surrounded the old abbé.

"The villains! they bound my hands as you see; there were more than twenty of them; they took from me the key of the side door of the church."

"How! just now?" said Cinq-Mars; "and why did you quit us?"

"Quit you! why they have kept me there two hours."

"*Two* hours!" cried Henri, terrified.

"Ah! miserable old man that I am," said Grandchamp; "I have slept while my master was in danger! it is the first time."

"You were not with us then in the confessional?" continued Cinq-Mars, anxiously, while Maria tremblingly pressed against his arm.

"What!" said the abbé, "did you not see the rascal to whom they gave my key?"

"No! whom?" cried all at once.

"Father Joseph," answered the good priest.

"Fly! you are lost!" cried Maria.

CHAPTER XXII.

TAYLOR INST. OXFORD

THE STORM.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly."

AMIDST that long and superb chain of the Pyrenees which forms the embattled isthmus of the peninsula, in the centre of those blue pyramids, covered in gradation with snow, forests and downs, there opens a narrow defile, a path cut in the dried-up bed of a perpendicular torrent; it circulates among rocks, glides under bridges of frozen snow, twines along the edges of inundated precipices to scale the adjacent mountains of Urdoz and Oleron, and at last rising over their unequal ridges, turns their nebulous peak into a new country, which has also its mountains and its depths, and quitting France, descends into Spain. Never has the hoof of the mule left its trace in these windings; man himself can with difficulty stand upright there, even with the hempen boots, which cannot slip, and the hook of the pike-staff to force into the crevices of the rocks.

In the fine summer months, the *pastour* in his brown cape, and his black long-bearded ram, leads hither flocks, whose flowing wool sweeps the turf. Nothing is heard in these rugged places but the sound of the large bells which the sheep carry, and whose irregular tinklings produce unexpected harmonies, casual gamuts, which astonish the traveller, and delight the savage and silent shepherd. But when the long month of September comes, a shroud of snow spreads itself from the peak of the mountains down to their base, respecting only this deeply excavated path, a few gorges opened by torrents, and some rocks of granite, which stretch out their fantastical forms, like the bones of a buried world.

It is then that light troops of chamois make their appearance, with their twisted horns extending over their backs, spring from rock to rock as if driven before the wind, and take possession of their aërial desert; flights of ravens and crows incessantly wheel round and round in the gulfs and natural wells which they transform into dark dovecots, while the brown bear, followed by her shaggy family, who sport and tumble around her in the snow, slowly descend from their retreat invaded by the frost. But these are neither the most savage nor the most cruel inhabitants that winter brings into these mountains; the daring smuggler raises for himself a dwelling of wood on the very boundary of nature and of politics; there unknown treaties, secret exchanges, are made between the two Navarres, amidst fogs and winds.

It was in this narrow path, on the frontiers of France, that, about two months after the scenes we have witnessed in Paris, two travellers, coming from Spain, stopped at midnight, fatigued and dismayed. They heard musket-shots in the mountain.

"The scoundrels! how they have pursued us," said one of them; "I can go no farther; but for you I should have been taken."

"And you will be taken still, as well as that infernal paper, if you lose your time in words; there is another volley on the rock of Saint Pierre-de-l'Aigle; up there, they suppose we have gone in the direction of the Limaçon;

but, below, they will see the contrary. Descend; it is doubtless a patrol hunting smugglers. Descend."

"But how? I cannot see."

"Never mind, descend; take my arm."

"Hold me, my boots slip," said the first traveller, stamping on the edge of the rock to make sure of the solidity of the ground before trusting himself upon it.

"Go on, go on!" said the other, pushing him; "there's one of the rascals passing over our heads."

And, in fact, the shadow of a man, armed with a long gun, was reflected on the snow. The two adventurers stood motionless; the man passed on; they continued their descent.

"They will take us," said the one who was supporting the other; "they have turned us. Give me your confounded parchment; I wear the dress of a smuggler, and I can pass for one seeking an asylum among them; but you would have no resource with your laced dress."

"You are right," said his companion; and resting his foot against the edge of the rock, and reclining on the slope, he gave him a roll of hollow wood.

A gun was fired, and a ball buried itself hissing in the snow at their feet.

"Marked!" said the first. "Roll down; if you are not dead when you get to the bottom, take the road you see before you. On the left of the hollow is Santa-Maria; but turn to the right, cross Oleron, and you are on the road to Pau and are saved. Go, roll down."

As he spoke, he pushed his comrade, and, without condescending to look after him, and himself neither ascending nor descending, followed the flank of the mountain horizontally, hanging on by rocks, branches, and even by plants, with the strength and energy of a wild cat, and soon found himself on firm ground, before a small wooden hut, through which a light was visible. The adventurer went all round it, like a hungry wolf round a sheep-fold; and, applying his eye to one of the openings, apparently saw what determined him, for, without further hesitation, he pushed the tottering door, which was not even fastened by a latch. The whole hut shook with the blow he had given it; he then saw that it was divided into two cabins

by a partition. A large flambeau of yellow wax lighted the first; there, a young girl, pale and fearfully thin, was crouched in a corner on the damp floor, just where the melted snow ran under the planks of the cottage. Very long black hair, entangled and covered with dust, fell in disorder over her coarse brown dress; the red hood of the Pyrenees covered her head and shoulders; her eyes were cast down, and she was spinning with a small distaff attached to her waist. The entry of a man did not appear to move her in the least.

"Ha! *la moza*,[1] get up and give me something to drink. I am tired and thirsty."

The young girl did not answer; and, without raising her eyes, continued to spin assiduously.

"Dost hear?" said the stranger, thrusting her with his foot; "go and tell thy master that a friend wishes to see him; but first give me some drink; I shall sleep here."

She answered in a hoarse voice, still spinning:

"I drink the snow that melts on the rock or the green scum that floats on the water of the swamp; but when I have spun well, they give me water from the iron spring. When I sleep, the cold lizard crawls over my face; but when I have well cleaned a mule, they throw me hay; the hay is warm; the hay is good and warm; I put it under my marble feet."

"What tale art telling me?" said Jacques; "I spoke not of thee."

She continued:

"They make me hold a man while they kill him. Oh! what blood I have had on my hands! God forgive them! if that be possible. They make me hold his head, and the bucket filled with crimson water. Oh, Heaven! I who was the bride of God! They throw their bodies into the abyss of snow; but the vulture finds them; he lines his nest with their hair. I now see thee full of life; I shall see thee bloody, pale, and dead."

The adventurer, shrugging his shoulders, began to whistle as he passed the second door; within he found the man he had seen through the chinks of the cabin; he wore

[1] Girl.

the blue *berret* cap of the Basques on one side, and enveloped in an ample cloak, seated on the pack-saddle of a mule, and bending over a large brazier, smoked a cigar, and from time to time drank from a leather bottle at his side. The light of the brazier showed his full yellow face, as well as the chamber, in which mule-saddles were ranged round the *brasero* as seats. He raised his head, without altering his position.

"Oh! oh! is it thou, Jacques?" he said; "is it thou? Although 'tis four years since I saw thee, I recognise thee; thou art not changed, brigand! there 'tis still, thy great knave's face. Sit down there, and take a drink."

"Yes, here I am; but how the devil camest thou here? I thought thou wert a judge, Houmain!"

"And I thought thou wert a Spanish captain, Jacques!"

"Ah! I was so for a time, and then a prisoner; but I got out of the thing very snugly, and have taken again to the old trade—the free life, the good smuggling work."

"Viva! viva! Jaleo!"[1] cried Houmain; "we brave fellows can turn our hands to everything. Thou camest by the other passes, I suppose, for I have not seen thee since I returned to the trade."

"Yes, yes, I have passed where thou wilt never pass," said Jacques.

"And what hast got?"

"A new merchandise; my mules will come to-morrow."

"Silk sashes, cigars, or linen?"

"Thou wilt know in time, amigo," said the ruffian; "give me the skin; I'm thirsty."

"Here, drink; it's true Valdepenas! we're so jolly here, we bandoleros! Ai! *Jaleo! Jaleo!* come, drink, our friends are coming."

"What friends?' said Jacques, dropping the horn.

"Don't be uneasy, but drink; I'll tell thee all about it presently, and then we'll sing the Andalusian Tirana."[2]

The adventurer took the horn, and assumed an appearance of ease.

"And who's that great she-devil I saw out there?" he said. "She seems half dead."

[1] A common Spanish oath. [2] A kind of ballad.

"Oh! no, she's only mad; drink, I'll tell thee all about her."

And taking from his red sash a long poniard dentieulated on each side like a saw, Humain used it to stir up the fire, and said with vast gravity:

"Thou must know first, if thou dost not know it already, that down below there (he pointed towards France), the old wolf Richelieu carries all before him."

"Ah! ah!" said Jacques.

"Yes; they call him *the king of the king.* Thou knowest? There is, however, a young man almost as strong as he, and whom they call M. le Grand. This young fellow commands almost the whole army of Perpignan at this moment; he arrived there a month ago, but the old fox is still at Narbonne; a very cunning fox indeed. As to the king, he is sometimes this, sometimes that (as he spoke, Houmain turned his hand outwards and inwards); *between zist and zest;* but while he is determining, I am for *zist,* that is to say, I'm cardinalist; I've been regularly doing business for my lord, since the first job he gave me, three years ago. I'll tell thee about it. He wanted some men of firmness and spirit for a little expedition, and sent for me to be judge-advocate."

"Ah! a very pretty post, I've heard."

"Yes, 'tis a trade like ours, where they sell cord instead of thread, but it is less honest, for they kill men oftener; but 'tis also more profitable; everything has its price."

"Very properly so," said Jacques.

"Behold me, then, in a red robe; I helped to give a yellow one and brimstone to a fine fellow, who was curé at Loudun, and who had got into a convent of nuns, like a wolf in a fold: and a fine thing he made of it."

"Ha, ha, ha! that's very droll!" laughed Jacques.

"Drink," said Houmain. "Yes, Jago, I saw him, after the affair, reduced to a little black heap like this charcoal; see, this charcoal at the end of my poniard. What things we are! that's just what we shall all come to when we go to the devil."

"Oh! none of these pleasantries," said the other, very gravely; "you know that I am religious."

"*Well, I* don't say no. It may be so," said Houmain,

in the same tone; "there's Richelieu a cardinal! But, no matter. Thou must know, then, as I was advocate-general, I advocated——"

"Ah! thou art quite a wit."

"Yes, a little! But as I was saying, I advocated into my own pocket five hundred piastres, for Armand Duplessis pays his people well, and there's nothing to be said against that, except that the money's not his own; but that's the way with us all. I determined to invest this money in our old trade, and I returned here. Business goes on well; there is sentence of death out against us; and our goods, of course, sell for half as much again as before."

"What's that?" exclaimed Jacques; "lightning at this time of year!"

"Yes, the storms are beginning; we've had two already. We are in the clouds. Do'st hear the roll of the thunder? but this is nothing; come, drink; 'tis almost one in the morning; we'll finish the skin and the night together. As I was telling thee, I made acquaintance with our president, a great scoundrel called Laubardemont. Dost know him?"

"Yes, a little," said Jacques; "he's a regular miser. But never mind that; go on."

"Well, as we had nothing to conceal from one another, I told him of my little commercial plans, and asked him, when any good jobs presented themselves, to think of his judicial comrade; and I've had no cause to complain of him."

"Ah!" said Jacques, "and what has he done?"

"Why, first, two years ago, he himself brought me, on horseback behind him, his niece that thou'st seen out there."

"His niece!" cried Jacques, rising; "and thou treat'st her like a slave! *Demonio!*"

"Drink," said Houmain, quietly stirring the brazier with his poniard; "he himself desired it should be so. Sit down."

Jacques did so.

"I don't think," continued the smuggler, "that he'd even be sorry to know she was——do'st understand?——to

hear she was under the snow rather than above it; but he would not put her there himself, because he's a good relative, as he himself said."

"And as I know," said Jacques; "but go on."

"Thou mayst suppose that a man like him, who lives at court, does not like to have a mad niece in his house. The thing is self-evident: if I'd continued to play my part of man of the robe, I should have done the same in a similar case. But here, as you perceive, we don't care much for appearances, and I've taken her for a servant; she has shown more good sense than I expected, although she has rarely ever spoken more than a single word, and at first came the delicate over us. Now she rubs down a mule like a groom; she has had a slight fever for the last few days, but 'twill pass off one way or the other. But I say, don't tell Laubardemont that she still lives; he'd think 'twas for the sake of economy I've kept her for a servant."

"How! is he here?" cried Jacques.

"Drink," replied the phlegmatic Houmain, who himself set the example most assiduously, and began to half-shut his eyes with a languishing air. "'Tis the second transaction I've had with this Laubardemont—or demon, or whatever the name is; but 'tis a good devil of a demon, at all events. I love him as I do my eyes, and I will drink his health out of this bottle of Jurançon, here; 'tis the wine of a jolly fellow, the late king Henry. How happy we are here! Spain on the right hand, France on the left; the wine-skin on the one side, the bottle on the other! The bottle! I've left all for the bottle!"

As he spoke he knocked off the neck of a bottle of white wine. After taking a long draught, he continued, while the stranger closely watched him—

"Yes, he's here, and his feet must be rather cold, for he's been waiting about the mountains ever since sunset, with his guards and our comrades; thou knowest our *bandoloros*, the true *contrabandistas*?"

"Ah! and what do they hunt?" said Jacques.

"Ah! that's the joke!" answered the drunkard. "'Tis to arrest two rascals who want to bring here sixty thousand *Spanish* soldiers in paper in their pocket. You don't,

perhaps, quite understand me, *croquant;* well, 'tis as I tell thee, in their own pockets."

"Ay, ay! I understand," said Jacques, loosening his poniard in his sash, and looking at the door.

"Very well, devil's-skin, let's sing the Tirana; take the bottle, throw away the cigar, and sing."

With these words the drunken host began to sing in Spanish, interrupting his song with bumpers, which he threw down his throat, leaning back for the greater ease, while Jacques, still seated, looked at him gloomily by the light of the brazier, and meditated what he should do.

"Yo que soï contrabandista
I campo por mi respeto,
A todos los desafio,
Puis a nadie tengo miedo.

Ay jaleo! Muchachas
Quien me merca un hilo negro?"[1]

A flash of lightning entered the small window, and filled the room with a sulphureous odour; a fearful clap immediately followed: the cabin shook, and a beam fell outside.

"Hallo, the house!" cried the drunken man; "the devil's amongst us! and our friends are not come."

"Sing!" said Jacques, drawing the pack upon which he was close to that of Houmain.

The latter drank to encourage himself, and continued—

"Mi caballo esta cansado,
Y yo me marcho corriendo.

Ay! ay! que viene la ronda,
Y se mueve el tiroteo;
Ay! ay! cavallito mio,
Ay! saca me deste aprieto.

Viva, viva mi cavallo,
Cavallo mio carreto;
Ay! jaleo! Muchacas, ay! jaleo—"[2]

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[1] "I, who am a contrabandist, am respected by all; I take care of myself, and fear no one. Ay! jaleo! Girls, who'll buy some black thread?"

[2] "My horse is tired; I go by his side, running. Ay! ay! here comes the round, and there's a shot! Ay, my little horse! get me out of this scrape. *Viva!* my horse! Ay, jaleo! Girls," &c.

As he ended he felt his seat totter, and fell backwards; Jacques, thus freed from him, sprang towards the door, when it opened, and his head struck against the cold pale face of the mad woman. He recoiled.

"The judge!" she said, as she entered; and she fell prostrate on the cold ground.

Jacques had already passed one foot over her, but another face appeared, livid and surprised,—that of a very tall man, enveloped in a cloak covered with snow. He again recoiled, and laughed a laugh of terror and rage. It was Laubardemont, followed by armed men; they looked at one another.

"Ah! com-r-a-d-e, yo-u raa-scal!" hiccuped Houmain, rising with difficulty; "thou'rt a royalist."

But when he saw these two men, who seemed petrified by each other, he became silent, as conscious of his intoxication; and he reeled forward to raise up the mad woman, who was still lying between the judge and the captain. The former spoke first.

"Are you not he we have been pursuing?"

"It is he!" said the armed men with one voice, "the other has escaped."

Jacques receded to the split planks that formed the tottering wall of the hut: enveloping himself in his cloak like a bear forced against a tree by the hounds; and, wishing to gain a moment's respite for reflection, he said firmly:

"The first who passes that brazier and the body of that girl, is a dead man."

And he drew a long poniard from his cloak. At this moment, Houmain, kneeling, turned the head of the girl; her eyes were closed; he drew her towards the brazier, which lighted up her face.

"Ah, heavens!" cried Laubardemont, forgetting himself in his fright; "Jeanne again!"

"Be calm, my lo-lord," said Houmain trying to open the eye-lids which closed again, and to raise her head, which fell back again like wet linen; "be be-calm; do-n't ex-cite yourself, she's dead, de-ci-dedly."

Jacques put his foot on the body as on a barrier, and looking with a ferocious laugh in the face of Laubardemont, said to him in a low voice:

"Let me pass, and I will not compromise thee, courtier; I will not tell that she was thy niece and that I am thy son."

Laubardemont collected himself, looked at his men, who pressed around him with advanced carabines, and signing them to retire a few steps, he answered in a very low voice—

"Give me the treaty, and thou shalt pass."

"Here it is in my girdle; touch it, and I will call you my father, aloud. What will thy master say?"

"Give it me, and I will pardon thy life."

"Let me pass, and I will pardon thy having given me that life."

"Still the same, brigand?"

"Ay, assassin."

"What matters to thee that boy conspirator?" asked the judge.

"What matters to thee that old man who reigns?" answered the other.

"Give me that paper; I've sworn to have it."

"Leave it with me; I've sworn to carry it back."

"What can be thy oath and thy God?" said Laubardemont.

"And thine?" replied Jacques; "is't the crucifix of red hot iron?"

Here Houmain, rising between them, laughing and staggering, said to the judge, slapping him on the shoulder:

"You are a long time coming to an understanding, friend; do-ont you know him of old? he's a very good fellow."

"I! no!" cried Laubardemont, aloud; "I never saw him before."

At this moment, Jacques, who was protected by the drunkard and the smallness of the crowded chamber, sprung violently against the weak planks that formed the wall, and by a blow of his heel knocked two of them out, and passed through the space thus created. The whole side of the cabin was broken; it tottered, and the wind rushed in.

"Halloo! Demonio! Santo Demonio! where art going?"

cried the smuggler; "thou art breaking my house down, and on the side of the ravine, too."

All cautiously approached, tore away the planks that remained, and leaned over the abyss. They contemplated a strange spectacle: the storm raged in all its fury, and it was a storm of the Pyrenees; enormous flashes of lightning came all at once from all parts of the horizon, and their fires succeeded so quickly that there seemed no interval; they appeared to be a continuous flash; 'twas but rarely the flaming vault would suddenly become obscure, and it then instantly resumed its glare. It was not the light that seemed strange on this night, but the darkness. The tall thin peaks and whitened rocks stood out from the red back-ground, like blocks of marble on a cupola of burning brass, and resembled, amidst the snows, the wonders of a volcano; the waters gushed from them like flames, the snow poured down like dazzling lava.

In this moving mass a man was seen struggling, whose efforts only involved him deeper and deeper in the whirling and liquid gulf; his knees were already buried; in vain, he clasped his arms round an enormous pyramidal and transparent icicle, which reflected the lightning like a rock of crystal; the icicle itself was melting at its base, and slowly bending over the declivity of the rock. Under the covering of snow, masses of granite were heard striking against each other, as they descended into the vast depths below. Yet they could still save him—a space of scarcely four feet separated him from Laubardemont.

"I sink!" he cried; "hold out to me something, and thou shalt have the treaty."

"Give it me, and I will reach thee this musket," said the judge.

"There it is," replied the ruffian; "since the devil is for Richelieu!" and taking one hand from the hold of his slippery support, he threw a roll of wood into the cabin. Laubardemont rushed back upon the treaty like a wolf on his prey. Jacques in vain held out his arm; he slowly glided away with the enormous thawing block turned upon him, and was silently buried in the snow.

"Ah! villain!" were his last words, "thou hast deceived me! but thou didst not take the treaty from me. I gave

it thee, *Father!*" and he disappeared wholly under the thick white bed of snow; nothing was seen in his place but the glittering flakes which the lightning had ploughed up, as it became extinguished in them; nothing was heard but the rolling of the thunder, and the dash of the waters against the rocks, for the men in the half-ruined cabin, grouped round a corpse and a villain, were silent, tongue-tied with horror, and fearing lest God himself should send a thunder-bolt upon them.[1]

CHAPTER XXIII.

ABSENCE.

" L'absence est le plus grand des maux,
Non pas pour vous, cruelle!" LA FONTAINE.

WHO has not found a charm in watching the clouds of heaven as they pass on? who has not envied them the freedom of their journeyings through the air, whether, rolled in great masses by the wind, and coloured by the sun, they advance peacefully, like fleets of dark ships with gilt prows, or sprinkled in light groups, they glide quickly on, airy and elongated, like birds of passage, transparent as vast opals detached from the treasury of the heavens, or glittering with whiteness, like snows from the mountains carried on the wings of the winds? Man is a slow traveller, who envies those rapid journeyers; though less rapid than his imagination, they have yet seen in a single day all the place she loves, in remembrance or in hope; those that have witnessed his happiness or his misery, and those so beautiful countries unknown to us, where we expect to find everything at once. Doubtless, there is not a spot on the whole earth, a wild rock, an arid plain, over which we pass with indifference, that has not been consecrated in the life of some man, and is not painted in his remembrance; for

[1] " He lived and died with brigands. Was there not a divine punishment on the family of this judge, to expiate, in some measure, the cruel and pitiless death of poor *Grandier*, whose blood cries aloud for vengeance?"—PATIN, lett. lxv., 22nd December, 1651.

like battered vessels, before meeting inevitable wreck we leave some fragment of ourselves on every rock.

Whither go the dark blue clouds of that storm of the Pyrenees? 'Tis the wind of Africa which drives them before it with a fiery breath; they fly, they roll over one another, growlingly throwing out lightning before them, as their torches, and leaving suspended behind them a long train of rain, like a vaporous robe. Freed by an effort from the rocky defiles that for a moment had arrested their course, they irrigate, in Bearn, the picturesque patrimony of Henry IV.; in Guienne, the conquests of Charles VII.; in Saintonge, Poitou and Touraine, those of Charles V. and of Philip Augustus; and at last, slackening their pace above the old domain of Hugh-Capet, stop murmuring on the towers of Saint Germain.

"Oh! madam," exclaimed Maria of Mantua to the queen, "do you see this storm coming up from the south?"

"You often look in that direction, ma chère," answered Anne of Austria, leaning on the balcony.

"It is the direction of the sun, madam."

"And of tempests, you see," said the queen; "trust in my friendship, my child, these clouds can bring no happiness to you. I would rather see you turn your eyes towards Poland. See the fine people you might command."

At this moment, to avoid the rain, which began to fall, the prince palatine passed rapidly under the windows of the queen, with a numerous suite of young Poles on horseback; their Turkish vests, with buttons of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies; their green and grey cloaks; the lofty plumes of their horses, and their adventurous air, gave them a singular eclat to which the court had easily become accustomed. They paused for a moment, and the prince made two salutes, while the light animal he rode passed gracefully side-ways, keeping his front towards the princesses; prancing and snorting, he shook his mane, and seemed to salute by putting his head between his legs; the whole suite repeated the evolution as they passed. The princess Maria had at first shrunk back lest they should see her tears; but the brilliant and flattering spectacle made her return to the balcony, and she could not help exclaiming:

"How gracefully the palatine rides that beautiful horse! he seems scarce conscious of it."

The queen smiled and said:

"He is conscious about her who might be his queen to-morrow, if she would but make a sign of the head, and let but one glance from her great black almond-shaped eyes be turned on that throne, instead of always receiving these poor foreigners with poutings as now."

And Anne of Austria kissed the cheek of Maria, who could not refrain from smiling also; but she instantly sunk her head, reproaching herself, and resumed her sadness, which seemed gliding from her. She even needed once more to contemplate the great clouds that hung over the chateau.

"Poor child," continued the queen, "thou dost all thou canst to be very faithful, and to keep thyself in the melancholy of thy romance; thou art making thyself ill with weeping, when thou shouldst be asleep, and with not eating. Thou passest the night in reverie and in writing; but I warn thee, thou wilt get nothing by it, except making thyself thin, and less beautiful, and the not being a queen. Thy Cinq-Mars is an ambitious youth, who has lost himself."

Seeing Maria conceal her head in her handkerchief to weep, Anne of Austria for a moment re-entered her chamber, leaving Maria in the balcony, and feigned to be looking for some jewels at her toilette-table; she soon returned, slowly and gravely, to the window; Maria was more calm, and was gazing sorrowfully at the landscape before her, the hills in the distance, and the storm gradually spreading itself.

The queen resumed in a more serious tone:

"God has been more good to you than your imprudence perhaps deserved, Maria; he has saved you from great danger; you were willing to make great sacrifices, but fortunately they have not been accomplished as you expected. Innocence has saved you from love; you are as one who, thinking she was swallowing a deadly poison, has, in reality, drunk only pure and harmless water."

"Ah, madam, what mean you? am I not unhappy enough already?"

"Do not interrupt me," said the queen; "you will, ere long, see your present position with different eyes. I will not accuse you of ingratitude towards the cardinal; I have too many reasons for not liking him. I myself witnessed the rise of the conspiracy. Still you should remember, ma chère, that he was the only person in France who, against the opinion of the queen-mother and of the court, insisted upon war with the duchy of Mantua, which he recovered from the empire and from Spain, and returned to the duke de Nevers, your father; here, in this very chateau of Saint Germain, was signed the treaty which deposed the duke of Guastalla.[1] You were then very young; they must, however, have told you of it. Yet here, through love alone, (I am willing to believe, with yourself, that it is so) a young man of two-and-twenty is ready to get him assassinated."

"Oh, madam, he is incapable of such a deed. I swear to you that he has refused to adopt it."

"I have begged you, Maria, to let me speak. I know that he is generous and loyal; I am willing to believe that, contrary to the custom of our times, he would not go so far as to kill an old man, as did the chevalier de Guise. But can he prevent his assassination, if his troops make him prisoner? This we cannot say, any more than he; God alone knows the future. It is, at all events, certain that it is for you he attacks him; and, to overthrow him, is preparing civil war, which, perhaps, is bursting forth at the very moment that we speak; a war without success; whichever way it turns, it can only effect evil. If Monsieur is going to abandon the conspiracy."

"How, madam!"

"Listen to me. I tell you, I am certain of it, I need not explain myself farther. What will the grand écuyer do? The king, as he rightly anticipated, has gone to consult the cardinal. To consult him is to yield to him; but the treaty of Spain is signed: if it be discovered, what can M. de Cinq-Mars do? Do not tremble thus; we will save him—we will save his life, I promise you; there is yet time, I hope."

[1] The 19th of May, 1632.

"Ah! madam, you hope! I am lost!" cried Maria, half fainting.

"Let us sit down," said the queen; and placing herself near Maria, at the entrance to the chamber, she continued:

"Doubtless Monsieur will treat for all the conspirators in treating for himself; but exile will be the least punishment, perpetual exile. Behold, then, the duchess of Nevers and Mantua, the princess Maria di Gonzaga, the wife of M. Henri d'Effiat, marquis de Cinq-Mars, exiled!"

"Well! madam, I will follow him into exile; it is my duty; I am his wife!" exclaimed Maria, sobbing; "I would I knew he were already banished and in safety."

"Dreams of eighteen!" said the queen, supporting Maria. "Awake, child, awake; you must. I deny not the good qualities of M. de Cinq-Mars; he has a lofty character, a vast mind, and great courage; but he may no longer be aught for you, and fortunately you are not his wife, or even his betrothed."

"I am his, madam, his alone."

"But without the benediction," replied Anne of Austria; "in a word, without marriage. No priest would have dared; not even your own; he told me so. Be silent," she added, putting her two beautiful hands on Maria's lips. "Be silent! You would say that God heard your vow; that you cannot live without him; that your destinies are inseparable from his; that death alone can break your union? The phrases of your age, delicious chimeras of a moment, at which one day you will smile, happy at not having to lament them all your life. Of the many and brilliant women you see around me at court, there is not one but at your age had some beautiful dream of love, like this of yours, who did not form those ties, which they believed indissoluble, and who did not in secret take eternal oaths. Well! these dreams are vanished, these knots broken, these oaths forgotten; and yet you see them happy women and mothers; surrounded by the honours of their rank, they laugh and dance every night. I again divine what you would say; they loved not as you love, eh? You deceive yourself, my dear child; they loved as much, and wept no less. And here I must make you acquainted with that great mystery which constitutes your despair, because you are

ant of the malady that devours you. We have a old existence, mon amie: our internal life, that of eelings, powerfully works within us; while the ex- l life dominates despite ourselves. We are never endent of men, more especially in an elevated con- ; alone, we think ourselves mistresses of our destiny; he entrance of two or three people fastens on all hains, by recalling our rank and our retinue. Nay: yourself up and abandon yourself to all the daring xtraordinary resolutions that the passions may raise you, to the marvellous sacrifices they may suggest u: a lacquey coming and asking your orders will at break the charm and bring you back to your real It is this contest between your projects and your on which destroys you ; you are invariably angry yourself, you bitterly reproach yourself." Maria d away her head.

Yes, you believe yourself criminal. Pardon yourself, ı; all men are beings, so relative and so dependent ıpon another, that I know not whether the great ıts of the world that we sometimes see, are not for the world itself: despair has its pursuits, and de its coquetry. It is said that the gloomiest her- cannot refrain from inquiring what men say of

This need of public opinion is beneficial, in that ıbats, almost always victoriously, that which is irre- in our imagination, and comes to the aid of duties ı we too easily forget. One experiences (you will , I hope) in returning to one's proper lot, after the ice of that which had diverted the reason, the satis- n of an exile returning to his family, of a sick per- t sight of the sun after a night afflicted with frightful ıs. It is this feeling of a being returned, as it were, natural state, that creates the calm which you see ıny eyes that have also had their tears; for there w women who have not known tears such as yours. would think yourself perjured if you renounced Mars! But nothing binds you; you have more than ted yourself towards him by refusing, for more than ears past, the royal hands offered you. And after hat has he done, this impassioned lover? He has

elevated himself to reach you; but may not the ambition which here seems to you to have aided love, have made use of that love? This young man seems to me too profound, too calm in his political stratagems, too independent in his vast resolutions, in his colossal enterprises, for me to believe him solely occupied by his tenderness. If you have been but a means, instead of an end, what would you say?"

"I would still love him," answered Maria; "while he lives, I am his."

"And while I live," said the queen, with firmness, "I will oppose the alliance."

At these last words the rain and hail fell violently on the balcony; the queen took advantage of the circumstance abruptly to leave the room and pass into that where the duchess de Chevreuse, Mazarin, madame de Gueméné, and the prince palatine had been awaiting her for a short time. The queen walked up to them; Maria placed herself in the shade of a curtain, in order to conceal the redness of her eyes. She was, at first, unwilling to take part in the sprightly conversation; but some words of it attracted her attention. The queen was showing to the princess de Gueméné diamonds she had just received from Paris.

"As for this crown, it does not belong to me; the king had it prepared for the future queen of Poland; who that is to be, we know not."

Then turning towards the prince palatine:

"We saw you pass, prince; whom were you going to visit?"

"Mademoiselle the duchesse de Rohan," answered the Pole.

The insinuating Mazarin, who availed himself of every opportunity to worm out secrets and to make himself necessary by forced confidences, said, approaching the queen:

"That comes very àpropos, just as we were speaking of the crown of Poland."

Maria, who was listening, could not hear this, and said to madame de Gueméné, who was at her side:

"Is monsieur de Chabot, then, king of Poland?"

The queen heard that, and was delighted at this touch of pride. In order to develop its germ, she affected an approving attention to the conversation that ensued.

The princess de Gueméné exclaimed:

"Can you conceive such a marriage? we really can't get it out of our heads; this same mademoiselle de Rohan, whom we have seen so haughty, after having refused the comte de Soissons, the duke de Weimar, and the duc de Nemours, to marry M. de Chabot, a simple gentleman; 'tis really a sad pity! What are we coming to? 'tis impossible to say what it will all end in."

Mazarin added, slily:

"What! can it be true? love at court! a real love! deep! can it be believed?"

All this time the queen continued opening and shutting, and playing with the new crown.

"Diamonds only suit black hair," she said; "let's see; let me put it on you, Maria. Why, it suits her to admiration."

"One would suppose it had been made for madame la princesse," said the cardinal.

"I would give the last drop of my blood for it to remain on that brow," said the prince Palatine.

Maria, through the tears that were still on her cheek, gave an infantine and involuntary smile, like a ray of sunshine through rain; then, suddenly blushing deeply, she hastily took refuge in her apartments.

All present laughed. The queen followed her with her eyes, smiled, presented her hand for the Polish ambassador to kiss, and retired to write a letter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE WORK.

"Peu d'espérance doivent avoir les pauvres et menues gens au fait de ce monde, puisque si grand roy y a tant souffert et tant travaillé."

PHILIPPE DE COMINES.

ONE night, before Perpignan, a very unusual event took *place.* It was ten o'clock, and all were asleep. The *slow and* almost suspended operations of the siege had

rendered the camp and the town inactive. The Spaniards troubled themselves little about the French, all communication towards Catalonia being open as in time of peace, and in the French army men's minds were agitated with that secret anxiety which precedes great events. Yet all was apparently calm; no sound was heard but that of the measured tread of the sentinels; nothing was seen in the dark night, but the red light of the matches of their guns, always smoking; when suddenly the trumpets of the musketeers, of the light horse, and of the men-at-arms, sounded almost simultaneously, *boot and saddle* and *to horse*. All the sentinels cried to arms, and the sergeants, with flambeaux, went from tent to tent, a long pike in their hands, to waken the soldiers, range them in lines, and count them. Some files marched in gloomy silence along the streets of the camp, and took their position in battle array; the sound of the mounted squadrons announced that the heavy cavalry were making the same dispositions. After half an hour of movement the noise ceased, the torches were extinguished, and all again became calm, but the army was on foot.

One of the last tents of the camp shone within as a star with flambeaux; on approaching this little white and transparent pyramid, we might have distinguished the shadows of two men reflected on the canvas as they walked to and fro within; outside, several men on horseback were in attendance; inside, were de Thou and Cinq-Mars.

To see the pious and wise de Thou thus up and armed at this hour, you might have taken him for one of the chiefs of the revolt. But a closer examination of his serious countenance and mournful expression, immediately showed that he blamed it, and allowed himself to be led into it and endangered by it, from an extraordinary resolution which aided him to surmount the horror he had of the enterprise itself. From the day when Henri d'Effiat had opened his heart and confided to him its whole secret, he had seen clearly that all remonstrance was vain with a young man so powerfully resolved. He had even understood what M. de Cinq-Mars had not told him, and had seen, in the secret union of his friend with the princess Maria, one of those ties of love whose mysterious and

frequent faults, voluptuous and involuntary derelictions, could not be too soon purified by public benediction. He had comprehended that punishment impossible to be supported long by a lover, the adored master of that young girl, and who was condemned daily to appear before her as a stranger, to receive political disclosures of marriages they were preparing for her. The day when he received his entire confession, he had done all in his power to prevent Cinq-Mars going so far in his projects as the foreign alliance. He had evoked the gravest recollections and the best feelings, without any other result than rendering the invincible resolution of his friend more rude towards him. Cinq-Mars, it will be recollected, had said to him harshly: "Well! did I ask you to take part in this conspiracy?" and he had desired only to promise not to denounce it, and he had collected all his power against friendship to say: "Expect nothing further from me if you sign this treaty." Yet Cinq-Mars had signed the treaty; and de Thou was still there with him.

The habit of familiarly discussing the projects of his friend had, perhaps, rendered them less odious to him; his contempt for the vices of the prime minister, his indignation at the servitude of the parliaments to which his family belonged, and at the corruption of justice; the powerful names, and more especially the noble characters of the men who directed the enterprise, all had contributed to soften down his first painful impression. Having once promised secrecy to M. de Cinq-Mars, he considered himself as in a position to accept in detail all the secondary disclosures; and since the fortuitous event which had compromised him with the conspirators at the house of Marion de Lorme, he considered himself united to them by honour, and engaged to an inviolable secrecy. Since that time he had seen Monsieur, the duke de Bouillon, and Fontrailles; they had become accustomed to speak before him without constraint, and he to hear them.

The dangers which threatened his friend now drew him into their vortex like an invincible magnet. His conscience accused him, but he followed Cinq-Mars wherever he went, without even, from excess of delicacy, hazarding a single expression which might resemble a personal fear.

He had tacitly given up his life, and would have deemed it unworthy of both to manifest a desire to regain it.

The master of the horse was in his cuirass; he was armed, and wore large boots. An enormous pistol with a lighted match was placed upon his table between two flambeaux; a heavy watch in a brass case lay near the pistol. De Thou, wrapped in a black cloak, sat motionless with folded arms; Cinq-Mars paced backwards and forwards, his arms crossed behind his back, from time to time looking at the hand of the watch, too sluggish in his eyes. He opened the tent, looked up to the heavens, and returned.

"I do not see my star there," said he; "but no matter; she is here in my heart."

"The night is dark," said de Thou.

"Say rather that the time draws nigh; it advances, my friend; it advances; twenty minutes more, and all will be accomplished. The army only waits the report of this pistol to commence."

De Thou held in his hand an ivory crucifix, and looking first at the cross, and then towards heaven:

"Now," said he, "is the hour to complete the sacrifice. I repent not, but, oh, how bitter is the cup of sin to my lips! I had vowed my days to innocence, and to the works of the soul, and here I am about to commit a crime, and to draw the sword."

But forcibly seizing the hand of Cinq-Mars—"It is for you, for you," he added, with the enthusiasm of a blindly devoted heart; "I rejoice in my errors if they turn to your glory. I see but your happiness in my fault. Forgive me if I have returned for a moment to the habitual thought of my whole life."

Cinq-Mars looked stedfastly at him, and a tear stole slowly down his cheek.

"Virtuous friend," said he, "may your fault fall only on my head. But let us hope that God who pardons those who love, will be for us, for we are criminal, I through love, you through friendship."

Then suddenly looking at the watch, he took the long pistol in his hand, and gazed at the smoking match with

a fierce air. His long hair fell over his face like the mane of a young lion.

"Do not consume," said he; "turn slowly; thou art about to light a flame which the waves of ocean cannot extinguish; the flame will soon light half Europe; it may perhaps reach the wood of thrones. Burn slowly, precious flame! the winds which fan thee are violent and fearful; they are love and hatred. Reserve thyself; thy explosion will be heard afar, and will find echos in the peasant's hut and the king's palace. Burn, burn, poor flame! thou art to me a sceptre and a thunderbolt."

De Thou, still holding his ivory crucifix in his hand, said in a low voice:

"Lord, pardon us the blood that will be shed; we combat the wicked and the impious."

Then raising his voice—

"My friend, the cause of virtue will triumph," he said; "it alone will triumph. God has ordained that the guilty treaty should not reach us; that which constituted the crime is no doubt destroyed; we shall fight without the foreigners, and perhaps we shall not fight at all. God will change the heart of the king."

"'Tis the hour! 'tis the hour!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, his eyes fixed upon the watch with a kind of savage joy; "four minutes more, and the cardinalists in the camp will be crushed; we shall march upon Narbonne; he is there. Give me the pistol."

At these words he hastily opened the tent, and took up the match.

"A courier from Paris! an express from court!" cried a voice outside, as a man, heated with hard riding, and overcome with fatigue, threw himself from his horse, entered and presented a letter to Cinq-Mars.

"From the queen, monseigneur," he said. Cinq-Mars turned pale, and read as follows:

"Monsieur de Cinq-Mars,—I write this letter to intreat and conjure you to restore to her duties our well-beloved adopted daughter and friend, the princess Maria di Gonzaga, whom your affection alone turns from the

throne of Poland, which has been offered to her. I have sounded her heart; she is very young, and I have good reason to believe that she would accept the crown *with less effort and less grief than you may perhaps imagine.*

"It is for her you have undertaken a war which will put to fire and sword my beautiful and beloved France; I supplicate and implore you to act as a gentleman, and nobly to release the duchess of Mantua from the promises she may have made you. Thus restore repose to her soul, and peace to our beloved country.

"The queen, who will throw herself at your feet if need be. "ANNE."

Cinq-Mars calmly replaced the pistol upon the table; his first impulse had been to turn its muzzle upon himself. However, he laid it down, and snatching a pencil, wrote on the back of the letter:

"MADAM,

"Maria di Gonzaga, being my wife, cannot be queen of Poland until after my death—I die.

"CINQ-MARS."

Then, as if he would not allow himself time for a moment's reflection, he forced the letter into the hands of the courier.

"To horse! to horse!" cried he, in a furious tone. "If you remain another instant, you are a dead man!"

He saw him gallop off, and re-entered the tent. Alone with his friend, he remained an instant standing, but pale, his eyes fixed, and looking on the ground like a madman. He felt himself totter.

"De Thou!" he cried.

"What would you, my friend—my dear friend? I am with you. You have acted grandly, most grandly—sublimely!"

"De Thou!" he cried again, in a hollow voice, and fell with his face to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

Violent tempests assume different aspects, according to the climates in which they take place: those which have spread over a terrible space in northern countries, assemble into one single cloud under the torrid zone; the more

formidable, that they leave the horizon in all its purity, and that the furious waves still reflect the azure of heaven, while tinged with the blood of man. It is the same with great passions: they assume strange aspects, according to our characters; but how terrible are they in vigorous hearts, which have preserved their force under the veil of social forms. When youth and despair embrace, we know not to what fury they may rise; or what may be their sudden resignation. We know not whether the volcano will burst the mountain, or become suddenly extinguished within its entrails.

De Thou, in alarm, raised his friend; the blood gushed from his nostrils and ears; he would have thought him dead, but for the torrents of tears which flowed from his eyes; they were the only sign of life. Suddenly he opened his lids, looked round him, and by an extraordinary energy resumed his senses and the power of his will.

"I am in the presence of men," said he; "I must finish with them. My friend, it is half-past eleven, the hour for the signal has passed. Give, in my name, the order to return to quarters; it was a false alarm, which I will myself explain this evening."

De Thou had already perceived the importance of this order; he went out, and returned immediately; he found Cinq-Mars, seated, calm and endeavouring to cleanse the blood from his face.

"De Thou," said he, looking fixedly at him, "retire, you disturb me."

"I leave you not," answered the latter.

"Fly! I tell you, the Pyrenees are not far distant. I cannot speak much longer, even to you; but if you remain with me, you will die; I give you warning."

"I remain," repeated de Thou.

"May God preserve you, then!" answered Cinq-Mars; "for I can do nothing more; the moment has passed. I leave you here. Call Fontrailles and all the confederates; distribute these passports among them; let them fly immediately; tell them all has failed, but that I thank them. For you, once again, I say, fly with them, I entreat you; but whatever you do, follow me not—follow me not, *for your life*! I swear to you not to do violence to *myself.*"

With these words, shaking his friend's hand without looking at him, he rushed from the tent.

Meantime, some leagues thence, another conversation was taking place. At Narbonne, in the same cabinet in which we formerly beheld Richelieu regulating with Joseph the interests of the state, were still seated the same men, nearly as we have described them: the minister, however, had grown much older, in three years of suffering; and the capuchin was as much terrified with the result of his expedition as his master appeared tranquil.

The cardinal, seated in his arm-chair, his legs bound and encased with furs and warm clothing, had upon his knees three kittens, which gamboled upon his scarlet robe; every now and then, he took one of them, and placed it upon the others, to continue their sport; he smiled as he watched them; on his feet lay their mother, looking like an enormous animated muff.

Joseph, seated near him, was going over the account of all he had heard in the confessional; pale, even now, at the danger he had run, of being discovered, or of being murdered by Jacques, he concluded thus:

"In short, your eminence, I cannot help feeling agitated to my heart's core, when I reflect upon the dangers which have, and still do threaten you. Assassins offer themselves to poniard you. I behold, in France, the whole court against you, one half of the army, and two provinces: abroad, Spain and Portugal are ready to furnish troops; everywhere there are snares or battles, poniards or cannon."

The cardinal yawned three times, without discontinuing his amusement, and then said:—

"A cat is a very fine animal; it is a drawing-room tiger. What suppleness, what extraordinary finesse! Here is this little yellow one pretending to sleep, in order that the tortoiseshell one may not notice it, but fall upon its brother; and this one, how it tears the other! See how it sticks its claws into its side! It would kill and eat it, I fully believe, if it were the stronger. It is very amusing. What pretty animals!"

He coughed and sneezed for some time, then continued:

"Messire Joseph, I sent word to you not to speak to

me of business until after my supper; I have an appetite now, and it is not yet my hour. Chicot my doctor, recommends regularity, and I feel my usual pain in my side. This is how I shall spend the evening," he added, looking at the clock. "At nine, we will settle the affairs of M. le Grand; at ten, I shall be carried round the garden to take the air by moonlight; then, I shall sleep for an hour or two; at midnight the king will be here; and at four o'clock you may return, to receive the various orders for arrests, condemnations, or any others I may have to give you, for the provinces, Paris, or the armies of his majesty."

Richelieu said all this in the same tone of voice, with a uniform enunciation, affected only by the weakness of his chest, and the loss of several teeth.

It was seven in the evening; the capuchin withdrew. The cardinal supped with the greatest tranquillity; and when the clock struck half-past eight, he sent for Joseph, and said to him, when he was seated:—

"This, then, is all they have been able to do against me, during more than two years. They are poor creatures, truly! The duke de Bouillon, whom I thought possessed some ability, has forfeited all claim to my opinion. I have watched him closely; and I ask you, has he taken one step worthy of a true statesman? The king, monsieur, and the rest, have only shown their teeth against me, and without depriving me of one single man. The young Cinq-Mars is the only man among them who has any consecutiveness of ideas; all that he has done has been done surprisingly well. I must do him justice; he had good qualities; I should have made him my pupil, had it not been for his obstinate character. But he has here charged me *à l'outrance*, and must take the consequences. I am sorry for him. I have left them to float about in open water for the last two years; I shall now draw the net."

"It is time, monseigneur," said Joseph, who often trembled involuntarily as he spoke; "do you bear in mind, that from Perpignan to Narbonne the way is short? Do you know, that if your army here is powerful, your own troops are weak and uncertain? that the young nobles *are furious*, and that the king is not sure?"

The cardinal looked at the clock.

"It is only half-past eight, Joseph. I have already told you that I will not talk about this affair until nine. Meantime, as justice must be done, you will write what I shall dictate, for my memory serves me well. There are still some objectionable persons left, I see by my notes, four of the judges of Urbain Grandier. He was a rare genius, that Urbain Grandier," he added, with a malicious expression. Joseph bit his lips. — "All the other judges have died miserably. As to Houmain, he shall be hanged as a smuggler by-and-bye—we may leave him alone for the present; but there is that horrible Lactantius, who lives peacefully, Barré, and Mignon. Take a pen, and write to the bishop of Poitiers:—

"Monseigneur,—It is his majesty's pleasure that fathers Mignon and Barré be superseded in their cures, and sent, with the shortest possible delay, to the town of Lyons, with father Lactantius, capuchin, to be tried before a special tribunal, charged with criminal intentions against the state."

Joseph wrote as coolly as a Turk strikes off a head at a sign from his master. The cardinal said to him, while signing the letter—

"I will let you know how I wish them to disappear; for it is important to efface all traces of that affair. Providence has served me well; in removing these men I complete its work. That is all that posterity shall know of the affair."

And he read to the capuchin that page of his memoirs in which he recounts the possession and sorceries of the magician.[1] During this slow process, Joseph could not help looking at the clock.

"You are anxious to come to M. le Grand," said the cardinal, at last. "Well, then, to please you, let us begin.

"Do you think I have not my reasons for being tranquil? You think that I have allowed these poor conspirators

[1] *Collect. des Mémoires*, xxviii. 189.

to go too far. No, no! Here are some little papers that would re-assure you, did you know their contents. First, in this hollow stick is the treaty with Spain, seized at Olreon. I am well satisfied with Laubardemont; he is an able man."

The fire of ferocious jealousy sparkled under the thick eyebrows of the monk.

"Ah, monseigneur," said he, "you know not from whom he seized it; he certainly suffered him to die, and in that respect we cannot complain, for he was the agent of the conspiracy; but it was his son."

"Say you the truth?" cried the cardinal, in a severe tone; "yes, for you dare not lie to me; how knew you this?"

"From his attendants, monseigneur; here are their reports; they will testify to them."

The cardinal having examined these papers, said—

"We will employ him once more to try our conspirators, and then you shall do as you like with him; I give him to you."

Joseph joyfully pocketed his precious denunciations, and continued—

"Your eminence speaks of trying men who are still armed and on horseback."

"They are not all so. Read this letter from Monsieur to Chavigny; he asks for pardon; he dared not address me the first day, and his prayers rose no higher than the knees of one of my servants.[1]

"But the next day he took courage, and sent this

[1] *To M. de Chavigny.*

"MONSIEUR DE CHAVIGNY,

"Although I believe that you are little satisfied with me (and in truth you have reason to be dissatisfied), I do not the less entreat you to endeavour my reconciliation with his eminence, and rely for this upon the true love you bear me, and which, I believe, is greater than your anger. You know how much I require to be relieved from the danger I am in. You have already twice stood my friend with his eminence; I swear to you this shall be the last time I give you such an employment.

"GASTON D'ORLEANS."

to myself,[1] and the third to the king. His project choked him: he could not keep it down. But I am not so easily satisfied. I must have a free and full confession, or I will expel him from the kingdom; I have written to him this morning.[2] As to the magnificent and powerful duke de Bouillon, sovereign lord of Sedan and general-in-chief of the armies in Italy, he has just been arrested by his officers in the midst of his soldiers, concealed in a truss of straw. There remain, therefore, only our two young neighbours. They imagine they have the camp wholly at their orders, while they really have only the red troops; all the rest being Monsieur's men, will not act, and my troops will arrest them. However, I have permitted them to appear to obey. If they give the signal at half-past eleven, they will be arrested at the first step; if not, the king will give them up to me this evening. Do not open your eyes so wide; he will give them up to me, I repeat, this night, between midnight and one o'clock. You see that all has been done without you, Joseph; we can dispense with you very well; and, truly, all this time, I do not see that we have received any great service from you; you grow negligent."

"Ah, monseigneur! did you but know the trouble I have had to discover the route of the bearers of the treaty—I only learned it by risking my life between these young people."

[1] *To His Excellency the Cardinal-Duke.*

"My Cousin,

"This ungrateful M. le Grand is the most guilty man in the world to have displeased you; the favours he received from his majesty have always made me doubtful of him and his artifices. For you, my cousin, I retain my whole esteem. I am truly repentant at having again been wanting in the fidelity I owe to my lord the king, and I call God to witness the sincerity with which I shall be for the rest of my life your most faithful friend, with the same devotion that I am, my cousin, your affectionate cousin, "Gaston."

[2] *The Cardinal's Answer.*

"Monsieur,

"Since God wills that men should have recourse to a frank and entire confession to be absolved of their faults in this world, I indicate to you the steps you must take to be delivered from this danger. Your highness has commenced well; you must continue. This is all I can say to you."

The cardinal laughed contemptuously, leaning back in his chair.

"Thou must have been very ridiculous and very fearful in that box, Joseph; I dare say it was the first time in thy life thou ever heardst love spoken of. Dost thou like the language, father Joseph? Tell me, dost thou clearly understand it? I doubt whether thou hast formed a very refined idea of it."

Richelieu, his arms crossed, looked at his discomfited capuchin with infinite delight, and continued, in the scornfully familiar tone of a grand seigneur, which he sometimes assumed, pleasing himself with putting forth the noblest expressions through the most impure lips.

"Come, now, Joseph, give me a definition of love according to thy idea. What can it be? for thou seest it exists out of romances; this worthy youngster undertook these little conspiracies through love. Thou heardst it thyself with thine unworthy ears. Come, what is love? for my part, I know nothing about it."

The monk was astounded, and looked upon the ground with the stupid eye of some base animal. After long consideration, he replied, in a drawling and nasal voice—

"It must be a kind of malignant fever which leads the brain astray; but in truth, monseigneur, I have never reflected on it until this moment; I have always been embarrassed in speaking to a woman. I wish women could be omitted from society altogether; for I do not see what use they are, unless it be to disclose secrets, like the little duchess or Marion de Lorme, whom I cannot too strongly recommend to your eminence. She thought of everything, and herself threw our little prophecy among the conspirators with great address. We have not been without the *marvellous* this time; as in the sige of Hesdin, all we have to do is to find *a window through which you may pass on the day of the execution.*"[1]

[1] In 1638, prince Thomas having raised the siege of Hesdin, the cardinal was much vexed at it. A nun of the convent of Mount Calvary had said that the victory would be to the king and father Joseph; thus wishing it to be believed that Heaven protected the minister.—*Memoires pour l'histoire du Cardinal de Richelieu.*

"This is another of your absurdities, sir," said the cardinal—"you will make me as ridiculous as yourself, if you go on so; I am too powerful to need the assistance of Heaven; do not let that happen again. Occupy yourself only with the people I consign to you; I traced your part before. When the master of the horse is taken, you will see him tried and executed at Lyons. I will not be known in this. This affair is beneath me—it is a stone under my feet, upon which I ought not to have bestowed so much attention."

Joseph was silent; he could not understand this man, who, surrounded on every side by armed enemies, spoke of the future as of a present over which he had the entire control, and of the present as a past which he no longer feared. He knew not whether to look upon him as a madman or a prophet, above or below the standard of human nature.

His astonishment was redoubled when Chavigny hastily entered, and nearly falling in his heavy boots over the cardinal's footstool, exclaimed, in great agitation:

"Sir, one of your servants has just arrived from Perpignan, and he has beheld the camp in an uproar, and your enemies in the saddle."

"They will soon dismount, sir," replied Richelieu, replacing his footstool. "You appear to have lost your equanimity."

"But—but, monseigneur, must we not warn M. de Fabert?"

"Let him sleep, and go to bed yourself; and you, also, Joseph."

"Monseigneur, another strange event has occurred—the king has arrived."

"Indeed! that is extraordinary," said the minister, looking at his watch. "I did not expect him these two hours. Retire, both of you."

A heavy trampling and the clattering of arms announced the arrival of the prince; the folding doors were thrown open, the guards in the cardinal's service struck the ground thrice with their pikes, and the king appeared.

He entered, supporting himself with a cane on one side, and on the other leaning upon the shoulder of his com-

fessor, father Sirmond, who withdrew, and left him with the cardinal; the latter rose with difficulty, but could not advance a step to meet the king, because his legs were bandaged and enveloped. He made a sign that they should assist the king to a seat, near the fire, facing himself. Louis XIII. fell into an arm-chair furnished with pillows, asked for and drank a glass of cordial prepared to strengthen him against the frequent fainting-fits caused by his malady of languor; signed to all to leave the room, and, alone with Richelieu, he said in a languid voice——

"I am departing, my dear cardinal; I feel that I shall soon return to God. I become weaker from day to day; neither the summer nor the southern air has restored my strength."

"I shall precede your majesty," replied the minister; "you see that death has already conquered my limbs; but while I have a head to think and a hand to write, I shall be at the service of your majesty."

"And I am sure it was your intention to add, 'a heart to love me.'"

"Can your majesty doubt it?" answered the cardinal, frowning, and biting his lips impatiently at this speech.

"Sometimes I doubt it," replied the prince. "Listen: I wish to speak openly to you, and to complain of you to yourself. There are two things which have been upon my conscience these three years. I have never mentioned them to you, but I reproached you secretly, and could anything have induced me to consent to any proposals contrary to your interest, it would be this recollection."

There was in this speech that frankness natural to weak minds, who seek by thus making their ruler uneasy, to compensate for the harm they dare not do him, and revenge their subjection by a childish controversy.

Richelieu perceived by these words that he had run a great risk; but he saw at the same time the necessity of venting all his spleen; and to facilitate the explosion of these important avowals, he accumulated all the professions he thought most calculated to provoke the king.

"No, no!" his majesty at length exclaimed, "I shall believe nothing until you have explained those two things, which are always in my thoughts, which were lately men-

tioned to me, and which I can justify by no reasoning. I mean the trial of Urbain Grandier, of which I was never well informed, and the reason for the hatred you bore to my unfortunate mother, even to her very ashes."

"Is this all, sire?" said Richelieu; "are these my only faults? They are easily explained. The first it was necessary to conceal from your majesty because of its horrible and disgusting details of scandal. There was certainly an art employed which cannot be looked upon as guilty, in concealing, under the title of *magic*, crimes, the very names of which are revolting to modesty, the recital of which would have revealed dangerous mysteries to the innocent; this was a holy deceit practised to hide these impurities from the eyes of the people."

"Enough, enough, cardinal," said Louis XIII., turning away his head, and looking downwards, while a blush covered his face; "I cannot hear more; I understand you; these explanations would disgust me; I approve your motives—'tis well. I had not been told that; they had concealed these dreadful vices from me. Are you assured of the proofs of these crimes?"

"I have them all in my possession, sire, and as to the glorious queen Maria di Medici, I am surprised that your majesty can forget how much I was attached to her. Yes, I do not fear to acknowledge it; it is to her I owe my elevation. She was the first who deigned to notice the bishop of Luçon, then only twenty-two years of age, to place me near her. What have I not suffered when she compelled me to oppose her in your majesty's interest! But this sacrifice was made for you. I never have and never shall regret it."

"'Tis well for you, but for me!" said the prince, bitterly.

"Ah! sire," exclaimed the cardinal, "did not the Son of God himself set you an example: it is by the model of every perfection that we regulate our counsels; and if the monument due to the precious remains of your mother is not yet raised, Heaven is my witness that the works were retarded through the fear of afflicting your heart by bringing back the recollection of her death. But blessed be the day in which I have been per-

mitted to speak to you on the subject. I myself shall say the first mass at Saint Denis, when we shall see her deposited there, if Providence allows me the strength."

The countenance of the king assumed a more affable yet still cold expression, and the cardinal, thinking that he could go no further that evening in persuasion, suddenly resolved to make a more powerful move, and to attack the enemy in front. Still keeping his eyes firmly fixed upon the king, he said coldly:

"And was it for this you consented to my death?"

"Me!" said the king. "You have been deceived; I have, indeed, heard of a conspiracy, and I wished to speak to you about it, but I have commanded nothing against you."

"The conspirators do not say so, sire; but I am bound to believe your majesty, and I am glad for your sake that men were deceived. But what advice were you about to condescend to give me?"

"I—I wished to tell you frankly, and between ourselves, that you will do well to beware of Monsieur ——"

"Ah! sire, I cannot now heed it; for here is a letter which he has just sent to me for you; he seems to have been guilty even towards your majesty."

The king read in astonishment:

"Monseigneur,—"I am much grieved at having once more failed in the fidelity which I owe to your majesty. I humbly intreat you to allow me to ask a thousand pardons, with the assurances of my submission and repentance. "Your very humble servant,

"GASTON."

"What does this mean?" cried Louis; "dare they arm against me also?"

"*Also!*" muttered the cardinal, biting his lips; "yes, sire, also; and this makes me believe, to a certain degree, this little packet of papers."

While speaking, he drew a roll of parchment from a piece of hollowed elder, and opened it before the eyes of the king.

"This is simply a treaty with Spain, which I think does not bear the signature of your majesty. You may

see the twenty articles all in due form. Everything is here arranged—the place of safety—the number of troops —the supplies of men and money."

"The traitors!" cried the king, in great agitation; "they must be seized; my brother renounces them and repents—but do not fail to arrest the duke de Bouillon."

"It shall be done, sire."

"That will be difficult, in the middle of the army in Italy."

"I will answer with my head for his arrest, sire; but is there not another name to be added?"

"Who—what—Cinq-Mars?" said the king, hesitating.

"Exactly so, sire," answered the cardinal.

"I see—but—I think—we might——"

"Hear me!" exclaimed Richelieu, in a voice of thunder; "all must be settled to-day. Your favourite is mounted at the head of his party—choose between him and me. Yield up the boy to the man, or the man to the boy; there is no alternative."

"And what will you do if I consent?" said the king.

"I will have his head and that of his friend."

"Never! it is impossible!" replied the king, with horror, as he relapsed into the same state of irresolution he evinced when with Cinq-Mars against Richelieu. "He is my friend as well as you; my heart bleeds at the idea of his death. Why can you not both agree? Why this division? It is that which has led him to this. You have between you brought me to the brink of despair—you have made me the most miserable of men."

Louis hid his head in his hands while speaking, and perhaps he shed tears; but the inflexible minister kept his eyes upon him as if watching his prey, and without remorse, without giving the king time for reflection; on the contrary, profiting by this emotion to speak yet longer.

"And is it thus," he continued, in a harsh and cold voice, "that you remember the commandments of God communicated to you by the mouth of your confessor? You told me one day that the church expressly commanded you to reveal to your prime minister all that you might hear against him—yet I have never heard from you of my intended death!—it was necessary that more faithful friends

should apprise me of this conspiracy; that the guilty themselves, through the mercy of Providence, should themselves make the avowal of their fault. One only, the most guilty, yet the least of all, still resists, and it is he who has conducted the whole—it is he who would deliver France into the power of the foreigner, who would overthrow in one single day my labours of twenty years—he would call up the Huguenots of the south—invite to arms all orders of the state—revive crushed pretensions—and, in fact, renew the League which was put down by your father: it is that, do not deceive yourself—it is that which raises so many heads against you. Are you prepared for the combat? If so, where are your arms?"

The king, quite overwhelmed, made no reply—he still covered his face with his hands. The stony-hearted cardinal crossed his arms and continued:

"I fear that you imagine it is for myself I speak. Do you really think that I do not know my own powers, and that I fear such an adversary? Really I know not what prevents me from letting you act for yourself, from transferring the immense burthen of state affairs to the shoulders of this youth. You may imagine that, since the twenty years I have been acquainted with your court, I have not forgotten to assure myself a retreat where, in spite of you, I could now go to live the six months which perhaps remain to me of life. It would be a curious employment for me to watch the progress of such a reign. What answer would you return, for instance, when all the inferior potentates, regaining their station, no longer kept in subjection by me, shall come in your brother's name, to say to you, as they dared to say to Henry IV. on his throne: 'Divide with us all the hereditary governments and sovereignties, and we shall be content.'[1] You will doubtless accede to their request, and it is the least you can do for those who will have delivered you from Richelieu; it will, perhaps, be fortunate, for to govern the Ile-de-France, which they will no doubt allow you as the original domain, your new minister will not require many secretaries."

[1] *Mémoires de Sully*, 1595.

While speaking thus, he furiously pushed the huge table, which nearly filled the room, and was laden with papers and numerous portfolios.

Louis was aroused from his apathetic meditation by the excessive audacity of this discourse; he raised his head, and seemed to have instantly formed one resolution for fear he should adopt another.

"Well, sir," said he, "my answer is, that I will reign alone."

"Be it so!" replied Richelieu; "but I ought to give you notice that affairs are at present somewhat complicated —this is the hour when I generally commence my ordinary avocations."

"I will act in your place," said Louis; "I will open the portfolios and issue my commands."

"Try, then," said Richelieu. "I shall retire, and if anything causes you to hesitate, you can send for me."

He rang a bell: in the same instant, and as if they had awaited the signal, four vigorous footmen entered, and carried him and his chair into another apartment, for we have before remarked that he was unable to walk. While passing through the chambers where the secretaries were at work, he called out in a loud voice:

"You will receive his majesty's commands."

The king remained alone, strong in his new resolution; and proud in having once resisted, he became anxious immediately to plunge into political business. He walked round the immense table, and beheld as many portfolios as they then counted empires, kingdoms, and states in Europe; he opened one, and found it divided into sections equalling in number the subdivisions of the country to which it related. All was in order, but in alarming order for him, because each note only referred to the very essence of the business it alluded to, and related only to the exact point of its then relations with France; these laconic notes proved as enigmas to Louis, as did the letters in cypher which covered the table. Here, all was confusion; an edict of banishment and expropriation of the Huguenots of La Rochelle was mingled with treaties with Gustavus Adolphus and the Huguenots of the North against the empire; notes on general Bannier and Wallenstein,

the duke de Weimar, and John de Witt, were pell-mell with extracts of letters taken from the casket of the queen, the list of the necklaces and jewels they contained, and the double interpretation which might be put upon every phrase of her notes. Upon the margin of one of these letters was written: "For four lines in a man's hand-writing he might be criminally tried." Farther on, were scattered denunciations against the Huguenots; the republican plans they had drawn up; the division of France into departments under the annual dictatorship of a chief; the seal of this projected state was affixed to it, representing an angel leaning upon a cross, and holding in his hand a Bible, which he raised to his forehead. By the side was a document which contained a list of those cardinals the pope had selected the same day as the bishop of Luçon (Richelieu): among them was to be found the marquis de Bédemar, ambassador and conspirator at Venice.

Louis XIII. exhausted his powers in vain over the details of another period, seeking unsuccessfully for any documents which might allude to the present conspiracy, to enable him to perceive its true knot, and all that had been attempted against him, when a diminutive man, of an olive complexion, who stooped much, entered the cabinet with a measured step; this was a secretary of state, named Desnoyers; he advanced, bowing.

"May I be permitted to address your majesty on the affairs of Portugal?" said he.

"And consequently of Spain?" said Louis. "Portugal is a province of Spain."

"Of Portugal," reiterated Desnoyers; "here is the manifesto we have this moment received." And he read: "Don John, by the grace of God king of Portugal and of Algarves, kingdoms on this side Africa, lord over Guinea, by conquest, navigation, and trade, with Arabia, Persia, and the Indies——"

"What is all that?" said the king; "who talks in this manner?"

"The duke of Braganza, king of Portugal, crowned already some time, by a man whom they call Pinto.

Scarcely has he ascended the throne, than he offers assistance to the revolted Catalonians."

"Has Catalonia also revolted? The king, Philip IV., no longer has the count-duke for his prime minister?"

"Just the contrary, sire; it is on this very account. Here is the declaration of the states-general of Catalonia to his Catholic majesty, signifying that the whole country will take up arms against his *sacrilegious* and *excommunicated* troops. The king of Portugal——"

"Say, the duke of Braganza!" replied Louis; "I recognise no rebels."

"The duke of Braganza, then," coldly repeated the secretary of state, "sends his nephew, Don Ignaçio de Mascarenas, to the principality of Catalonia, to seize the protection (and it may be the sovereignty) of that country, which he would add to that he has just reconquered. Your majesty's troops are before Perpignan——"

"Well, and what of that?" said Louis.

"The Catalonians are more disposed towards France than towards Portugal, and there is still time to deprive the king of—the duke of Portugal, I should say, of this protectorship."

"What! I assist rebels! you dare . . . ."

"Such was the intention of his eminence," continued the secretary of state. "Spain and France are nearly at open war, and M. d'Olivarès has not hesitated to offer the assistance of his Catholic majesty to the Huguenots."

"Very good; I will consider it," said the king; "leave me."

"Sire, the states-general of Catalonia are in a dilemma; the troops from Aragon march against them."

"We shall see. I will come to a decision in a quarter of an hour," answered Louis XIII.

The little secretary of state left the apartment discontented and discouraged. In his place Chavigny immediately appeared, holding a portfolio, on which were emblazoned the arms of England. "Sire," said he, "I have to request your majesty's commands upon the affairs of England. The parliamentarians, commanded by the earl of Essex, have raised the siege of Gloucester. Prince Rupert has, at Newbury, fought a disastrous battle, and of

little profit to his Britannic majesty. The parliament is prolonged; all the principal cities take part with it, together with all the sea-ports and the presbyterian population. King Charles I. implores assistance, which the queen can no longer obtain from Holland."

"Troops must be sent to my brother of England," said Louis; but he wanted to look over the preceding papers; and casting his eyes over the notes of the cardinal, he found that under a former request of the king of England, he had written with his own hand.

"We must consider some time, and wait. The commons are strong; king Charles reckons upon the Scots; they will sell him.

"We must be cautious; a warlike man has been over to see Vincennes, and he has said that, *Princes ought never to be struck, except on the head.*"

The cardinal had added, "remarkable," but he had erased this word, and substituted "formidable."

Again, beneath:

"This man rules Fairfax; he plays an inspired part; he will be a great man—assistance refused—money lost."

The king then said, "No, no, do nothing hastily; I shall wait."

"But, sire," said Chavigny, "events pass rapidly; if the courier be delayed, the king's destruction may happen a year sooner."

"Have they advanced so far?" asked Louis.

"In the camp of the independents they preach up the republic with the Bible in their hands; in that of the royalists, they dispute for precedency, and amuse themselves."

"But one turn of good fortune may save everything?"

"The Stuarts are not fortunate, sire," answered Chavigny, respectfully, but in a tone which left ample room for consideration.

"Leave me," said the king, with some displeasure.

The state secretary slowly retired.

It was then that Louis XIII. beheld himself as he really was, and was terrified at the nothingness he found in himself. He at first stared at the mass of papers which surrounded him, passing from one to the other, finding

dangers on every side, and finding them still greater with the remedies he invented. He rose, and changing his place, he bent over, or rather threw himself upon, a geographical map of Europe; there he found all his fears concentrated; in the north, the south, the very centre of the kingdom, revolutions appeared to him like so many Euménides; in every country he thought he saw a volcano ready to burst forth; he imagined he heard cries of distress from kings, who appealed to him for help, and the furious shouts of the populace; he fancied he felt the territory of France trembling and crumbling beneath his feet; his feeble and fatigued sight failed him; his weak head was attacked by vertigo, which threw all his blood back upon his heart.

"Richelieu!" he cried, in a stifled voice, while he rang a bell; "summon the cardinal immediately."

And he swooned in an arm-chair.

When the king opened his eyes, revived by salts and potent essences which had been applied to his lips and temples, he, for one instant, beheld himself surrounded by pages, who withdrew as soon as he opened his eyes, and he was once more left alone with the cardinal. The impassible minister had had his chair placed by that of the king, as a physician would seat himself by the bedside of his patient, and fixed his sparkling and scrutinizing eyes upon the pale countenance of Louis. As soon as his victim could hear him, he renewed his fearful discourse in a hollow voice—

"You have recalled me. What would you with me?"

Louis, who was reclining on the pillow, half opened his eyes, fixed them upon Richelieu, and hastily closed them again. That bony head, armed with two flaming eyes, and terminating in a pointed and grizzly beard, the cap and vestments of the colour of blood and flames—all appeared to him like an infernal spirit.

"You must reign," he said, in a languid voice.

"But will you give me up Cinq-Mars and de Thou?" again urged the implacable minister, bending forward to read in the dull eyes of the prince, as an avaricious heir follows up, even to the tomb, the last glimpses of the will of a dying relation.

"You must reign," repeated the king, turning away his head.

"Sign, then," said Richelieu; "the contents of this are, 'This is my command—to take them, dead or alive.'"

Louis, whose head still reclined on the raised back of the chair, suffered his hand to fall upon the fatal paper, and signed it, "For pity's sake, leave me; I am dying!" he said.

"That is not yet all," continued he, whom men call the great politician; "I place no reliance on you: I must first have some guarantee and assurance. Sign this paper, and I will leave you.

"'When the king shall go to visit the cardinal, the guards of the latter shall remain under arms; and when the cardinal shall visit the king, the guards of the cardinal shall share the same post with those of his majesty.'

"Again:

"'His majesty undertakes to place the two princes, his sons, in the cardinal's hands, as hostages of the good faith of his attachment.'"[1]

"My children!" exclaimed Louis, raising his head, "dare you . . .?"

"Would you rather that I should retire?" said Richelieu.

The king again signed.

"Is all finished now?" he inquired with a deep sigh.

All was not finished—one other grief was still in reserve for him. The door was suddenly opened, and Cinq-Mars entered. It was the cardinal who trembled now.

"What would you here, sir?" said he, seizing the bell to ring for assistance.

The master of the horse was as pale as the king, and without condescending to answer Richelieu, he advanced steadily towards Louis XIII., who looked at him with the air of a man who has just received a sentence of death.

"You would, sire, find it difficult to have me arrested, for I have twenty thousand men under my command," said Henry d'Effiat, in a sweet and subdued voice.

[1] *Mémoires d'Anne d'Autriche*, 1642.

"Alas! Cinq-Mars," replied the king, sadly; "is it thou who hast been guilty of these crimes?"

"Yes, sire, and I also bring you my sword, for no doubt you came here to surrender me," said he, unbuckling his sword, and laying it at the feet of the king, who fixed his eyes upon the floor without making any reply.

Cinq-Mars smiled sadly, but not bitterly, for he no longer belonged to this earth. Then looking contemptuously at Richelieu:

"I surrender because I wish to die, but I am not conquered."

The cardinal clenched his fist with passion, but he restrained his fury.

"Who are your accomplices?" he demanded.

Cinq-Mars looked steadfastly at Louis, and half-opened his lips to speak.

The king bent down his head, and felt at that moment a torture unknown to all other men.

"I have none," said Cinq-Mars, pitying the king; and he slowly left the apartment.

He stopped in the first gallery. Fabert and all the gentlemen rose on seeing him. He walked up to the commander, and said:

"Sir, order these gentlemen to arrest me!"

They looked at each other, without daring to approach him.

"Yes, sir, I am your prisoner; yes, gentlemen, I am without my sword, and I repeat to you that I am the king's prisoner."

"I do not understand what I see," said the general; "there are two of you who surrender, and I have no instruction to arrest any one."

"Two!" said Cinq-Mars: "the other is doubtless de Thou. Alas! I recognise him by this devotion."

"And had I not also guessed your intention?" exclaimed the latter, coming forward, and throwing himself into his arms.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PRISONERS.

" J'ai trouvé dans mon cœur le dessein de mon frère."
PICHALD, *Léonidas.*

" Mourir! sans vider mon carquois!
Sans percer, sans fouler, sans pétrir dans leur fange
Ces bourreaux barbouilleurs de lois!"
ANDRE CHENIER.

AMONG those old chateaux of which France is every year deprived regretfully, as of flowers from her crown, there was one of a grim and savage appearance upon the left bank of the Saône. It looked like a formidable sentinel placed at one of the gates of Lyons, and derived its name from an enormous rock, known as Pierre-Encise, which terminates in a peak, a sort of natural pyramid, the summit of which overhanging the river, in former times, they say, joined the rocks which may still be seen on the opposite bank, forming the natural arch of a bridge; but time, the waters, and the hand of man, have left nothing standing but the ancient mass of granite which formed the pedestal of the now destroyed fortress.

The archbishops of Lyons, as the temporal lords of the city, had built and formerly resided in this castle. It afterwards became a fortress, and during the reign of Louis XIII. a state prison: one colossal tower where the daylight could only penetrate through three long loopholes, commanded the edifice, and some irregular buildings surrounded it with their massive walls, whose lines and angles followed the form of the immense and perpendicular rock.

It was here that the cardinal, jealous of his prey, determined to imprison his young enemies, and to conduct them himself.

Allowing Louis to precede him to Paris, he removed his captives from Narbonne, dragging them in his train to ornament his last triumph, and, embarking on the Rhone at Tarascon, nearly at the mouth of the river, as if to pro-

long the pleasure of revenge which men have dared to call that of the gods, displayed to the eyes of the spectators on both sides of the river the luxury of his hatred; he slowly proceeded on his course up the river in barges with gilded oars, and emblazoned with his armorial bearings; reclining in the first, and followed by his two victims in the second, which was fastened to his own by a long chain.

Often in the evening, when the heat of the day was passed, the awnings of the two boats were removed, and in the one, Richelieu might be seen, pale, and seated in the stern; in that which followed, the two young prisoners, calm and collected, supported each other, watching the passage of the rapid stream. Formerly, the soldiers of Cæsar, who encamped on the same shores, would have thought they beheld the inflexible boatman of the infernal regions conducting the friendly shades of Castor and Pollux: Christians dared not even reflect, or see a priest leading his two enemies to the scaffold; it was the first minister who passed.

Thus he went on his way until he left his victims under guard at the identical city in which the late conspirators had doomed him to perish! Thus loved he to defy fate herself, and to plant a trophy on the very spot which had been selected for his tomb.

"He was borne," says an ancient manuscript journal of this year, "along the river Rhone in a boat in which a wooden chamber had been constructed, lined with crimson fluted velvet, the flooring of which was of gold. The same boat contained an ante-chamber decorated in the same manner; the prow and stern of the boat were occupied by soldiers and guards wearing scarlet coats embroidered with gold, silver, and silk; and many lords of note. His eminence occupied a bed hung with purple taffetas. Monseigneur the cardinal Bigni, and messeigneurs the bishops of Nantes and Chartres were there, with many abbés and gentlemen in other boats. Preceding his vessel a boat sounded the passages, and another boat followed filled with arquebusiers and officers to command them. When they approached any isle, they sent soldiers to inspect it, to discover whether it was occupied by any suspicious persons; and not meeting any, they guarded the

shore until two boats which followed had passed; they were filled with the nobility and well-armed soldiers.

"Afterwards came the boat of his eminence, to the stern of which was attached a little boat, which conveyed MM. de Thou and Cinq-Mars, guarded by an officer of the king's guard and twelve guards from the regiment of his eminence. Three vessels, containing the clothes and plate of his eminence, with several gentlemen and soldiers, followed the boats.

"Two companies of light-horsemen followed the banks of the Rhone in Dauphiné, and as many on the Languedoc and Vivarais side; and a noble regiment of foot, who preceded his eminence in the towns which he was to enter, or in which he was to sleep. It was pleasant to listen to the trumpets which played in Dauphiné, were answered by those in Vivarais, and repeated by the echos of our rocks; it seemed as if all were trying which could play best."[1]

In the middle of a night of the month of September, while everything appeared to slumber in the impregnable tower which contained the prisoners, the door of their outer chamber turned noiselessly on its hinges, and a man appeared on the threshold clad in a brown robe, confined round his waist by a cord. His feet were incased in sandals, and his hand grasped a large bunch of keys—it was Joseph. He looked cautiously round without advancing, and contemplated in silence the apartment occupied by the master of the horse; thick carpets covered the floor, and large and splendid hangings concealed the walls of the prison; a bed hung with red damask was prepared, but it was unoccupied. Seated near a high chimney in a large arm-chair, attired in a long grey robe, similar in form to that of a priest, his head bent down and his eyes fixed upon a little cross of gold, by the flickering light of a lamp, he was absorbed in so deep a meditation that the capuchin had leisure to approach him closely, and confront the prisoner before he perceived him. Suddenly, however, Cinq-Mars raised his head, and exclaimed, "Wretch—what do you here?"

"Young man, you are violent," answered the myste-

[1] See Notes and Illustrations.

rious intruder, in a low voice; "two months imprisonment ought to have been enough to calm you. I come to tell you things of great importance. Listen to me; I have thought much of you, and I do not hate you so much as you imagine. The moments are precious. I will tell you all in a few words: in two hours you will be interrogated, tried and condemned to death with your friend; it cannot be otherwise, for all will be finished the same day."

"I know it," answered Cinq-Mars; "and I am prepared."

"Well, then; I can still release you from this affair. I have reflected deeply, as I told you, and I am here to make a proposal which can but give you satisfaction. The cardinal has but six months to live. Let us not be mysterious; we must speak openly: you see where I have brought you to serve him, and you can judge by that, the point to which I would conduct him to serve you; if you wish it, we can cut short the six months of his life which still remain. The king loves you, and will recal you with joy when he finds you still live; you are, you may long live, powerful and happy; you will protect me, and make me cardinal."

Astonishment deprived the young prisoner of speech. He could not understand such language, and seemed to be unable to descend to it from his higher meditations. All that he could say was——

"Your benefactor, Richelieu?"

The capuchin smiled, and drawing nearer, continued in an under tone:

"Policy admits of no benefits; it contains nothing but interest. A man employed by a minister is no more bound to be grateful than a horse whose rider prefers him to others. My pace has been convenient to him—so much the better. Now it is my interest to throw him from the saddle. Yes, this man loves none but himself. I now see that he has deceived me by continually retarding my elevation; but, once again, I possess the sure means for your escape in silence—I am the master here. I will remove the men in whom he trusts, and replace them by others whom he has condemned to die, and who are near at hand, confined in the northern tower, the tour des Oubliettes, which over-

hangs the river. His creatures shall occupy their places. I will recommend a physician, an empiric who is devoted to me, to the illustrious cardinal, who has been given over by the most scientific in Paris. If you will unite with me, he shall convey to him a universal and eternal remedy."

"Away," exclaimed Cinq-Mars; "leave me, thou infernal monk—no, thou art like no other man—thou glidest with a noiseless and furtive step through the darkness; thou traversest the walls to preside at secret crimes; thou placest thyself between the hearts of lovers to separate them eternally. Who art thou? thou resemblest a tormented spirit of the damned!"

"Romantic boy," answered Joseph; "you would have possessed high attainments had it not been for your false notions. There is perhaps neither damnation nor soul. If the dead returned to complain of their fate, I should have a thousand around me, and I have never seen any even in my dreams."

"Monster!" muttered Cinq-Mars.

"Words again," said Joseph; "there is neither monster nor virtuous man. You and de Thou, who pride yourselves on what you call virtue, you have failed in causing the death of perhaps a hundred thousand men—at once and in the broad daylight—for no end; while Richelieu and I have caused the death of far fewer, one by one and by night, to found a great power. Would you remain pure and virtuous, you must not interfere with other men; or rather, it is more reasonable to see that which is, and to say with me, it is possible that there is no such thing as a soul; we are the sons of chance; but relative to other men, we have passions which we must satisfy."

"I breathe again," exclaimed Cinq-Mars, "he believes not in God."

Joseph continued:

"Richelieu, you, and I, were born ambitious; it followed then that everything must be sacrificed to this idea."

"Wretched man, do not compare me to thyself."

"It is the plain truth, nevertheless," replied the capuchin; "only you now see that our system was better than yours."

"Miserable wretch. it was for love—"

"No, no! it was not that; here are mere words again; you have perhaps imagined it was so: but it was for your own advancement. I have heard you speak to the young girl; you thought but of yourselves; you do not love each other. She thought but of her rank, and you of your ambition. One loves in order to hear oneself called perfect and to be adored; it is still the same egoism."

"Cruel serpent!" cried Cinq-Mars; "is it not enough that thou hast caused our deaths; why dost thou come here to cast thy venom upon the life thou hast taken from us? What demon has suggested to thee thy horrible analysis of hearts?"

"Hatred of everything which is superior to myself," replied Joseph, with a low and hollow laugh; "and the desire to crush those I hate under my feet have made me ambitious and ingenious in finding the weakness of your dreams."

"Just Heaven, dost thou hear him!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars, rising and extending his arms upwards.

The solitude of his prison, the pious conversations of his friend. and above all the presence of death, which, like the light of an unknown star, paints in other colours the objects we are accustomed to see; meditations on eternity, and (shall we say it!) the great efforts he had made to change his heart-rending regrets into immortal hopes, and to direct to God all that power of love which had led him astray upon earth—all this combined, had worked a strange revolution in him; and like those ears of corn which ripen suddenly on receiving one ray from the sun, his soul had acquired light, exalted by the mysterious influence of death.

"Just Heaven!" he repeated, "if this wretch and his master are human, can I also be a man? Behold, O God, behold two distinct ambitions, the one egoistical and bloody, the other devoted and unstained; theirs roused by hatred, and ours inspired by love. Look down, O Lord, judge, and pardon! Pardon, for we have greatly erred in walking but for a single day in the same paths which, on earth, possess but one name to whatever end it may tend."

Joseph interrupted him harshly, stamping his foot on the ground:

"When you have finished your prayer," said he, "you will perhaps inform me whether you will assist me, and I will instantly ——"

"Never, impure wretch, never!" said Henry d'Effiat. "I will never unite with you in an assassination. I refused to do so when powerful, and upon yourself."

"You were wrong; you would have been master now."

"And what happiness should I find in my power when shared as it must be by a woman who does not understand me? who loved me feebly, and prefers a crown?"

"Inconceivable folly!" said the capuchin, laughing.

"All with her—nothing without her; that was my desire."

"It is from obstinacy and vanity that you persist—it is impossible," replied Joseph, "it is not in nature."

"Thou who wouldst deny the spirit of self-sacrifice," answered Cinq-Mars, "dost thou understand that of my friend."

"It does not exist; he follows you because——"

Here the capuchin, slightly embarrassed, reflected an instant.

"Because—because—he has formed you, you are his work—he is attached to you by the self-love of an author. He was accustomed to lecture you, and he felt that he should not find another pupil so docile to listen to and applaud him. Constant habit has persuaded him that his life was bound to yours—it is something of that kind—he will accompany you mechanically. Besides, all is not yet finished—we shall see the end and the examination; he will certainly deny all knowledge of the conspiracy."

"He will not deny it!" exclaimed Cinq-Mars impetuously.

"He knew it, then? you confess it," said Joseph, triumphantly; "you have not said as much before."

"Oh, heavens, what have I done!" gasped Cinq-Mars, hiding his face.

"Calm yourself; he is saved, notwithstanding this avowal, if you accept my offer."

D'Effiat remained silent for a short time.

The capuchin continued—

"Save your friend—the king's favour awaits you, and perhaps the love which has erred for a moment."

"Man, or whatever else thou art! if thou hast in thee anything resembling a heart," answered the prisoner, "save him; he is the purest of created beings: but convey him far away while yet he sleeps, for should he awake thy endeavours would be vain."

"What good would that do me?" said the capuchin, laughing; "it is you and your favour that I want."

The impetuous Cinq-Mars rose, and seizing Joseph by the arm, eyeing him with a terrible look, said:

"I degraded him in interceding with thee for him;" he continued, raising the tapestry which separated his apartment from that of his friend; "come, and doubt if thou canst, devotion and the immortality of the soul. Compare the uneasiness and misery of thy triumph with the calmness of our defeat: the meanness of thy reign with the grandeur of our captivity; thy sanguinary vigils to the slumbers of the just."

A solitary lamp threw its light on de Thou. The young man was kneeling on a cushion, surmounted by a large ebony crucifix; he seemed to have fallen asleep while praying; his head inclining backwards, was still raised towards the cross; his pale lips wore a calm and divine smile.

"Holy Father, how he sleeps!" exclaimed the astonished capuchin, thoughtlessly uniting to his frightful discourse the sacred name he every day pronounced; he suddenly retired some paces, as if dazzled by a heavenly vision:

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he said, shaking his head, and passing his hand rapidly over his face; "all this is childishness; it would overcome me if I reflected on it. These ideas may serve as opium to produce a calm. But that is not the question; say yes or no."

"No," said Cinq-Mars, pushing him to the door by the shoulder. "I will not accept life, and I do not regret having compromised de Thou, for he would not have bought his life at the price of an assassination; and when he yielded at Narbonne, it was not that he might escape at Lyons."

"Then wake him, for here come the judges," said the furious capuchin, in a sharp, piercing voice.

Lighted by flambeaux, and preceded by a detachment of the Scotch guards, fourteen judges entered, wrapped in long robes, and whose features were not easily distinguished. They seated themselves in silence on the right and left of the huge chamber; they were the judges delegated by the cardinal to judge this sad and solemn affair. All true men to the cardinal Richelieu, and in his confidence, who from Tarascon had chosen and instructed them. He had the chancellor Seguier brought to Lyons, *to avoid*, as he stated in the instructions he sent by Chavigny to the king Louis XIII., "*to avoid all the delays which would take place if he were not present. M. de Marillac*," he adds, "*was at Nantes for the trial of Chalais;* M. de Chateau-Neuf, at Toulouse, superintending the death of M. de Montmorency, and M. de Belliévre at Paris, conducting the trial of M. de Biron. The authority and intelligence of these gentlemen in forms of justice are indispensable."

The chancellor arrived with all speed; but at this moment he was informed that he was not to appear, for fear that he might be influenced by the memory of his ancient friendship for the prisoner, whom he only saw tête-à-tête. The commissioners and himself had previously and rapidly received the cowardly depositions of the duke of Orleans, at Villefranche in Beaujolais, and then at Vivey,[1] two miles from Lyons, where this wretched prince had received orders to go, begging forgiveness, and trembling, although surrounded by his followers, whom from very pity he had been allowed to retain, carefully watched, however, by the French and Swiss guards. The cardinal had dictated to him his part and answers word for word; and in consideration of this docility, they had exempted him in form from the painful task of confronting messieurs Cinq-Mars and de Thou.[2] The chancellor and commissioners had also prepared M. de Bouillon, and, strong with their preliminary work, they visited in

[1] House which belonged to an abbé d'Esnay, brother of M. de Villeroy, called Montrésor.

[2] See notes and illustrations.

all their strength the two young criminals whom they had determined not to save.

History has only handed down to us the names of the state counsellors who accompanied Pierre Seguier, but not those of the other commissioners, of whom it is only mentioned that there were six from the parliament of Grenoble, and two presidents. The counsellor, or reporter of the state, Laubardemont, who had directed them in all, was at their head. Joseph often whispered to them with the most studied politeness, glancing at Laubardemont with a ferocious sneer.

It was arranged that an arm chair should serve as a bar, and all were silent in expectation of the prisoner's answer.

He spoke in a soft and clear voice:

"Say to M. le chancellor that I have the right of appeal to the parliament of Paris, and to object to my judges, because two of them are my declared enemies, and at their head one of my friends, M. de Seguier himself, whom I maintained in his charge.

"But I will spare you much trouble, gentlemen, by pleading guilty to the whole charge of conspiracy, arranged and conducted by myself alone. It is my wish to die; I have nothing to add for myself; but if you would be just, you will not harm the life of him whom the king has pronounced to be the most honest man in France, and who dies for my sake alone."

"Summon him," said Laubardemont.

Two guards entered the apartment of de Thou, and led him forth. He advanced, and bowed gravely, while an angelical smile played upon his lips; embracing Cinq-Mars:

"Here at last is our day of glory," said he; "we are about to gain Heaven and eternal happiness."

"We understand," said Laubardemont, "we have been given to understand by M. de Cinq-Mars himself that you were acquainted with this conspiracy?"

De Thou answered instantly, and without hesitation; a half smile was still on his lips, and his eyes cast down:

"Gentlemen, I have passed my life in studying human laws, and I know that the testimony of one accused person

cannot condemn another. I can also repeat what I said before, that I should not have been believed had I denounced the king's brother without proof. You perceive then, that my life and death entirely rest with myself. I have, however, well weighed the one and the other; I have clearly foreseen that whatever life I may hereafter lead, it could not but be most unhappy after the loss of M. de Cinq-Mars. I therefore acknowledge and confess that I was aware of his conspiracy; I did my utmost to prevent it, to deter him from it. He believed me to be his only and faithful friend, and I would not betray him; therefore, I condemn myself by the very laws which were set forth by my father, who, I hope, forgives me."

At these words, the two friends precipitated themselves into each other's arms.

Cinq-Mars exclaimed:

"My friend, my friend, how bitterly I regret that I have caused your death! twice I have betrayed you, but you shall know in what manner."

But de Thou, embracing and consoling his friend, answered, raising his eyes from the ground:

"Ah! happy are we to end our days in this manner! Humanly speaking, I might complain of you; but God knows how much I love you. What have we done to merit the grace of martyrdom, and the happiness of dying together!"

The judges were not prepared for this mildness, and looked at each other with surprise.

"If they would only give me a good partisan," muttered a hoarse voice (it was Grandchamp, who had crept into the room, and whose eyes were red with fury), "I would soon rid monseigneur of all these black-looking fellows." Two men with halbards immediately placed themselves silently at his side; he said no more, and to compose himself retired to a window, which overlooked the river, whose tranquil waters the sun had not yet lighted with its beams, and appeared to pay no attention to what was passing in the room.

However, Laubardemont fearing that the judges might be touched with compassion, said in a loud voice:

"In pursuance of the order of monseigneur the cardinal, these two men will be put to the rack, that is to say, to the ordinary and extraordinary question."

Indignation forced Cinq-Mars again to assume his natural character; crossing his arms, he made two steps towards Laubardemont and Joseph, which alarmed them. The former involuntarily placed his hand to his forehead.

"Are we at Loudun?" exclaimed the prisoner; but de Thou advancing, took his hand and held it; he was silent, then continued in a calm voice, looking stedfastly at the judges.

"Messieurs, this measure appears to me rather harsh; a man of my age and rank ought not to be subjected to these formalities. I have confessed all, and I will confess it all again. I willingly and gladly accept death; it is not from souls like ours that secrets can be wrung by bodily suffering. We are prisoners by our own free will, and at the time chosen by us; we have confessed enough for you to condemn us to death, you shall know nothing more; we have obtained what we wanted."

"What are you doing, my friend?" interrupted de Thou; "he is mistaken, gentlemen, we do not refuse this martyrdom which God offers us, we demand it."

"But," said Cinq-Mars, "do you need such infamous tortures to obtain salvation? You who are already a martyr, a voluntary martyr to friendship! Gentlemen, it is I alone who possess important secrets; it is the chief of a conspiracy who knows all; put me alone to the torture if we must be treated like the worst of malefactors."

"For the sake of charity," added de Thou, "deprive me not of equal suffering with my friend; I have not followed him so far, to abandon him at this dreadful moment, and not to use every effort to accompany him to Heaven."

During this debate, another was going forward between Laubardemont and Joseph; the latter fearing that torments would induce him to disclose the secret of his recent proposition, advised that they should not be resorted to; the other not thinking his triumph complete by death alone, absolutely insisted on their being applied. The judges surrounded and listened to these secret agents of the prime

minister; however, many circumstances having caused them to suspect that the influence of the capuchin was more powerful than that of the judge, they took part with him, and decided for mercy, when he finished by these words, uttered in a low voice:

"I know their secrets; there is no necessity to force them from their lips, because they are useless, and relate to too high circumstances. M. le Grand has no one to denounce but the king, and the other the queen; it is better that we should remain ignorant. Besides, they will not confess; I know them, they will be silent; the one from pride, the other through piety. Let them alone, the torture will wound them, they will be disfigured and unable to walk; that will spoil the whole ceremony; they must be kept to appear."

This last observation prevailed; the judges retired to deliberate with the chancellor. While departing, Joseph whispered to Laubardemont:

"I have provided you with enough pleasure here; you will still have that of deliberating, and then you shall go and examine three men, who are confined in the northern tower."

These were the three judges who had condemned Urbain Grandier.

As he spoke, he laughed heartily, and was the last to leave the room, pushing the astonished master of requests before him.

The sombre tribunal had scarcely disappeared, when Grandchamp, relieved from his two guards, hastened towards his master, and seizing his hand, said:

"In the name of Heaven, come to the terrace, monseigneur; I have something to show you; in the name of your mother, come!"

But at that moment the chamber door was opened, and the old abbé Quillet appeared.

"My children! my dear children!" exclaimed the old man, weeping bitterly; "Alas! why was I only permitted to enter to-day? Dear Henri, your mother, your brother, your sister, are concealed here."

"Be quiet, monsieur l'abbé," said Grandchamp; "do come to the terrace, monseigneur."

But the old priest still detained and embraced his pupil.

"We hope," said he, "we hope for mercy."

"I shall refuse it," said Cinq-Mars.

"We hope for nothing but the mercy of God," added de Thou.

"Silence!" said Grandchamp, "the judges are returning."

And the door opened again to admit the dismal procession, from which Joseph and Laubardemont were missing.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed the good abbé, addressing the commissioners, "I am happy to tell you, that I have just arrived from Paris, and that no one doubts but that all the conspirators will be pardoned. I have had an interview at her majesty's apartments with Monsieur himself; and as to the duke de Bouillon, his examination is not unfav——"

"Silence!" cried monsieur de Seyton, the lieutenant of the Scotch guards; and the commissioners entered, and again arranged themselves in the apartment.

Monsieur de Thou, hearing them summon the criminal recorder of the presidial of Lyons to pronounce the sentence, involuntarily launched out in one of those transports of religious joy, which are never displayed but by the martyrs and saints at the approach of death; and, advancing towards this man, he exclaimed:

"*Quam speciosi pedes evangelizantium pacem, evangelizantium bona!*"

Then, taking the hand of Cinq-Mars, he knelt down bareheaded, to receive the sentence, as was the custom. D'Effiat remained standing, and they dared not compel him to kneel. The sentence was pronounced in these words:

"The attorney-general, prosecutor on the part of the state, on a charge of high treason; and messire Henri d'Effiat de Cinq-Mars, master of the horse, aged twenty-two; and François Auguste de Thou, aged thirty-five, of the king's privy council; prisoners in the chateau of Pierre-Encise, at Lyons, accused and defendants on the other part:

'Considered, the special trial commenced by the aforesaid

attorney-general against the said d'Effiat and de Thou; informations, interrogations, confessions, denegations, and confrontations, and authenticated copies of the treaty with Spain, it is considered in the delegated chamber:

"1. That he who conspires against the person of the ministers of princes, is considered by the ancient laws and constitutions of the emperors, to be guilty of high treason. 2. That the third ordinance of the king Louis XI. renders any one liable to the punishment of death, who does not reveal a conspiracy against the state.

"The commissioners deputed by his majesty have declared the said d'Effiat and de Thou guilty and convicted of the crime of high treason:

"The said d'Effiat, for the conspiracies and enterprises, league, and treaties formed by him with the foreigner against the state:

"And the said de Thou, for having a thorough knowledge of this conspiracy.

"In reparation of which crimes, they have deprived them of all honours and dignities, and condemned them to be deprived of their heads on a scaffold, which is for this purpose erected in the Place des Terreaux, in this city.

"It is further declared, that all and each of their possessions, real and personal, be confiscated to the king, and that those which they hold from the crown do pass immediately to it again; of the aforesaid goods, 60,000 livres being devoted to pious uses."

After the sentence was pronounced, M. de Thou exclaimed, in a loud voice:

"God be blessed! God be praised!"

"I have never feared death," said Cinq-Mars, coldly.

Then, according to the forms prescribed, M. Seyton, the lieutenant of the Scotch guards, an old man upwards of sixty years of age, declared, with emotion, that he placed the prisoners in the hands of the sieur Thomé, provost of the merchants of Lyons; he then took leave of them, followed by the whole of the body-guard, silently, and in tears.

"Weep not," said Cinq-Mars; "tears are useless. Rather pray for us; and be assured that I do not fear *death*."

He shook them by the hand, and de Thou embraced them. After which, they left the apartment, their eyes filled with tears, and hiding their faces in their cloaks.

"Barbarians!" exclaimed the abbé Quillet; "to find arms against them, one must search the whole arsenal of tyrants. Why did they admit me at this moment?"

"As a confessor, sir," whispered one of the commissioners; "for no stranger has entered this place these two months."

As soon as the huge gates of the prison were closed, and the outside gratings lowered:

"To the terrace, in the name of Heaven!" again exclaimed Grandchamp. And he drew his master and de Thou thither.

The old preceptor followed them, weeping.

"What do you want with us, in a moment like this?" said Cinq-Mars, with an indulgent gravity.

"Look at the chains of the town," said the faithful servant.

The rising sun had hardly tinged the sky. In the horizon, a line of vivid yellow was visible, upon which the mountain's rough blue outlines were boldly traced; the waves of the Saone, and the chains of the town, hanging from one bank to the other, were still veiled by a light vapour, which also rose from Lyons, and concealed the roofs of the houses from the eye of the spectator. The first tints of the morning light had as yet coloured only the most elevated points of the magnificent landscape. In the city the steeples of the hotel de Ville and Saint Nizier, and on the surrounding hills, the monasteries of the Carmelites and Saint Maria, and the entire fortress of Pierre-Encise, were gilded with the fires of the coming day. The joyful peals from the churches were heard, the peaceful matins from the convent and village bells. The walls of the prison were alone silent.

"Well," said Cinq-Mars, "what are we to see? the beauty of the plains, the richness of the city, or the calm peacefulness of these villages? Ah, my friend, in every

place there are to be found passions and griefs, like those which have brought us here."

The old abbé and Grandchamp leaned over the parapet, watching the bank of the river.

"The fog is so thick, we can see nothing yet," said the abbé.

"How slowly our last sun appears!" said de Thou.

"Do you not see low down there, at the foot of the rocks on the opposite bank, a small white house, between the Halincourt gate and the Boulevard Saint-Jean?" asked the abbé.

"I see nothing," answered Cinq-Mars, "but a mass of dreary wall."

"Hark!" said the abbé; "some one speaks near us!"

In fact, a confused, low, and inexplicable murmur was heard in a little turret, the back of which rested upon the platform of the terrace. As it was scarcely larger than a pigeon-house, the prisoners had not until now observed it.

"Are they already coming to fetch us?" said Cinq-Mars.

"Bah! bah!" answered Grandchamp, "do not make yourself uneasy, it is the tower Des Oubliettes. I have prowled round the fort for two months, and I have seen men fall from there into the water at least once a week. Let us think of our affair. I see a light down there."

An invincible curiosity, however, led the two prisoners to look at the turret, in spite of the horror of their own situation. It advanced to the extremity of the rock, over a gulf of foaming green water of great depth. A wheel of a mill long deserted was seen turning with great rapidity. Three distinct sounds were now heard, like those of a draw-bridge suddenly lowered and raised to its former position by a recoil or spring striking against the stone walls; and three times a black substance was seen to fall into the water with a splash.

"Mercy! can these be men?" exclaimed the abbé, crossing himself.

"I thought I saw brown robes turning in the air," said Grandchamp: "they are the cardinal's friends."

A horrible cry was heard from the tower, accompanied

by an impious oath. The heavy trap groaned for the fourth time; the green water received with a loud noise a burden which cracked the enormous wheel of the mill; one of its large spokes was torn away, and a man entangled in its beams appeared above the foam which he coloured with his blood; he rose twice, and sunk beneath the waters shrieking violently; it was Laubardemont.

Cinq-Mars drew back in horror.

"There is a Providence," said Grandchamp; "Urbain Grandier summoned him in three years. But come, come, the time is precious; do not remain motionless; be it he, I am not surprised, for those wretches devour each other. But let us endeavour to deprive them of their choicest morsel. Vive Dieu! I see the signal!—we are saved; all is ready; run to this side, monsieur l'abbé. See the white handkerchief at the window; our friends are prepared."

The abbé seized the hands of both his friends, and drew them to that side of the terrace towards which they had at first looked. "Listen to me, both of you," said he: "you must know that none of the conspirators have profited by the retreat you secured for them; they have all hastened to Lyons, disguised and in great number; they have distributed sufficient gold in the city to secure them from being betrayed; they are resolved to make an attempt to deliver you. The time chosen is that when they are conducting you to the scaffold; the signal is your hat, which you will place on your head when they are to commence."

The worthy abbé, half-weeping, half-smiling hopefully, related that, upon the arrest of his pupil, he had hastened to Paris; that such secresy enveloped all the cardinal's actions, that none there knew the place in which the master of the horse was detained; many said that he was banished; and when the reconciliation between Monsieur and the duke de Bouillon and the king was known, men no longer doubted that the life of the other was assured, and ceased to speak of this affair, which, not having been executed, compromised few persons. They had even, in some measure, rejoiced in Paris to see the town of Sedan and its territory added to the kingdom, in exchange for

the letters of *abolition* granted to the duke, acknowledged innocent in common with Monsieur, so that the result of all the arrangements had been to excite admiration of the cardinal's ability, and of his clemency towards the conspirators, who, it was said, had contemplated his death. They even spread the report that he had facilitated the escape of Cinq-Mars and de Thou, occupying himself generously with their retreat to a foreign land, after having bravely caused them to be arrested in the midst of the camp of Perpignan.

At this part of the narrative, Cinq-Mars could not avoid forgetting his resignation, and clasping his friend's hand—

"*Arrested!*" he exclaimed; "must we renounce even the honour of having voluntarily surrendered ourselves? Must we sacrifice all, even the opinion of posterity?"

"There is vanity again," replied de Thou, placing his fingers on his lips; "but, hush! let us hear the abbé to the end."

The tutor, not doubting that the calmness which these two young men exhibited arose from the joy they felt in finding their escape assured, and seeing that the sun had hardly yet dispersed the morning mists, yielded himself without restraint to the involuntary pleasure which old men always feel in recounting new events, even though they afflict the hearers. He related all his fruitless endeavours to discover his pupils' retreat, unknown to the court and the town, where none, indeed, dared to pronounce the name of Cinq-Mars, in the most secret asylums. He had only heard of the imprisonment at Pierre-Encise from the queen herself, who had deigned to send for him, and charge him to inform the maréchale d'Effiat, and all the conspirators, that they might make a desperate effort to deliver their young chief. Anne of Austria had even ventured to send many of the gentlemen of Auvergne and Touraine to Lyons to assist in their last attempt.

"The good queen," said he; "she wept greatly when I saw her, and said that she would give all she possessed to save you; she reproached herself deeply for some letter, I know not what. She spoke of the welfare of France, but did not explain herself. She said that she admired you,

and conjured you to save yourself, if it were only through pity for her, whom you would otherwise consign to everlasting remorse."

"Said she nothing else?" interrupted de Thou, supporting Cinq-Mars, who grew visibly paler.

"Nothing more," said the old man.

"And no one else spoke of me?" inquired the master of the horse.

"No one," said the abbé.

"If she had but written to me!" murmured Henry.

"Remember, my father, that you were sent here as a confessor," said de Thou.

Here, old Grandchamp, who had been kneeling before Cinq-Mars, and dragging him by his clothes to the other side of the terrace, exclaimed, in a broken voice—

"Monseigneur—my master—my good master—do you see them? look there—'tis they—'tis they—all of them."

"Who, my old friend?" asked his master.

"Who? Great Heaven! look at that window; do you not recognise them? Your mother, your sisters, and your brother."

And the day, now fairly broken, showed him in the distance several women waving their handkerchiefs; and there, dressed all in black, stretching out her arms towards the prison, sustained by those about her, Cinq-Mars recognised his mother with his family, and his strength failed him for a moment; he leant his head upon his friend's breast, and wept.

"How many times must I, then, die!" he murmured; then with a gesture returning, from the top of the tower, the salutations of his family:

"Let us descend quickly, my father!" he said, to the old abbé; "you will tell me at the tribunal of penitence, and before God, whether the remainder of my life is worth my shedding more blood to preserve it."

It was there that Cinq-Mars confessed to God what he alone and Maria of Mantua knew of their secret and unfortunate love. "He gave to his confessor," says Father Daniel, "a portrait of a noble lady set in diamonds, which were to be sold, and the money employed in pious works."

M. de Thou, after having confessed, wrote a letter;[1] after which (according to the account given by his confessor) he said to me, "This is the last thought I will bestow upon this world: let us depart for Heaven;" and, walking up and down the room with long strides, he recited aloud the psalm, *Miserere mei Deus*, with an incredible ardour of spirit, his whole frame trembling so violently, it seemed as if he did not touch the earth, and that the soul was about to make its exit from his body. The guards were mute at this spectacle, which made them all shudder with respect and horror."

Meanwhile, all was calm in the city of Lyons, when, to the great astonishment of its inhabitants, they beheld the entrance, through all its gates, of troops of infantry and cavalry, which they knew were encamped at a great distance. The French and the Swiss guards, the regiment of Pompadours, the men-at-arms of Maurevert, and the carabineers of la Roque, all defiled in silence; the cavalry, with their muskets on the pommel of the saddle, silently drew up round the chateau of Pierre Encise, the infantry formed a line upon the banks of the Saone, from the gate of the fortress to the Place des Terreaux. It was the usual spot for execution.

"Four companies of the bourgeois of Lyons, called *pennonage*, of about eleven or twelve hundred men, were ranged (says the journal of Montrésor) in the midst of the Place des Terreaux, so as to enclose a space of about eighty paces each way, into which they admitted no one but those who were absolutely necessary.

"In the centre of this space was raised a scaffold about seven feet high and nine feet square, in the midst of which, somewhat forward, was placed a stake, three feet in height, in front of which was a block half a foot high, so that the principal face of the scaffold looked towards the shambles of the Terreaux, by the side of the Saone. Against the scaffold was placed a short ladder of eight rounds, in the direction of the Dames de Saint Pierre."

[1] See the copy of this letter to madame the princess de Gueméné, in the *notes* at the end of the volume.

Nothing had transpired in the town as to the name of the prisoners; the inaccessible walls of the fortress let none enter or leave but at night, and the deep dungeons had sometimes confined father and son for years together, four feet apart from each other, without their even being aware of the vicinity. The surprise was extreme at these striking preparations, and the crowd collected, not knowing whether for a fête or for an execution.

This same secrecy which the agents of the minister had strictly preserved, was also carefully adhered to by the conspirators, for their heads depended on it.

Montrésor, Fontrailles, the baron de Beauvau, Olivier d'Entraigues, Gondi, the count du Lude, and the advocate Fournier, disguised as soldiers, workmen, and morris-dancers, armed with poniards under their clothes, had dispersed amid the crowd more than five hundred gentlemen and domestics, disguised like themselves; horses were ready on the road to Italy, and boats upon the Rhone had been previously engaged. The young marquis d'Effiat, elder brother of Cinq-Mars, dressed as a Carthusian, traversed the crowd without ceasing, between the place des Terreaux and the little house in which his mother and sister were concealed with the presidente de Pontac, the sister of the unfortunate de Thou; he reassured them, gave them from time to time a ray of hope, and returned to the conspirators to satisfy himself that each was prepared for action.

Each soldier forming the line, had at his side a man ready to poniard him.

The vast crowd heaped together behind the line of guards, pushed them forward, passed their lines, and made them lose ground. Ambrosio, the Spanish servant whom Cinq-Mars had saved, had taken charge of the captain of the pikemen, and, disguised as a Catalonian musician, had commenced a dispute with him, pretending to be determined not to cease playing the hurdy-gurdy.

Every one was at his post.

The abbé de Gondi, Olivier d'Entraigues, and the marquis d'Effiat, were in the midst of a group of fish-women and oyster-wenches, who were disputing and bawling, abusing one of their number younger and more

timid than her masculine companions. The brother of Cinq-Mars approached to listen to their quarrel.

"And why," said she to the others, "would you have Jean le Roux, who is an honest man, cut off the heads of two Christians, because he is a butcher by trade? So long as I am his wife, I'll not allow it; I'd rather——"

"Well! you are wrong!" replied her companions. "What is't to thee whether the meat he cuts is eaten or not eaten? Why, thou'lt have a hundred crowns to dress thy three children all in new clothes; thou'r't lucky to be the wife of a butcher. Profit then, ma mignonne, by what God sends thee by the favour of his eminence."

"Let me alone!" answered the first speaker; "I'll not accept it. I've seen these fine young gentlemen at the windows; they look as mild as lambs."

"Well! and are not thy lambs and calves killed?" said femme le Bon. "What fortune falls to this little woman! What a pity!—especially when it is from the reverend capuchin!"

"How horrible is the gaiety of the people!" said Olivier d'Entraigues, unguardedly. All the women heard him, and began to murmur against him.

"*Of the people!*" said they; "and whence comes this little bricklayer with his plastered clothes?"

"Ah!" interrupted another, "dost not see that 'tis some gentleman in disguise. Look at his white hands! he never worked a square; 'tis some little dandy conspirator. I've a great mind to go and fetch the captain of the watch to arrest him."

The abbé de Gondi felt all the danger of this situation, and throwing himself with an air of anger upon Olivier, and assuming the manners of a joiner, whose costume and apron he had adopted, he exclaimed, seizing him by the collar—

"You're just right; 'tis a little rascal that never works; these two years that my father's apprenticed him, he has done nothing but comb his hair to please the girls. Come, get home with you!"

And striking him with his rule, he drove him through the crowd, and returned to place himself on another part of the line. After having well reprimanded the thoughtless page, *he asked* him for the letter which he said he had to give to

M. de Cinq-Mars when he should have escaped; Olivier had carried it in his pocket for two months; he gave it him; "it is from one prisoner to another," said he; "for the chevalier de Jars, on leaving the Bastille, sent it me from one of his companions in captivity."

"Ma foi!" said Gondi, "there may be some important secret in it for our friends; I'll open it; you ought to have thought of it before. Ah, bah! it is from old Bassompierre. Let us read it.

"'My dear Child,—I learn from the depths of the Bastille, where I still remain, that you are conspiring against the tyrant Richelieu, who does not cease to humiliate our good old nobility and the parliaments, and to sap the foundations of the edifice upon which the state reposes. I hear that the nobles are taxed and condemned by petty judges, contrary to the privileges of their condition; forced to the arriére-ban, despite the ancient customs.'

"Ah! the old dotard!" interrupted the page, laughing immoderately.

"Not so foolish as you imagine, only he is a little behind hand for our affair."

"'I cannot but approve this generous project, and I pray you give me to wot all your proceedings——'

"Ah! the old language of the last reign!" said Olivier; "he can't say, 'Make me acquainted with your proceedings,' as we now say."

"Let me read, for heaven's sake," said the abbé, "a hundred years hence, they'll laugh at our phrases." He continued:

"'I can counsel you, notwithstanding my great age, in relating to you what happened to me in 1560.'

"Ah, faith! I've not time to waste in reading it all. Let us see the end.

"'When I remember my dining at the house of madame la maréchale d'Effiat, your mother, and ask myself what has become of all the guests, I am really afflicted: my poor Puy-Laurens has died at Vincennes, of grief at being forgotten by Monsieur in his prison; De Launay killed in a duel, and I am grieved at it; for although I was little satisfied with my arrest, he did it with courtesy, and I have always thought him a gentleman. As for me, I am

under lock and key until the death of M. le Cardinal. Ah! my child, we were thirteen at table; we must not laugh at old superstitions. Thank God, that you are the only one to whom evil has not arrived.'"

"There again!" said Olivier, laughing heartily, and this time the abbé de Gondi could not maintain his gravity, despite all his efforts.

They tore the useless letter to pieces, that it might not prolong the detention of the old maréchal, should it be found, and drew near the Place des Terreaux, and the line of guards, whom they were to attack, when the signal of the hat should be given by the young prisoner.

They beheld with satisfaction all their friends at their post, and ready to *play with their knives*, to use their own expression. The people pressing around them, favoured them without being aware of it. There came near the abbé, a troop of young ladies, dressed in white and veiled; they were going to church to communicate, and the nuns who conducted them, thinking, like most of the people, that the preparations were intended to do honour to some great personage, allowed them to mount upon some large hewn stones, collected behind the soldiers. There they grouped themselves with the grace natural to their age, like twenty beautiful statues upon a single pedestal. One would have taken them for those vestals whom antiquity invited to the sanguinary shows of the gladiators. They whispered each other, looking around them, laughing and blushing together like children.

The abbé de Gondi saw with impatience that Olivier was again forgetting his character of conspirator, and his costume of a bricklayer, in ogling these girls, and assuming a mien too elegant, an attitude too refined, for the position in life he was supposed to occupy; he already began to approach them, turning his hair with his fingers, when Fontrailles and Montrésor fortunately arrived in the dress of Swiss soldiers. A group of gentlemen, disguised as sailors, followed them with iron shod staffs in their hands; there was a paleness on their faces which announced no good.

"Stop here," said one of them to his suite, "this is the place."

The sombre air and the silence of these spectators contrasted with the gay and anxious looks of the girls, and their childish exclamations.

"Ah! the fine procession!" they cried; "there are at least five hundred men with cuirasses and red uniforms, upon fine horses; they've got yellow feathers in their large hats."

"They are strangers—Catalonians," said a French guard; "Whom are they conducting here? Ah! here is a fine gilt coach, but there's no one in it."

"Ah! I see three men on foot; where are they going?"

"To death," said Fontrailles, in a deep, stern voice, which silenced all around. Nothing was heard but the slow tramp of the horses, which suddenly stopped from one of those delays that happen in all processions. They then beheld a painful and singular spectacle. An old man with a tonsured head walked with difficulty, sobbing violently, supported by two young men of interesting and engaging appearance, who held one of each other's hands behind his bent shoulders, whilst with the other hand each held one of his arms. The one on the left was dressed in black; he was grave, and his eyes were cast down. The other, much younger, was attired in a striking dress;[1] a pourpoint of Holland cloth, adorned with broad gold lace, and with large embroidered sleeves, covered him from the neck to the waist, somewhat in the fashion of a woman's corset; the rest of his vestments were in black velvet, embroidered with silver palms, grey boots with red heels, to which were attached golden spurs; a scarlet cloak with gold buttons, all set off to advantage his elegant and graceful figure; he bowed right and left with a melancholy smile.

An old servant, with white moustaches and beard, followed with his head bent down, leading two chargers, richly caparisoned. The young ladies were silent, but they could not restrain their sobs.

"It is, then, that poor old man whom they are leading to the scaffold," they exclaimed; "and his children are supporting him."

[1] A full-length portrait of M. de Cinq-Mars is preserved at Versailles.

"Upon your knees, ladies," said a man, "and pray for him!"

"On your knees," cried Gondi, "and let us pray that God will deliver him."

All the conspirators repeated: "On your knees! on your knees!" and set the example to the people, who imitated them in silence.

"We can see his movements better now," said Gondi, in a whisper to Montrésor; "stand up; what is he doing?"

"He has stopped, and is speaking on our side, saluting us; I think he has recognised us."

Every house, window, wall, roof, and raised platform, that looked upon the place, was filled with persons of every age and condition.

The most profound silence prevailed throughout the immense multitude; one might have heard the wings of a gnat, the breath of the slightest wind, the passage of the grains of dust which it raised; yet the air was calm, the sun brilliant, the sky blue. The people listened attentively. They were close to the Place des Terreaux; they heard the blows of the hammer upon the planks, then the voice of Cinq-Mars.

A young Carthusian thrust his pale face between two guards; all the conspirators rose above the kneeling people; every one put his hand to his belt or in his bosom, approaching close to the soldier whom he was to poniard.

"What is he doing?" asked the Carthusian; "has he his hat upon his head?"

"He throws his hat upon the ground far from him," calmly answered the arquebusier.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FETE.

" Triste et parée."

" Mon Dieu! qu'est-ce que ce monde!"

Dernières paroles de M. Cinq-Mars.

THE same day that the melancholy procession took place at Lyons, and during the scenes we have just witnessed, a magnificent fête was given at Paris with all the luxury and bad taste of the time. The powerful cardinal had determined to fill the two first towns in France with his pomp.

The cardinal's return was the occasion on which this fête was announced, as given to the king and all his court. Master of the empire by force, the cardinal desired to be master of opinion by seduction, and, weary of dominating, he hoped to please. The tragedy of *Mirame* was to be represented in a hall constructed expressly for this great day, which raised the expenses of this entertainment, says Pelisson, to three hundred thousand crowns.

The entire guard of the prime minister[1] were under arms; his four companies of musketeers and gens-d'armes were ranged in a line upon the vast staircases, and at the entrance of the long galleries of the Palais-Cardinal. This brilliant *Pandemonium*, where the mortal sins have a temple on each floor, belonged that day to pride alone, which occupied it from top to bottom. Upon each step was placed one of the arquebusiers of the cardinal's guard, holding a torch in one hand, and a long carbine in the other; the crowd of his gentlemen circulated between these living candalabra, while, in the large garden, surrounded by huge chesnut trees, now replaced by a range of arches, two companies of mounted light-horse,

[1] In 1626, the king gave the cardinal a guard of two hundred arquebusiers; in 1632, four hundred foot musketry; in 1638, two companies of gens-d'armes and light horse, were raised by the cardinal himself.

their muskets in their hands, were ready to obey the first order or the first fear of their master.

The cardinal, carried and followed by his thirty-eight pages, took his seat in his box hung with purple, facing that in which the king was half-reclining behind the green curtains which preserved him from the glare of the flambeaux. The whole court filled the boxes, and rose when the king appeared; the orchestra commenced a brilliant overture, and the pit was thrown open to all the men of the town and the army who presented themselves. Three impetuous waves of spectators rushed in, and filled it in an instant; they were standing, and so thickly pressed together, that the movement of a single arm sufficed to cause in the crowd a movement similar to the waving of a field of corn. There was one man whose head thus described a large circle, as that of a compass, without his feet quitting the spot to which they were fixed, and some young men were carried out fainting. The minister, contrary to his usual custom, advanced his skeleton head out of his box, and saluted the assembly with an air which was meant to be gracious. This grimace obtained an acknowledgment only from the boxes: the pit was silent. Richelieu had wished to show that he did not fear the public judgment upon his work, and had given orders to admit without distinction all who should present themselves. He began to repent of this, but too late. The impartial assembly was as cold as the *tragedie-pastorale* itself. In vain did the theatrical *bergeres*, covered with jewels, raised upon red heels, with crooks ornamented with ribbons, and garlands of flowers upon their robes, which were stuck out with *vertugadins*, die of love, in tirades of two hundred verses; in vain did the *amants-parfaits* starve themselves in solitary caves, deploring their death in emphatic tones, and fastening to their hair ribbons of the favourite colour of their mistress; in vain did the ladies of the court exhibit signs of perfect ecstasy, leaning over the edge of their boxes, and even attempt a few fainting fits—the silent pit gave no other sign of life than the perpetual shaking of black heads with long hair.

The cardinal bit his lips and played the abstracted, during the first and second acts; the silence in which the

third and fourth passed off so wounded his paternal heart, that he had himself raised half out of the balcony, and in this uncomfortable and ridiculous position signed to the court to remark the finest passages, and himself gave the signal for applause; it was acted upon from some of the boxes, but the impassible pit was more silent than ever; leaving the affair entirely between the stage and the upper regions, they obstinately remained neuter. The master of Europe and France then cast a furious look at this handful of men, who dared not to admire his work, feeling in his heart the wish of Nero, and thought for a moment how happy he should be if all those men had but one head.

Suddenly, this black and before silent mass became animated, and endless rounds of applause burst forth, to the great astonishment of the boxes, and, above all, of the minister. He bent forward, and bowed gratefully, but drew back on perceiving that the clapping of hands interrupted the actors every time they wished to proceed. The king had the curtains of his box, until then closed, opened, to see what excited so much enthusiasm; the whole court leaned forward from their boxes, and perceived among the spectators on the stage, a young man, humbly dressed, who had just seated himself there with difficulty; every look was fixed upon him. He appeared utterly embarrassed by this, and sought to cover himself with his little black cloak—far too short for the purpose. *Le Cid! le Cid!* cried the pit, incessantly applauding. The terrified Corneille escaped behind the scenes, and all was again silent. The cardinal, beside himself with fury, had his curtain closed, and was carried into his galleries, where was performed another scene, prepared long before by the care of Joseph, who had tutored the attendants upon the point, before quitting Paris: cardinal Mazarin exclaimed that it would be quicker to pass his eminence through a long glazed window, which was only two feet from the ground, and led from his box to the apartments; and it opened, and the page passed his arm-chair through it. Hereupon a hundred voices rose to proclaim the accomplishment of the grand prophecy of Nostradamus. They said—

"The *bonnet rouge!*—that's Monseigneur; *quarante-onces*—that's Cinq-Mars; *tout finira!* that's de Thou. What a providential incident! his eminence reigns over the future as over the present."

He advanced thus upon his ambulatory throne through the long and splendid galleries, listening to this delicious murmur of a new flattery: but insensible to the hum of voices which deified his genius, he would have given all their praises for one word, one single gesture of that immovable and inflexible public, even had that word been a cry of hatred; for clamour can be stifled, but how avenge oneself on silence? The people can be prevented striking, but who can prevent their waiting? Pursued by the troublesome phantom of public opinion, the gloomy minister only thought himself in safety when he reached the interior of his palace, amidst his flattering courtiers, whose adorations soon made him forget that a miserable pit had dared not to admire him. He had himself placed like a king, in the midst of his vast apartments, and looking around him, attentively counted the powerful and submissive men who surrounded him; he counted them, and admired himself. The chiefs of all the great families, the princes of the church, the presidents of all the parliaments, the governors of the provinces, the marshals and general,-in-chief of the armies, the nuncio, the ambassadors of all the kingdoms, the deputies and senates of the republics, were motionless, submissive, and ranged around him, as if awaiting his orders. There was no longer a look to brave his look, no longer a word to raise itself against his will, not a project that men dared to form in the most secret recesses of the heart, not a thought which did not proceed from his. Mute Europe listened to him by its representatives. From time to time he raised an imperious voice, and threw a self-satisfied word to this pompous circle, as a man who throws a copper coin amongst a crowd of beggars. Then might be distinguished, by the pride which lit up his looks and the joy visible in his countenance, the prince who had received such a favour; he found himself, all at once, transformed into another man, and seemed to have made a step in the hierarchy of power, so surrounded with unlooked for adorations and sudden

caresses was the fortunate courtier, whose obscure happiness the cardinal did not even perceive. The king's brother and the duke de Bouillon stood in the crowd whence the minister did not deign to withdraw them; only he ostentatiously said that it would be well to dismantle a few fortresses, spoke at length of the necessity of pavements and quays at Paris, and said in two words to Turenne that he might perhaps be sent to the army in Italy, to seek his bâton as maréchal from prince Thomas.

Whilst Richelieu thus played with the great and small things of Europe, amidst his noisy fête, the queen was informed at the Louvre that the time was come for her to proceed to the cardinal's palace, where the king awaited her after the tragedy. The serious Anne of Austria did not witness any play; but she could not refuse her presence at the fête of the prime minister. She was in her oratory, ready to depart, and covered with pearls, her favourite ornament; standing opposite a large glass, with Maria of Mantua, she was arranging more to her satisfaction one or two details of the young duchess's toilette, who, dressed in a long pink robe, was herself contemplating with attention, though with somewhat of ennui and a little sullenness, the ensemble of her appearance. The queen saw her own work in Maria, and more troubled than she, thought with apprehension of the moment when this transient calm would cease, despite the profound knowledge she had of the feeling but frivolous character of Maria. Since the conversation at St. Germain, since the fatal letter, she had not quitted the young princess, and had bestowed all her care to lead her mind to the path which she had traced out for her; for the most decided feature in the character of Anne of Austria was an invincible obstinacy in her calculations, to which she would fain have subjected all events and all passions with a geometrical exactitude; there is no doubt that to this positive and immoveable mind we must attribute all the misfortunes of her regency. The sombre reply of Cinq-Mars; his arrest, his trial, all had been concealed from the princess Maria whose first fault it is true, had been a movement of self-love and a momentary forgetfulness. However, the queen was good-

hearted, and had bitterly repented her precipitation in writing words so decisive, and whose consequences had been so serious; and all her endeavours had been applied to mitigate the results. In reflecting upon her conduct in reference to the happiness of France, she applauded herself for having thus, at one stroke, stifled the germ of a civil war, which would have shaken the state to its very foundations; but when she approached her young friend, and gazed on that charming being, whose happiness she was thus destroying in its bloom, and reflected that an old man upon a throne, even, would not recompense her for the eternal loss she was about to sustain; when she thought of the entire devotion, the total abnegation of himself, she had witnessed in a young man of twenty-two, of so lofty a character, and almost master of the kingdom, she pitied Maria, and admired from her very soul the man whom she had judged so ill.

She would at least have desired to explain his worth to her whom he had loved so deeply, and who as yet knew him not; but she still hoped that the conspirators assembled at Lyons would be able to save him, and once knowing him to be in a foreign land, she could tell all to her dear Maria.

As to the latter, she had at first feared war; but surrounded by the queen's people, who had let nothing reach her ear but news dictated by this princess, she knew, or thought she knew, that the conspiracy had not taken place; that the king and the cardinal had returned to Paris nearly at the same time; that Monsieur relapsed for awhile, had reappeared at court; that the duke de Bouillon, on ceding Sedan, had also been restored to favour; and that if the grand écuyer had not yet appeared, the reason was the more decided animosity of the cardinal towards him, and the greater part he had taken in the conspiracy. But common sense and natural justice clearly said that having acted under the orders of the king's brother, his pardon ought to follow that of this prince. Everything, then, had calmed the first uneasiness of her heart, whilst nothing had softened the kind of proud resentment she felt against Cinq-Mars, so indifferent as not to inform her of the place of his retreat, known to the

queen and the whole court, whilst, she said to herself, she had thought but of him. Besides, for two months, the balls and fêtes had so rapidly succeeded each other, and so many mysterious duties had commanded her presence, that she had, for reflection and regret, scarce more than the time of her toilette, at which she was generally almost alone. Every evening she regularly commenced the general reflection upon the ingratitude and inconstancy of men—a profound and novel thought, which never fails to occupy the head of a young person in the time of first love—but sleep never permitted her to finish the reflection; and the fatigue of dancing closed her large black eyes ere her ideas had found time to classify themselves in her memory, or to present her with any very distinct images of the past. In the morning, she was surrounded by the young princesses of the court, and ere she had well time to dress, had to present herself in the queen's apartment, where awaited her the eternal, but now less disagreeable, homage of the prince Palatine; the Poles had had time to learn at the court of France that mysterious reserve, that eloquent silence which so pleases the women, because it enhances the importance of things always secret, and elevates those whom they respect, so as to preclude the idea of exhibiting suffering in their presence. Maria was regarded, as promised to king Wladislas; and she herself—we must confess it—had so well accustomed herself to this idea, that the throne of Poland occupied by another queen would have appeared to her a monstrous thing. She did not look forward with pleasure to the period of ascending it; but had, however, taken possession of the homage which was rendered her beforehand. Thus, without avowing it, even to herself, she greatly exaggerated the supposed offences of Cinq-Mars, which the queen had expounded to her at St. Germain.

"You are fresh as the roses in this bouquet," said the queen. "Come, ma chere, are you ready? What means this pouting air? Come, let me fasten this ear-ring .... Do you not like these toys, eh? Will you have another set of ornaments?"

"Oh! no, madam. I think that I ought not to deco-

rate myself at all, for no one knows better than yourself how unhappy I am. Men are very cruel towards us!

"I have since reflected on what you said to me, and all is now clear to me. Yes, it is quite true that he did not love me, for had he loved me, he would have renounced an enterprise that gave me so much uneasiness. I told him, I remember, indeed, which was very decided," she added, with an important and even solemn air, "that he would be a rebel; yes, madam, a rebel—I told him so at St. Eustache. But I see that your majesty was right: I am very unfortunate! He had more ambition than love." Here a tear of pique escaped from her eyes, and rolled quickly down her cheek, as a pearl upon a rose.

"Yes, it is certain," she continued, fastening her bracelets, "and the greatest proof is, that in the two months he has renounced his enterprise—you told me that you had saved him—he has not let me know the place of his retreat, while I during that time have been weeping, have been imploring all your power in his favour; have sought but a word that might inform me of his proceedings; I have thought but of him; and even now I refuse every day the throne of Poland, because I wish to prove to the end that I am constant, that you yourself cannot make me disloyal to my attachment, far more serious than his, and that we are of higher worth than the men; but, however, I think I may attend this fête, since it is not a ball."

"Yes, yes, my dear child—come, come!" said the queen, desirous of putting an end to this childish talk, which afflicted her all the more that it was herself who had encouraged it; "come, you will see the union that prevails between the princes and the cardinal, and we shall perhaps hear some good news." They departed.

When the two princesses entered the long galleries of the Palais-Cardinal, they were received and coldly saluted by the king and the minister, who, closely surrounded by silent courtiers, were playing at chess upon a small low table; all the ladies who entered with the queen or followed her, spread through the apartments, and soon soft music sounded in one of the saloons, a gentle accompaniment to the thousand private conversations carried on round the play tables.

Near the queen passed, saluting her, a young, newly married couple, the happy Chabot and the beautiful duchess de Rohan; they seemed to shun the crowd, and to seek apart a moment to speak to each other of themselves. Every one received them with a smile, and looked after them with envy; their happiness was expressed as strongly in the countenances of others as in their own.

Maria followed them with her eyes: "Still they are happy," she whispered to the queen, remembering the censure which in her hearing had been thrown upon the match.

But without answering, Anne of Austria, fearful that in the crowd some inconsiderate expression might inform her young friend of the mournful event so interesting to her, placed herself with Maria behind the king. Monsieur, the prince palatine, and the duke de Bouillon, came to speak to her with a gay and lively air. The second, however, casting upon Maria a severe and scrutinising glance, said to her:

"Madame la princesse, you are most surprisingly beautiful and gay this evening."

She was confused at these words, and at seeing the speaker walk away with a sombre air; she addressed herself to the duke of Orleans, who did not answer, and seemed not to hear her. Maria looked at the queen, and thought she remarked paleness and disquiet on her features. Meantime, no one ventured to approach the minister, who was deliberately meditating his moves. Mazarin alone, leaning over his chair, followed all the strokes with a servile attention, giving gestures of admiration every time that the cardinal played. Application to the game seemed to have dissipated for a moment the cloud that usually shaded the minister's brow; he had just advanced a tower, which placed Louis's king in that false position which is called stale mate, a situation in which the ebony king, without being personally attacked, can neither advance nor retire in any direction. The cardinal, raising his eyes, looked at his adversary, and smiled with one corner of his mouth, not being able to avoid a secret mental analogy. Then observing the dim eyes and dying countenance of the prince, he whispered Mazarin:

"Faith, I think he'll go before me; he is greatly changed."

At the same time, he himself was seized with a long and violent cough, accompanied internally with the sharp, deep pain he so often felt in the side; at the sinister warning he put a handkerchief to his mouth, which he withdrew covered with blood; to hide it, he threw it under the table, and looked around him with a stern smile, as if to forbid observation. Louis XIII., perfectly insensible, did not make the least movement beyond arranging his men for another game, with a skeleton and trembling hand. These two dying men seemed to be throwing lots which should depart first.

At this moment a clock struck the hour of midnight. The king raised his head:

"Ah, ah!" he said, "this morning, at twelve, M. le Grand had a disagreeable time of it."

A piercing shriek was uttered behind him; he shuddered, and threw himself forward, upsetting the table. Maria of Mantua lay senseless in the arms of the queen, who, weeping bitterly, said, in the king's ear:

"Ah! sire, your axe has a double edge."

She then bestowed all her cares and maternal kisses upon the young princess, who, surrounded by all the ladies of the court, only came to herself to burst into a torrent of tears. As soon as she opened her eyes—

"Alas! yes, my child," said Anne of Austria; "my poor girl, you are queen of Poland."

It has often happened, that the same event which causes tears to flow in the palace of kings, has spread joy without, for the people ever suppose that happiness reigns at festivals. There were five days rejoicings for the return of the minister, and every evening, under the windows of the Palais-Cardinal and those of the Louvre, pressed the people of Paris; the late disturbances, had, given them a taste for public movements; they rushed from one street to another with a curiosity, at times insulting and hostile; sometimes walking in silent proces-

sion, sometimes sending forth loud peals of laughter, or prolonged yells, of which no one understood the meaning. Bands of young men fought in the streets, and danced in rounds in the squares, as if manifesting some secret hope of pleasure and some insensate joy, grievous to the upright heart. It was remarkable that the most profound silence prevailed exactly in those places where the minister had ordered rejoicings, and that the people passed disdainfully before the illuminated façade of his palace. If some voices were raised, it was to read aloud, in a sneering tone, the legends and inscriptions with which the idiot flattery of some obscure writers had surrounded the portraits of the minister. One of these pictures was guarded by arquebusiers, who, however, could not preserve it from the stones which were thrown at it from a distance by unseen hands. It represented the cardinal-generalissimo wearing a casque surrounded by laurels. Above it was inscribed:

"Grand duc! c'est justement que la France t'honore;
Ainsi que le dieu Mars dans Paris on t'adore."

These fine phrases did not persuade the people that they were happy; they no more adored the cardinal than they did the god Mars, but they accepted his fêtes because they served as a covering for disorder. All Paris was in an uproar; men with long beards, carrying torches, measures of wine, and two drinking-cups, which they knocked together with a great noise, went along, arm-in-arm, shouting in chorus, with rude voices, an old round of the Ligue:

"Reprenons la danse,
Allons, c'est assez:
Le printemps commence,
Les rois sont passés.

Prenons quelque trêve,
Nous sommes lassés;
Les rois de la fève
Nous ont harassés.

Allons, Jean du Mayne,
Les rois sont passés—"[1]

[1] See *Mémoires de la Ligue.*

The frightful bands who howled forth these words, traversed the Quais and the Pont-Neuf, squeezing against the high houses, which then covered the latter, the peaceful citizens who were led there by simple curiosity. Two young men, wrapped in cloaks, thus thrown one against the other, recognised each other by the light of a torch placed at the foot of the statue of Henry IV., which had been lately raised.

"What! still at Paris?" said Corneille to Milton; "I thought you were in London."

"Hear you the people, sir? Do you hear them? What is this ominous chorus?

"Les rois sont passés?"

"That is nothing, sir; listen to their conversation."

"The parliament is dead," said one of the men; "the nobles are dead; let us dance, we are the masters; the old cardinal is dying; there is no longer any but the king and ourselves."

"Do you hear that drunken wretch, sir?" asked Corneille; "all our epoch is in those words of his."

"What! is this the work of the minister who is called great among you, and even by other nations? I do not understand him."

"I will explain the matter to you presently," answered Corneille; "but first, listen to the concluding part of this letter, which I received to-day. Draw near this light under the statue of the late king. We are alone; the crowd has passed—listen!

"'It was by one of those unforeseen circumstances which prevent the accomplishment of the noblest enterprises, that we were not able to save MM. de Cinq-Mars and de Thou. We might have foreseen that, prepared for death by long meditation, they would themselves refuse our aid; but this idea did not occur to any of us; in the precipitation of our measures, we also committed the fault of dispersing ourselves too much in the crowd, so that we could not take a sudden resolution. I was unfortunately stationed near the scaffold, and I saw our unfortunate friends advance to the foot of it, supporting the poor abbé Quillet, who was destined to behold the death

of the pupil, whose birth he had witnessed. He sobbed aloud, and had strength enough only to kiss the hands of the two friends. We all advanced, ready to throw ourselves upon the guards at the announced signal, but I saw with grief M. de Cinq-Mars cast his hat from him with an air of disdain. Our movement had been observed, and the Catalonian guard was doubled round the scaffold. I could see no more, but I heard much weeping around me. After the three usual blasts of the trumpet, the recorder of Lyons, on horseback, at a little distance from the scaffold, read the sentence of death, to which neither of the prisoners listened. Monsieur de Thou said to M. de Cinq-Mars:

"'Well, dear friend, which shall die first? do you remember Saint Gervais and Saint Protais?'

"'Which you think best,' answered Cinq-Mars.

"The second confessor, addressing M. de Thou, said: 'You are the eldest.'

"'True,' said M. de Thou; and turning to monsieur le Grand: 'you are the most generous; you will show me the way to the glory of Heaven.'

"'Alas!' said Cinq-Mars; 'I have opened to you that of the precipice; but let us meet death nobly, and we shall revel in the glory and happiness of Heaven.'

"Hereupon, he embraced him, and ascended the scaffold, with surprising address and agility. He walked round the scaffold, and contemplated the whole of the great assembly with a calm countenance which betrayed no sign of fear, and a serious and graceful manner. He then went round once more, saluting the people on every side, without appearing to recognise any of us, with a majestic and charming expression of face; he then knelt down, raising his eyes to Heaven, adoring God, and recommending himself to Him. As he embraced the crucifix, the father confessor called to the people to pray for him, and monsieur le Grand, opening his arms, still holding his crucifix, made the same request to the people. Then he readily knelt before the block, holding the stake, placed his neck upon it, and asked the confessor: 'Father, is this right?' Then, while they were cutting off his hair, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and said, sighing:

"'My God, what is this world? my God, I offer thee my death as a satisfaction for my sins.'

"'What are you waiting for? What are you doing there?' he said to the executioner, who had not yet taken his axe from an old bag he had brought with him. His confessor approaching, gave him a medallion, and he, with an incredible tranquillity of mind, begged the father to hold the crucifix before his eyes, which he would not allow to be bound. I saw the two trembling hands of the abbé Quillet, who raised the crucifix. At this moment, a voice as clear and pure as that of an angel, commenced the *Ave maris Stella*. In the universal silence I recognised the voice of M. de Thou, who was at the foot of the scaffold; the people repeated the sacred strain. M. de Cinq-Mars clung more tightly to the stake, and I saw a raised axe, made like the English axes. A terrible cry of the people from the Place, the windows and the towers, told me that it had fallen, and that the head had rolled to the ground; I had happily strength enough left to think of his soul, and to commence a prayer for him; I mingled it with that which I heard pronounced aloud by our unfortunate and pious friend, de Thou. I rose and saw him spring upon the scaffold with such promptitude that he might almost have been said to fly. The father and he recited a psalm; he uttered it with the ardour of a seraphim, as if his soul had borne his body to heaven; then kneeling down, he kissed the blood of Cinq-Mars, as that of a martyr, and became himself a greater martyr. I do not know whether God was pleased to grant him this last favour; but I saw with horror that the executioner, terrified no doubt at the first blow he had given, struck him upon the top of his head, whither the unfortunate young man raised his hand; the people sent forth a long groan, and advanced against the executioner. The poor wretch, terrified still more, struck him another blow which only cut the skin, and threw him upon the scaffold, where the executioner rolled upon him to dispatch him. A strange event terrified the people as much as the horrible spectacle. M. de Cinq-Mars' old servant held his horse as at a military funeral; he had stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and, like a man paralysed, watched his master to

the end; then suddenly, as if struck by the same axe, fell dead under the blow which had taken off his master's head.

"I write these sad details in haste, on board a Genoese galley, into which Fontrailles, Gondi, Entraigues, Beauvau, du Lude, myself and others of the chief conspirators have retired. We are going to England to await until time shall deliver France from the tyrant whom we could not destroy. I abandon for ever the service of the base prince who betrayed us.

"MONTRESOR."

"Such," continued Corneille, "has been the fate of these two young men whom you lately saw so powerful. Their last sigh was that of the ancient monarchy; nothing more than a court can reign here henceforth; the nobles and the senates are destroyed."[1]

"And this is your pretended great man!" said Milton. "What has he sought to do? He would, then, create republics for future ages, since he destroys the basis of your monarchy?"

"Look not so far," answered Corneille; "he only seeks to reign until the end of his life. He has worked for the present and not for the future; he has continued the work of Louis XI., and neither one nor the other knew what they were doing."

The Englishman smiled.

"I thought," he said, "that true genius followed another path. This man has shaken all that he ought to have supported, and they admire him! I pity your nation."

"Pity it not!" exclaimed Corneille, warmly; "a man passes away, but a people is renewed. This people, sir, is gifted with an immortal energy, which nothing can destroy; its imagination often leads it astray, but superior reason will ever ultimately master its disorders."

The two young and already great men walked, as they conversed, upon the space which separates the statue of Henry IV. from the Place Dauphine; they stopped a moment in the centre of this place.

[1] The parliament was called *senate*. There still exist letters addressed to *monseigneur de Harlay, prince of the senate of Paris, and first judge of the king.*

"Yes, sir," continued Corneille; "I see every evening with what rapidity a noble thought finds its echo in French hearts, and every evening I retire happy at the sight. Gratitude prostrates the poor people before this statue of a good king! Who knows what other monument another passion may raise near this? Who can say how far the love of glory will lead our people? Who knows that in the place where we now are, there may not be raised a pyramid taken from the East?"

"These are the secrets of the future," said Milton; "I, like yourself, admire your impassioned nation, but I fear them for themselves; I do not well understand them, and I do not recognise their wisdom, when I see them lavishing their admiration upon men such as he who now rules you. The love of power is very puerile, and this man is devoured by it, without having force enough to seize it wholly. By an utter absurdity, he is a tyrant under a master. Thus has this colossus, never firmly balanced, been all but overthrown by the finger of a boy; Does that indicate genius? No, no! when genius condescends to quit the lofty regions of its true home for a human passion, at least it should grasp that passion in its entirety. Since Richelieu only aimed at power, why did he not, if he was a genius, make himself absolute master of power? I am going to see a man who is not yet known, and whom I see swayed by this miserable ambition, but I think that he will go further—His name is Cromwell."

THE END.

NOTES

AND

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

NOTES AND HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS.

WHEN this work appeared for the first time,[1] it appeared without notes, simply as a work of art, as a summary of a century. That it might be rightly judged by the public, the author would not surround it, in any way, with the apparent éclat of historical research, with which it is too easy to decorate a new book. He wished not to show the *true* in detail, but the epic work, the composition with its tragedy, the scenes of which comprise all the eminent personages of the time of Louis XIII. The author, however, soon found it necessary to indicate the principal sources of his labours; and as he had ever desired to go back to the purest sources, that is to say, to the manuscripts, and, in their default, to their contemporary impressions, he added the present documents to the second edition of *Cinq-Mars*,[2] to correct the erroneous ideas prevalent as to the authenticity of some facts. Subsequently, he returned to the simple and primitive unity of his work. But now, again, that his production has been multiplied in editions far more numerous than he could have expected, he is desirous that minds inquisitive as to the details of the *vrai anecdotique*, need not have to seek elsewhere for the documents.

(Page 74.)

Father Joseph.

"In his youth," says the historian of Father Joseph, "his hair and beard were of a somewhat fiery red. He perceived that Louis XIII. could not bear this colour;

[1] March, 1826, 2 vols. [2] June, 1826.

and he accordingly took pains to turn it brown, with combs of lead and steel, until he learned the secret of turning it white, which was afterwards communicated to him by a quack doctor. The king's horror for red hair was so great, that one day his first gentleman of the chamber (whose brother held the finest governorship in the kingdom), having the honour to accompany his majesty to Fontainebleau on a hunting expedition, it rained so hard that it washed away all the paint with which he concealed the redness of his hair. The prince, perceiving it, was terrified, and said to him: 'Good God, what do I see! never appear again before me!' The gentleman was obliged to resign his post."

(Page 75.)

"His confidant."

"This too celebrated capuchin, whom one of his historians calls *the assistant spirit* of the cardinal, was not only his confidant, but that of the king himself. Inflexible, pliant, and base, he strengthened the steps of the minister in the path of blood, and assisted him to draw thither the feeble prince. The history of this man is known everywhere; here are the details of one of his tricks, which is little known:

"Montmorency was taken at Castelnaudary. Louis XIII. hesitated to execute him. Monsieur, who had abandoned him on the field of battle, earnestly demanded his pardon. The cardinal desired his death, but did not know how to obtain this precious favour. Bouillon was charged with the negotiation; it was he who counselled Gaston: to him Joseph first addressed himself.

"He got hold of him with the address of a serpent, and through him, counselled Monsieur not to demand assurances from the king of the young duke's pardon, but to remit the affair entirely to Louis' goodness alone, whose heart, he said, was afflicted by the appearance of a doubt on the subject. Monsieur thought he saw in this suggestion an intention to pardon, insinuated by his brother himself, and made his peace for himself alone, without stipulating anything for the young duke, and *referring* him to the king's clemency. It was then that,

in a *conseil étroit* of the king, the cardinal, and Joseph, the latter ventured to speak first, and playing off the energy of his political vociferations with the phlegmatic arguments of the cardinal, forced from Louis the promise, too well kept, that he would be inflexible." *Ib.*

Brulart de Léon, ambassador at Ratisbon with Joseph, says that the capuchin had nothing Christian about him but the name, and sought only to deceive all the world.

A work in 1635, entitled *La Vérité Defendue*, speaks of him in these terms:

"He is the grand inquisitor of the state, interrogates alleged criminals, throws them into prison without any charge, preventing their justification being heard, and by panic terrors draws out declarations which serve to hide the cardinal's injustice. He shamefully makes use of Heaven for his earthly purposes, and of the name of God for deceptions, and of religion for the knaveries of the state."

He was of a very good family; the name, du Tremblay.

I refer to the published life of this unworthy monk those who would be better acquainted with him.

(Page 77.)

"The cardinal dictated to him those duties of a new kind," &c. —

The insolent commands of the ministerial religion, laid down by Richelieu, are extracted from a manuscript, mentioned in the history of Father Joseph.

This is what the reverend and ingenious historian and genealogist, the continuator of the abbé Richard, says on the subject:

"He composed, with the cardinal, a book entitled: *L'unité du ministre, et les qualités qu'il doit avoir.* This work never saw the light at the time, but in the king's hands, and it is this treatise which determined his majesty to vest the entire government of his kingdom in his eminence. I have seen this manuscript in folio; it is well written. It is not difficult to see that Father Joseph is the author of it by reading the principal propositions set forth there; first, as Christian truths; secondly, as political truths. This work might be entitled: *Testament politique du*

P. Joseph. All the great men of the past century left such."—(*Hist. du P. Joseph.*)

(Page 81.)

"As for Marillac," &c.

"The maréchal de Marillac was deprived of his legitimate judges, the members of the parliament, who in vain endeavoured to take cognizance of the affair, and saw Molé, their attorney-general, silenced. Dragged from tribunal to tribunal, without finding one sufficiently clever to detect a crime in him, the maréchal de Marillac finally fell under the decree of commissioners, read by a keeper of the ecclesiastical seals (Châteauneuf), a dispensation from Rome being got for him, expressly to enable him to condemn a man without reproach; the cardinal laughed at the *spectacles* he had forcibly put on the noses of the judges, as he phrased it. What confusion! what a time! We cannot throw too great a light upon the principal points of history, to extinguish the puerile regrets for the past in some minds which do not sufficiently examine the history of the period."

(Page 138.)

"To extirpate a royal branch of Bourbon:"

The count de Soissons, assassinated at the battle of Marfée, which he gained over the troops of the king, or rather of the cardinal. I have before me the most detailed contemporary accounts of this affair; they state as follows:—'The regiments of Metternich and the infantry of Lamboy, having broken their ranks, there remained near the said count only two or three of his men; in this confusion, he was approached by a single cavalier, whom his men did not recognise in this confusion as an enemy, and who fired a pistol at him below the eye, which killed him upon the spot. This great prince, having no other design than to serve his majesty and his kingdom, and to stop the violence of him who seeks to undermine all who were above him, he, the cardinal, has thus extirpated a royal branch of Bourbon, having had this prince marked and shot by one of his guards, who had placed himself, with this horrible design and by his command, among this prince's men; being recognised as such, on being

killed on the spot, as the villain was, by Riquemont, esquire of the same defunct prince.'" (*Montglat, Fabert, &c., &c., Relation de Montrésor*, t. ii. p. 520.)

There exists, in the *Bibliothèque de Paris*, a curious autograph, which shows how much the cardinal relied on such expeditions. It runs thus :—

"*Letter of M. des Noyers to M. le Maréchal de Chatillon, after the battle of Sedan.*

"The king has resolved to give a government and a pension for life to the soldier who killed the enemy's general. M. le maréchal will send the soldier in question to Reims, to his majesty, immediately upon his arrival. Done at Péronne, this 9 July, 1641.

"DES NOYERS.

"Vol. g. 6, 233. MM."

Examination of the Secret Correspondence of the Cardinal de Richelieu, relative to the trial of MM. de Cinq-Mars and de Thou.

The indefatigable activity, the vivid penetration, the ingenious perseverance of the cardinal de Richelieu, at the close of his life, when illness, fatigue, and vexation might well have deadened his rare faculties, are not alone evidenced in the conduct of this affair; it is curious and most painful to observe the subterrene ways through which he passed to arrive at his end; this potent miner, this *worthy pioneer!* All the meannesses to which political labourers are forced to stoop, would render their imitators less arrogant, did they consider that this man, after the entire accomplishment of his projects, only succeeded in hastening and confirming the fall of the absolute monarchy which he thought he had confirmed for ever.

To place these documents properly before the reader, it is necessary to omit the long technicalities of the proces-verbal, the dryness and confusion of which have, no doubt, disgusted all those who have looked at it. But it is desirable to extract the singular and vivid facts which are distinguishable in the chaos, when we look attentively at it.

As soon as M. de Cinq-Mars is arrested, and the duke d'Orleans has excused himself in the letter we have cited in the course of this work,[1] the first anxiety of the cardinal is to know whether M. de Bouillon is arrested. In this doubt, and fearing the return of Louis XIII. to his affection for Cinq-Mars, he stops at Tarascon, and thus seeks to satisfy himself that his influence is in the ascendant; like a gladiator preparing for battle, he essays his arms, and balances his club.

"*Instructions, after the arrest of M. le Grand, to Messieurs de Chavigny and Des Noyers, being with the king, to learn, among other things, from his majesty, if his eminence shall act, as heretofore, as he shall think fit.*

"If monsieur de Bouillon is taken, it is necessary to show promptly that he has been justly arrested; to do this, it must be found out who of the friends of madame have taken part in the matter; and in case the said lady will not afford information, you must devise some plan by which it may appear that you have a knowledge of the matter; for this purpose all the prisoners must be separated, and not be allowed to speak with any one; by this means you *may make one believe that another has confessed all he knows; and thus induce each to confess*, or, at least, to believe the matter confessed elsewhere.

"Cioniac must be arrested; he is said to have secret papers. The *casket* with hair and love-tokens must be taken from monsieur de Choisy.

"It must be represented to the king that it is important not to say he has burnt all the papers; and, in fact, it is generally believed that he has not done so.

"If monsieur de Bouillon is taken, Italy must be provided with a general of great fidelity, for several pressing reasons. One is wanted in Guyenne, another in Rousillon, it being doubtful whether monsieur de Turenne will serve, or whether, indeed, he ought to be left there alone; the king can see to this if he pleases."

We see the snare here indicated; M. de Cinq-Mars was the first to fall into it.

[1] Chapter xxiv.

The answer is not long delayed: M. de Bouillon has been arrested; the king has consented to tell all the lies dictated to him, and, as a proof of his obedience, he writes with his own hand the following letter:

"*Letter from the King to his Eminence.*

"I am always happy to see you. I am much better since yesterday; and after the capture of monsieur de Bouillon, which is a great stroke, I hope with the aid of God that all will go well, and that He will grant me perfect health; it is what I pray of him with all my heart.

"LOUIS."

With this gage he could act; he menaced Monsieur, and answered him vaguely. Gaston again supplicated; the same day he wrote to the king, to cardinal Mazarin, to M. des Noyers, to M. de Chavigny, and a second time to the cardinal. Remark, that it was of the latter he had at first demanded pardon, the 17th June, before supplicating the king on the 25th, following the hierarchy established by the cardinal. He asks pardon from every one, and promises a full confession.

Hereupon, the cardinal sets his foot upon the king's brother, and crushes him by the cold letter in which he counsels him to confess all, and which is in the text of this book.

Then come fresh reports from the faithful agent Chavigny, who has not sufficiently humble terms in which to address the cardinal, whose creature he incessantly calls himself. Chavigny laughs at Monsieur and the *cholera-morbus* (already known, as we see), which had seized the agent of this prince from the fear of being arrested.

He counsels Gaston to withdraw from France. We see that the king does not venture to answer until the cardinal has *corrected* the letter he is to write.

"*M. de Chavigny to his Eminence.*

"The king spoke yesterday to monsieur de la Rivière, *as well and as firmly as one could wish.* I have made him write down and sign all he said to him on the part of Monsieur, as your eminence will see by the copy I send you; and

when he raised some difficulties in obeying the commands of his majesty, *his majesty spoke to him as a master*, and he was in such fear of being arrested, that he was seized nearly with a fainting fit, and then with a species of *choléra-morbus*, of which he was only cured by reassuring his mind. The king was delighted that monseigneur had no intention of seeing Monsieur. In speaking to monsieur de la Rivière, I made him fall *insensibly* into the idea of proposing to Monsieur himself to confess all betimes in a letter to the king, so that he may, after having seen his majesty, go for awhile out of the kingdom with his majesty's good favour and that of your eminence.

"He told me that he would make this proposition to monseigneur, and that he would get his guarantee for the safety of Monsieur, if he would confess everything in writing, and come to the king, and afterwards quit France.

"In this case your eminence will be pleased to inform your *creature* if Venice would not be the best place to which Monsieur could go, and what sum you think he should have allowed him annually.

"I send monseigneur the king's reply, to be put at the foot of La Rivière's declaration, that it may be *corrected as it shall please you*, and then be placed in his hands when he shall pass.

"CHAVIGNY."

Montfrin, the last June, 1642.

The cardinal permits Monsieur to leave the kingdom, and to go to Venice, and fixes the pension he shall have to make him wiser.

"*Note to MM. de Chavigny and des Noyers.*

"I have no difficulty, if the king thinks fit, in giving my word to monsieur de la Rivière, that if Monsieur will declare to the king all that he knows in writing, without reservations, and shall come to see his majesty before leaving the kingdom, according to the proposition which the said Sieur de la Rivière made to us, his majesty will let him depart freely, relieve him well, if he leave with the king's consent. Venice is a suitable residence, and

in that case he will require the king's permission to set forth—Not to return to France until it shall please the king to permit and order it.

"As to money, I think that he ought to be contented with what the king of Spain was to have given him; namely, ten thousand crowns a month. To give him more, were to give him the means of doing ill; and it being impossible for the king to consent that he should take with him the evil spirits who have misled him, he needs no more for himself and well-intentioned people. However, if we must go so far as four hundred thousand livres, I think we must not be stopped by so small a difference. I am entirely the friend of those who love me as you do.

"THE CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU."

Tarascon, this last June, 1642.

"Either monsieur de la Rivière comes with a mere mouth-compliment, and a confession of a disguised fault, or charged to discover a part of what has been done. If the former, the king *ought to believe, or feign to believe, what he says*, and answer that he readily pardons Monsieur, and that monsieur de la Rivière may tell him all he has upon his conscience, without being troubled about it.

"If the latter, he should still feign to believe that what he says is all there is to say, and answer, 'What you have just confessed surprises me, yet does not surprise me.

"'It surprises me, because I did not expect this new proof of want of affection in my brother. It does not surprise me, because monsieur le Grand, now he is taken, inquires very anxiously whether he is not charged with an understanding with Monsieur.'

"'Monsieur de la Rivière, I will speak to you frankly: those who have given my brother these evil counsels, must expect nothing from me but the rigour of justice; as to my brother, if he discovers to me, without reservation, all he has done, he will find the effects of my goodness, as he has already done various times already.'

"Whatever entreaties la Rivière may employ to obtain a promise of general pardon, without obligation of confessing all that has passed, the king shall adhere to his last

reply, telling him that he himself could hardly desire to counsel him to do more than God, who requires a true repentance and unfeigned gratitude before he pardons an offence. That he ought to be satisfied with the assurance that Monsieur will find the effects of his goodness, if he behaves towards his majesty as he ought to do; namely, as is above set forth."

We see here that the parts are written out word for word, and that the king is neither to add nor take anything from them. The agent of Monsieur (la Rivière) hastens to him, and the cardinal sends him to the king to dictate beforehand his reply. With what pliancy every personage obeys the director of this sanguinary play!

The political observers do not sleep; they excite Louis XIII. by all possible means against the scapegoat upon whom every sin is to fall. The prisoner is treated with redoubled rigour.

Des Noyers writes, the 30th June, 1642, to the cardinal:—

"The king has told me that he thinks M. le Grand capable of turning Huguenot. I added that he would have turned Turk, if by that means he could reign and deprive his majesty of what God had so legitimately given him. Upon which the king said to me—'I believe it.'

"His majesty told me this morning that Treville had conversed with M. le marquis on the arrival of M. le Grand at Montpellier, and that on entering the citadel he said:

"'Ah! must I then die at twenty-two? Thus 'tis to conspire against one's country so early,' which he received very well."

"*M. des Noyers to his Eminence.*

"Paris, July 1.

"His majesty is more than ever irritated against M. le Grand, for he has discovered that, during his illness, this

wretch whom M. the first president truly calls *le perfide public*, had said, speaking of the king:

"'He will still linger on.'"

Nothing is omitted that can irritate Louis XIII., though it is difficult to appreciate the point of the first president's phrase.

The same man (des Noyers) again writes, the 1st July, 1642, from Pierrelate:

"His majesty continues to give the greatest demonstrations of love for monseigneur, and of an equal hatred to this wretched *perfide public*."

Thus the bulletin of the royal anger is sent to the cardinal every hour, and care is taken that the fever shall not abate. The parents of the two young men wish to petition; they are prevented. M. de Chavigny writes, the 3rd July, 1642:

"The abbé d'Effiat and the abbé de Thou came to see the king, as we have been assured. His majesty thought proper to send to them and command them to withdraw."

The correspondence is urgent; the next day (4th July, 1642,) the cardinal writes from Tarascon:

"The most obscure enigmas begin to be explained: *le perfide public* confessing, in the place where he is, *that he had ill designs against the person of M. le cardinal, but none to which the king had not given his consent;* the mischief is, that the liberty he has hitherto enjoyed of walking twice a day, has occasioned this statement to be much spread in the province, which may produce very ill effects."

A mortal fear agitated the cardinal, lest it should be discovered that the king had been concerned in the conspiracy; he makes the imprisonment still more strict. He adds:

"Seyton, the lieutenant of the Scottish guards, sixty-six years of age, allowed M. le Grand to walk twice a day. He did so up to within these three days, which gives me reason to suppose that the former orders have been lost.

"M. de Bouillon required only a doctor and two valets-

de-chambre; *le perfide public* has six attendants, who must be reduced. Otherwise, it is impossible *to prevent his making known whatever he pleases;* no prince ever had more.

"You will adroitly introduce this subject, *without mentioning my name in any way.*"

Impatiently awaiting *a good commissioner*, he says:

"I expect M. de Chazé, whom we will try with M. de Thou. Make him hasten by the Rhone, for time presses, and it is necessary I should be here to assist him in his interrogations, which I will give him ready arranged." As it is necessary to envenom the wound in the royal heart, he does not forget a circumstance which may have this effect.

"It were well that the faithful marquis de Mortemar tell the king how *le perfide public* said that Fontrailles had jested upon his illness, namely:

'*He is not yet bad enough.*'

"This will tend to prove that the *perfide* and his principal confidants were ill intentioned against the king."

We see that no light word, or youthful thoughtlessness, real or supposed, is omitted by political cunning. Chavigny immediately answers in the same spirit:

"The faithful marquis has not yet had an opportunity of saying what monsieur le cardinal has directed; it will be done to-morrow; we shall see what the king will say."

Then the next day, the same Chavigny writes in all haste:

"Mortemar has told the king what M. le Grand said. The king did not fail, immediately upon hearing it, to repeat it to M. de Chavigny."

(The same who thus sneers at Louis XIII. for his docility!)

"And I think he is the same with M. des Noyers.

"The king expressly commanded me to mention it to your eminence, and to say to you that he believes M. le Grand quite detestable enough to have entertained this horrible thought, and that he remembers he had at *Lyons more than fifty gentlemen dependent on him.*

"Nothing has been omitted to keep his majesty *in a good humour*. The king has several times repeated that M. le Grand is the greatest liar in the world. Thus we may hope that friendship is tolerably worn out in the heart of Louis XIII."

The 6th January, 1642, (mark this rapidity,) the two creatures of the cardinal duke, Chavigny and des Noyers, inform him of the result of their insinuations.

"We humbly intreat monseigneur to tranquillize his mind, and to believe that he was never so powerful with the king as he is now; that his presence will effect all he wishes."

That same day the cardinal duke writes very humbly to the king, in the tone of an innocent victim and priest, whom the king is defending.

His Eminence to the King.

"I have learned," says he, "the new discovery which the king has been pleased to make of the evil design M. le Grand had against me, against a cardinal, who for twenty-five years has, by the permission of God, successfully served his master; the greater the malice of this wretch, the more the goodness of your majesty is apparent. This seventh July, 1642."

And on the 7th, he sends for M. de Thou into his chamber, bringing him from the prison of Tarascon. I have before me this curious interrogatory, and give it here, as it has been preserved, word for word: it is not superfluous to point out the tone of exquisite politeness of these two personages, neither of whom forgets the rank and character of the other, and who seem to have constantly in their minds the old adage: "One gentleman is as good as another."

Interrogatory and replies of M. de Thou to Monseigneur, the Cardinal-Duke, when sent for from the prison of the chateau of Tarascon. (Journal de M. le Cardinal de Richelieu, which he made during the great storm in the year 1642, *and taken from the memoirs he wrote with his own hand.* MDC.XLVIII.)

"M. LE CARDINAL. Monsieur, I intreat you to excuse my having given you the trouble to come here.

M. DE THOU. Monseigneur, it is an honour and a pleasure."

After which the cardinal made him sit down on a chair at his bed-side.

"M. LE CARDINAL. Monsieur, I intreat you to tell me the origin of these things that have just taken place.

M. DE THOU. Monseigneur, no one can know it better than your eminence.

M. LE CARDINAL. I have no correspondence with Spain which might inform me.

M. DE THOU. The king having ordered these things, monseigneur, it cannot have been without your being made acquainted with it.

M. LE CARDINAL. Did you write to Rome and Spain?

M. DE THOU. Yes, monseigneur, by the king's order.

M. LE CARDINAL. Are you, then, secretary of state?

M. DE THOU. No, monseigneur; but the king having ordered me, I could do no otherwise than obey.

M. LE CARDINAL. Have you any power?

M. DE THOU. Yes, monseigneur, the king's word, and an order in writing.

M. LE CARDINAL. Yet M. de Cinq-Mars has not said anything about it.

M. DE THOU. He was wrong then, monseigneur, for he received the order as well as I.

M. LE CARDINAL. Where are these orders?

M. DE THOU. They are in good hands, to be produced when they are needed."

But this is what it is desirable to avoid. The cardinal does not wish to be assured thus that the king has given orders against him. He sends to Paris for commissioners, one especially whom he indicates, M. de Lamon, to assist M. de Chazé in the fresh interrogatories applied to this same de Thou, so imposing, so firm, so grave, so honourable, and so formidable by his virtue.

Whilst the young magistrate is replying thus, Gaston d'Orleans, Monsieur, the king's brother, sends his confession, and throwing himself on his knees in these terms:

"I, Gaston, son of France, the only brother of the *king*, being touched by true repentance for having again

failed in the fidelity I owe to monseigneur the king, and desiring to render myself worthy of grace and pardon, I sincerely confess everything of which I am guilty."

Then follow the accusations against M. le Grand, upon whom he very handsomely throws the whole affair.

Then a second confession accompanies the first, relating to the other offence.

"*Monsieur the King's brother to his Eminence.*

"D'Aigueperce, 7 July, 1642.

"Gaston, etc. Unable to express sufficiently to my cousin, the cardinal de Richelieu, my extreme grief at having entered into relations and correspondence with his enemies, I protest before God, and entreat M. le cardinal to believe, that I never had any knowledge of anything that might affect your person, and that were I to die for it I would never have lent my ear or my heart to the slightest proposition against you, &c. &c."

The politeness of terror can assuredly go no farther or lower.

He sends his orders what Monsieur is to say, if he wishes to be allowed to remain in the kingdom and to have wherewith to subsist.

Monsieur and M. de Cinq-Mars shall be confronted with each other.

"*Instructions of his Eminence.*

"When M. le Grand shall be brought to the place in which Monsieur is, Monsieur must say to him:

"'M. le Grand, although our rank is different, we are in the same difficulty, and we must have recourse to the same remedy. I confess our fault and intreat the king to pardon it.'

"Either M. le Grand will take the same step, and agree with what Monsieur has said, or he will play the innocent; in which case Monsieur will say:

"'You spoke to me in such a place, you told me so and so, you came to St. Germain to me in the stables with M. de Bouillon—or whoever else it may have been.'—Then Monsieur will relate the rest of the story.

"He will do the same when M. de Bouillon shall be brought on.

"He will content himself with the promise of remaining in the kingdom, without pretending to any charge or office.

"I say this, after having well considered the affair, *which may be the most important of this nature that has ever happened in this kingdom.*"

But Monsieur raises great difficulties in the way of confronting the accused; he is afraid of wanting assurance before them. The king cannot venture to compel his brother to appear; but it is necessary to find a subterfuge; the chancellor Seguier devises one and despatches it.

"I have proposed to the king to send M. Talon, councillor of state and solicitor-general, le Bret, and du Bignon, who are all learned in criminal matters, to confer with me upon all the propositions I shall make to him.

"Their opinion is that we can dispense Monsieur from being present at the reading of his declaration to the accused.

"This opinion is supported by precedents and reasons: as to precedents, we have the trial of la Mole and Coconas, who were accused of high treason. In that trial the declarations of the king of Navarre, and of the duke d'Alençon, were received and read to the accused, without confrontation, although the prisoners demanded it.

"The deposition of a witness with *infallible presumptions serves as proof and conviction* against a person accused of *high treason*, which is not the case with other crimes."

We see that the chancellor goes to work here with good will.

Then follows the opinion given by Jacques Talon, and Hierosme Bignon and Omer Talon, deciding "*that no son of France* has been heard in any trial, and that the declaration of such suffices for proof without confrontation."

The chancellor receives Monsieur's declaration in the company of the judges, the sieurs de Laubardemont, Marca, de Paris, Champigni, Miraumesnil, de Chazé, and de

Sève, in which the duke of Orleans confesses to *have given two signed blanks to Fontrailles to treat with the king of Spain*, at the instigation of M. le Grand; whom he charges also with having seduced M. de Bouillon.

According to these opinions, the cardinal is armed on every side and sure of success; he may go. He arrives at Paris, and while at Lyons they are trying Cinq-Mars and de Thou, he places his hand upon the king, and pardons Monsieur on condition of his political nullity, and M. de Bouillon in exchange for his fortress of Sedan.

The indictment is very curious, but too extensive to be inserted here; it is found at the end of the interrogations. The reporter there accuses M. de Cinq-Mars, after having passed lightly over Monsieur and the duke de Bouillon.

"As to M. le Grand, he is accused not only of being an accomplice in this conspiracy, but also of being its author and promoter.

"M. le Grand poisons the mind of Monsieur by imaginary fears invented by himself—that is a crime.

"To relieve him from his terrors, *he persuades him* to make a party in the state. Here are two crimes.

"*He persuades him* to combine with Spain. This is a third.

"*He persuades him* to destroy monsieur le cardinal, and *drive him from affairs*. This is a fourth.

"*He persuades him* to make war with France during the siege of Perpignan, in order to interrupt the happiness of this state. This is a fifth.

"He himself draws up the treaty of Spain. This is a sixth.

"He brings Fontrailles to Monsieur to be sent about the treaty, and to monsieur, the count d'Aubigny. These results *may be looked upon* as a seventh crime, or at least, the accomplishment of all the rest.

"All of them are crimes of high treason, he who attacks the persons of the king's ministers, being reputed, by the ancient laws and constitutions of the emperors, *equally* guilty with *those who attack the persons of the kings themselves*.

"A minister serves his prince and the state; a man deprives the prince and the state of him; this is the same

as if they were to deprive the first of an arm, and the second of a part of its power."

I refer these arguments to the reflections of jurisconsults. They may think, perhaps, that there might have been something to say in reply to them, were it considered possible to answer these absurdities of uncontrolled power. The grand fact of the Spanish treaty sufficed; and I only transcribe what the reporter adds, to show the animosity which was prescribed him towards the enemy, the rival for favour of the first minister.[1]

If M. de Cinq-Mars had been less ardent, less haughty, and more able, he ought not to have placed himself in the wrong by a treaty with foreigners. He might have overthrown the old minister at less expense, and without attaching to his brow the label—*ally of the foreigner*, always detested by monarchical or republican nations, alike that of the constable de Bourbon and of Coriolanus. But he was twenty-two years old, and his head was not entirely applied to great affairs. He acted hastily, prompted by passion, against a man of experience, who knew how to wait coldly for circumstances which would place his enemy in a false position.

Upon the secret interrogatory.

(Extracted from the Registers.)

"M. de Cinq-Mars avowed to M. the chancellor that the strongest passion which had led him to act as he did was the desire to drive monsieur le cardinal from state affairs, against whom he had an aversion which he could neither overcome nor moderate.

"He said that six things had given him this aversion.

"1. The first, that after the siege of Arras, at the close of which he had been present, monsieur le cardinal had spoken of him as of a person who had not much courage.

"2. That after the alliance of M. le marquis de Sourdis

[1] There are few words as involuntarily and cruelly comical as those which he so often repeats: *He persuaded him to*, &c. Monsieur is thus represented as a school boy under the age of reason and not responsible, whom a tutor leads in some trifling errors. Preceptor of *twenty-two*! pupil of *thirty-four!* cruel witticism!

and his brother, the cardinal had said that M. de Sourdis had done honour to his family.

"3. That having desired to be created duke and peer, monsieur le cardinal had persuaded the king from it.

"4. That he had felt himself obliged to protect M. the archbishop of Bordeaux, whom he thought they desired to ruin.

"5. *That speaking to him of the princess Maria, he said that his mother wished to marry him to her;* his eminence said that his mother, madame d'Effiat, *was mad, and that if the princess Maria entertained the idea, she was more mad still;* that having been proposed as the wife of Monsieur, he (Cinq-Mars) would be vain and presumptuous to pretend to her; that it would be ridiculous.'

"6. That the cardinal had objected to the king admitting him to the council, and had him expelled from it."

(Page 315.)

"He was borne, says an ancient manuscript journal," &c. "His boat touched the shore at the Balme Bonneri. In this town, where many of the nobility awaited him, amongst others, M. le comte de Suze, monseigneur de Viviers, saluted him as he left his boat, but he was obliged to delay speaking to him, until he had reached the lodging which had been prepared for him in the town. When his boat came to the shore, a wooden bridge was placed from the boat to the land; after it had been ascertained to be safe, they brought out the bed in which the said lord was reclining, for he was ill with an ulcer in his arm. Six powerful men carried the litter upon two poles, and the holders in which the men placed their hands were covered with buff leather. They wore on the shoulders and around the neck certain straps lined with cotton, with buff leather handles, which sustained the bars passed through them. In this manner these men carried the bed and the said lord through the towns to the houses where he was to lodge. But that which astonished every one was that he entered the houses by the windows; for before he arrived, the masons whom he brought with him took out the windows of the houses, or made openings in

the walls of the chambers in which he was to lodge, and then made a wooden bridge which ascended from the street to the window or openings of his lodging; thus, in his portable bed, he passed through the streets, and along the bridge into another bed prepared for him in his chamber, which his officers had hung with scarlet and violet damask, and rich furniture. At Viviers he lodged in the house of Montargny, of the university of our church. They took out the window of the chamber which looks over the square, and the wooden bridge to ascend to it reached from the shop of Noël de Vielh, in the house of Ales on the north side, to the window into which the lord cardinal was carried in the manner aforesaid. His chamber was guarded on every side, under the window, and at the sides, and on the roof.

"His court or suite was composed of people of importance; civility, affability, and courtesy, went with them. The devotion with them was very great; the soldiers, who are generally indevout and impious, practised great devotions. The day after his arrival, Sunday, several of them confessed and communicated with demonstration of great piety; they committed no insolences in the town, living quite like young girls. The nobility, too, practised great devotion. When they were on the Rhone, although there were many boatmen, as well with the boats as with the horses, no one dared to blaspheme; it was quite miraculous how such men could exhibit such control over themselves. They were never heard to utter any words but those which were necessary for the management of their barques, and these so modestly, that every one was chanted.

"Monseigneur le cardinal Bigni lodged at the archdeacon's. The house of M. Panisse had been prepared for monseigneur the cardinal Mazarin; but on leaving St. Andeol, he took post to go to the king. Sunday the 25th, the said lord was carried back to his boat in the same order." (*Extract du journal manuscript de J. de Banne.*)

Last moments of MM. de Cinq-Mars and de Thou.

The bravery of M. de Cinq-Mars was bold, noble, and

elegant. There has been none better attested. If, after so many historical details, sketched in this work, new proofs were wanting, I should add, to confirm them, this letter from M. de Marca, and fragments of the report which follows, where we remark this passage:

"It is an incredible marvel that he never exhibited fear, trouble, emotion," &c.

The collection, entitled, *Journal de M. le Cardinal, duc de Richelieu qu'il a faict durant le grand orage de la court, en l'année* 1642, *tiré de ses Mémoires qu'il a escrit de sa main*, adds these words to the indictment:

"Monsieur de Cinq-Mars never changed countenance or tone; always the same sweetness, moderation, and confidence."

Tallemant des Reaux says, in his Mémoires, vol. i. p. 418, &c., &c., "M. le Grand was firm, and the internal combat he suffered did not appear on his countenance. He died with an astonishing grandeur of courage, and did not condescend to harangue the people. He would not have his eyes blindfolded. His eyes were open when he was struck, and he held the stake so firmly that it was with great difficulty they removed his arms. He was full of courage, and died like a gentleman. Although they had resolved not to subject him to the question, as the sentence purported, they, however, showed him the rack; this touched him, but did not induce him to forget his courageous mien, and he was already taking off his pourpoint, for, as he supposed, the torture, when they merely made him raise his hand to affirm the truth."

Several accounts add, that when conducted to the torture chamber, he exclaimed, *Whither are you leading me? How disagreeable the scent is here!* raising his handkerchief to his nose. This disdain appears to me to be one of those touches of *bravoure moqueuse* in which our history abounds.

It recals to me the jest of a young man, who, conducted to the scaffold of 1795, said to the driver of the tumbril: "Postilion, drive us well; you shall have *something to drink*." The French revenge themselves on death by jesting at it.

Fragment of a letter from Monsieur de Marca, councillor of state, to Monsieur de Brienne, secretary of state, describing what passed at the trial of Messieurs de Cinq-Mars and de Thou.

" Sir,—I thought you might be pleased to be informed of the principal things which passed at the sentence which has been pronounced against Messieurs le Grand and de Thou. I have therefore taken the liberty to narrate it to you in the present letter. Monsieur the chancellor commenced with the deposition of Monsieur the duke d'Orleans, which he received in judicial form at Ville Franche in Beau-Jolois, where Monsieur then was, and which was read to Monsieur in the presence of seven commissioners, who assisted monsieur the chancellor. In this, he declared that Monsieur le Grand had solicited him to unite with him, and with Monsieur de Bouillon, and to treat with Spain; which they all three resolved upon in the *Hotel de Venise*, in the fauxbourg St. Germain, about last New Year's day.

" Fontrailles was selected to proceed to Madrid, where he drew up the treaty with the count duke, by which the king of Spain promised to furnish twelve thousand foot and five thousand horse, tried troops, forty thousand crowns to monsieur to raise new levies, &c., &c. . . .

" The knowledge of the treaty without having revealed it, added to the proofs which are in the process, of interventions for the union of the accomplices, and the space of six weeks or more which M. de Thou passed with M. le Grand, lodging in his house near Perpignan, counselling him in his affairs, after the knowledge that the said sieur le Grand had treated with Spain, and therefore that he was guilty of the crime of high treason; all this combined to make the judges condemn de Thou, according to the laws of the ordinance expressly made and provided against those who have been acquainted with conspiracy against the state, and have not revealed it, even though their silence had not been accompanied by the many other circumstances observable in the case of the said sire de Thou. *He died in a truly Christian manner, and as a man of courage*, meriting a special description. Monsieur le Grand also displayed *a firmness*

always equal, and firmly reconciled to death, with an admirable coolness and Christian constancy and devotion. I intreat your permission to quit this mournful subject, to assure you that I continue in the respect," &c.

"MARCA."

"Lyons, this 16th September, 1642."

After the letter of M. de Marca, there was printed, in 1645, a journal, which has lately been attributed, on no very clear grounds, to a recorder of the city of Lyons. This report was greatly diffused at the time, and published, as we see, *one hundred and seventy-two years ago.* A portion of these details was reproduced in 1826, by the author of this work, who cited it, and its principal features are scattered in the course of the composition. However, some of these facts, for which there was no room, were designedly left out, and have been omitted in the reprints which have been made of this report. It will not be profitless to reproduce them here. They complete the portraits of the characters of this work, and show that the author has been religiously faithful to history, and has not allowed his imagination to go beyond the circle traced by truth.

"We have seen the favourite of the greatest and most just of kings lay his head upon the scaffold at the age of twenty-two, but with a firmness which can hardly be paralleled in our history. We have seen a councillor of state die like a saint, for a crime which men cannot justly pardon. There is no one in the world who, knowing their conspiracy against the state, would not consider them deserving of death. And there are few people, who, knowing their condition, and their noble natural qualities, would not pity their misfortune.

"Monsieur de Cinq-Mars arrived at Lyons, September the 4th, of this present year, 1642, at two o'clock in the afternoon, in a coach drawn by four horses, in which were gardes du corps, with their muskets in their hands, and surrounded by foot-guards to the number of a hundred, belonging to monsieur le cardinal-duke; before them marched two hundred cavalry, most of them Catalonians, and following them were three hundred others, well mounted

"M. le Grand was dressed in dark-coloured Holland cloth, covered with gold lace, and a scarlet mantle with large silver buttons: he being upon the pont du Rosne, before entering the town, asked monsieur Seyton, the lieutenant of the Scottish guards, if he would allow the door of the coach to be shut; which was refused him, and he was conducted over the pont Saint-Jean, and thence to the Change, and thence, by the Rue de Flandre, to the foot of the chateau de Pierre-Encise, showing himself, while passing through the streets, continually at one or the other door, saluting the people with a cheerful countenance, leaning half out of the carriage, and even recognising many persons, whom he saluted by their names.

"Arrived at Pierre-Encise, he was surprised when they told him he must alight, and get on horseback outside the town, to reach the castle.

"This is, then, the last ride I shall take," said he; for he had imagined that he was to go to the wood of Vincennes, and he had often asked the guards, whether they would allow him to hunt when he should be there?

"His prison was at the foot of the great tower of the castle, which had no other view than two little windows, which looked into a small garden, at the foot of which were guards. Monsieur Seyton slept with four guards in the ante-chamber, and there were guards at all the doors.

"Monsieur the cardinal Bichy went to visit him the next day, and asked whether he should like them to send some one with whom he might amuse himself in his prison. He replied, that he should be very glad, but that he did not deserve any one should take the trouble.

"Consequently, monsieur le cardinal de Lyons sent for the père Malavalette, jesuit, whom he commissioned to visit him, since he desired it; which he did on the 6th, at five in the morning, remaining with him until eight o'clock. He found him in a red damask bed, very uncomfortable, which made him pale and weak. The good father knew so well how to please him, that he asked for him again in the evening; and so he continued to visit him, morning and evening, the whole time of his imprisonment; and he afterwards made a report to messieurs the cardinal-duke and the cardinal de Lyons, and to monsieur the chancellor,

of all that he had said; and this same father had a long conference with his ducal eminence, although the latter gave audience to no one at the time.

"On the seventh, monsieur the chancellor went to visit monsieur de Cinq-Mars, and treated him very civilly, telling him that he had no reason to fear, but, on the contrary, to hope everything that was to his advantage; that he well knew he had to deal with a good judge, who would assuredly not forget the favours he had received from *his benefactor;* that he well knew that it was through his goodness and power that the king had not deprived him of his charge; that this favour was so great, that it not only merited an enduring remembrance, but also eternal gratitude; and that this was one of the occasions on which to show his gratitude. The apparent reasons for these professions was, that monsieur le Grand had once softened the king, who was greatly enraged against monsieur the chancellor; but the true reason was the fear that M. de Cinq-Mars might refuse to have him for judge, and appeal to the parliament of Paris, *in order that he might be delivered by the people, who loved him passionately.*

"Monsieur le Grand replied, that this courtesy filled him with shame and confusion; but, however, said he, I see clearly, by the manner in which they are proceeding in this affair, that they are determined to have my life; *it is all over with me, the king has abandoned me. look upon myself as a victim whom they are about to sacrifice to the passions of my enemies and the king's weakness.* To which monsieur the chancellor replied, that these sentiments were not just, and that his experience was quite to the contrary. 'May God grant it be so,' said monsieur le Grand, 'but I cannot believe it.'

"On the 8th, monsieur the chancellor went to hear him, accompanied by six masters of requests, two presidents, and six counsellors of Grenoble, who having questioned him from six in the morning to two in the afternoon, could get nothing from him to make out the case."

This report, which, as I have said, was printed at the end of the letter of M. de Marca, has also this curious anecdote, which attests the incredible firmness of mind of M. de Thou:

"After his confession, he was visited by father Jean Terrasse, of the convent of the Observance de Saint François at Tarascon, who had visited and consoled him during his imprisonment at Tarascon. He was glad to see him, and walked with him some time, holding a spiritual conversation. This father came in connexion with a vow which M. de Thou had made at Tarascon, which was, should he be delivered, to found a chapel of three hundred livres annual rent in the church of the Pères Cordeliers of this town of Tarascon. He gave orders for this foundation, desiring to acquit himself of his vow, since God, he said, was about to deliver him, not only from a prison of stone, but also from the prison of his body. He asked for ink and paper, and wrote this beautiful inscription, which he directed to be placed in this chapel:

Christo liberatori,
votum in carcere pro libertate
conceptum.

Fran. August. Thuanus
e carcere vitæ jam jam
liberandus merito solvit.

XII Septemb. M.D.C.XLII.
confitebor tibi, Domine, quoniam
exaudisti me, et factus es mihi
in salutem.

"In this inscription we must admire the readiness and clearness of his mind, and it will make those who consider it acknowledge that the fear of death had not the power to cause him any agitation of mind. He begged M. Thomé to give his compliments to the cardinal de Lyons, and to inform him, that had it pleased God to deliver him from this peril, he had designed to quit the world, and to give himself up entirely to the service of God.

"He wrote two letters, which were taken open to M. the chancellor, and then placed in the hands of his confessor to read them; these letters being sealed, he said: 'There are my last thoughts for the world, let us depart for Paradise.' And from that time he continued without

interruption his spiritual discourses, and confessed a second time. He asked at intervals whether the time for the execution approached, when they were to be bound, and begged that they would inform him when the executor of justice was there, that he might embrace him; but he only saw him on the scaffold."

The paraphrase made by M. de Thou.

Father Montbrun, M. de Thou's confessor, is quoted in this report, and gives these details:

"M. de Thou, kneeling on the scaffold, also recited the 115th Psalm, and paraphrased it in French, nearly all through, in a firm voice and with vigorous action, with great fervour, mingled with a holy joy, incredible to those who did not witness it. This is the paraphrase he made, which I would fain accompany with the action which he applied to it; I have endeavoured to retain his own words.

"'*Credidi, propter quod locutus sum.* My God, *credidi;* I have believed, and I believe firmly, that you are my Creator and my gracious Father; that you suffered for me, that you redeemed me with your most precious blood, that you have opened Paradise for me. *Credidi,* I ask of you, my God, one grain, one little grain of that living faith which inflamed the hearts of the first Christians: *Credidi, propter quod locutus sum.* Grant, O my God, that I may not speak to you with my lips only, but that my heart may respond to my words, and my will not belie my mouth: *Credidi,* My God, my tongue adores you not; I have not sufficient eloquence; but I adore you in spirit, yes, in spirit; my God, I adore in spirit and in truth! Yes! *credidi,* I have confided in you, my God, and I have abandoned myself to your mercy, after the many favours you have granted me; *propter quod locutus sum;* and in this confidence I have spoken, I have said all, I have accused myself.

"'*Ego autem humiliatus nimis.* It is true, Lord, that I am humbled exceedingly, but still not so much so as I deserve. *Ego dixi in excessu meo: Omnis homo mendax.* Ah! how true it is that the whole world is but falsehood, folly, and vanity! Ah! how true it is! *Omnis homo mendax!*

Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi. (He repeated this with great vehemence.) *Calicem salutis accipiam.* My father, we must drink this chalice of death courageously; yes, I receive it willingly, and am ready to drink it to the dregs.

"'*Et nomen Domini invocabo.* You will aid me,' he said, turning to me, 'my father, to implore the Divine assistance, that it may please God to fortify my weakness, and to give me the courage I need to drink the cup which God in his goodness has prepared for my salvation.'

"He passed over the two following verses of the Psalm, and exclaimed in a loud and animated voice: '*Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea!* O my God, you have done a great thing for me! you have broken the ties which bound me so strongly to the world! It needed a divine power to disengage me from them: *Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea!*' These are the exact words he uttered here. 'Those who have brought me here have done me a great service; what obligations do I not owe them! Yes, they have done me a great good, since they have taken me from this world, to place me in Heaven!'

"Here his confessor reminded him that he must pardon everything, and have no resentment against them. At this word he turned towards the father, still on his knees as he was, and with a graceful action! 'What, my father, say you of resentment. Ah! God knows, God is my witness that I love them with my whole heart, and that in my heart there is no animosity towards any one in the world. *Dirupisti, Domine, vincula mea, tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis.* Behold the host, Lord, (pointing to himself,) behold the host which is now to be sacrificed to you. *Tibi sacrificabo hostiam laudis et nomen Domini invocabo. Vota mea Domine reddam* (stretching out his arms and looking round with an agreeable movement, and a cheerful and radiant countenance) '*in conspectu omnis populi ejus.* Yes, Lord, I will render up to you my wishes, my spirit, my heart, my soul, my life, *in conspectu omnis populi ejus,* before all this people, in the sight of this assembly! *In atriis domus Domini, in medio tui, Jerusalem. In atriis domus Domini.* We are here at the entrance of the Lord, yes, it is from hence, it is from Lyons, from Lyons that we shall mount

above,' (raising his arms towards heaven.) 'Lyons, I owe thee more gratitude than to my birth-place, which only bestowed upon me a miserable life, whilst thou givest me this day, an eternal life! *in medio tui, Jerusalem.* Nay, truly I am too eager for this death. Is it not wrong, my father?' he said in a lower tone, smiling, and turning towards me. 'I am too happy! Is there not vanity in this? I would not have it so.'"

Details of the Execution of M. de Cinq-Mars.

(From the same Report.)

"It is an almost incredible wonder that he displayed no fear, trouble, or emotion, but appeared always gay, assured, unalterable, and showed so much firmness of spirit, that all those who saw him are still astonished at it.

"M. de Cinq-Mars, without having his eyes bandaged, laid his neck upon the block very properly, holding his face straight out towards the front of the scaffold; and tightly embracing the stake with his arms, he closed his eyes and mouth, awaiting the blow which the executioner gave him, deliberately and heavily, standing on his left, and holding his axe in both hands. Upon receiving the blow, he sent forth a loud cry, 'Ah!' which was stifled in his blood; he raised his knees above the block, as if about to rise, and then subsided into the position in which he was before; the head not being entirely separated from the body by the blow, the executioner passed behind to the right, and taking the head by the hair with his right hand, with the left he sawed off part of the tracheal artery, and the skin of the neck which was not cut through; and then threw the head on the scaffold, whence it bounded to the ground, *where it was remarked that it still made half a turn more, and palpitated for some time.* The face was turned towards the nuns of Saint-Pierre, and the crown of the head towards the scaffold, with the eyes open. His body remained firm against the block, which he still embraced, until the executioner dragged it away, to strip it, which he did, and then covered it with a cloth, and threw his cloak over it; the head having been placed upon the scaffold, was laid with the body under the same cloth."

The execution of M. de Thou, like that of M. de Cinq-

Mars, resembles an assassination. I give the account of it, from the same journal; more horribly minute than in the letter from Montrésor:

"The executioner came to cover his eyes with the handkerchief, but he did it badly, placing the corners of the handkerchief so that they covered his mouth; he raised it, and arranged it better. He adored the crucifix before setting his neck upon the block. He kissed the blood of Cinq-Mars, which had remained there; then he laid his neck firmly upon the block, which a Jesuit brother had wiped with his handkerchief, because it was wet with blood, and asked this brother whether he was well placed? who told him to advance his head somewhat further; which he did. At the same time, the executioner perceiving that the strings of his shirt were not untied, and that they tightened his throat, put his hand to the collar to unfasten them; feeling this, he asked, 'What is it? must I take off my shirt?' and already began to do so. They answered, 'No, you must merely untie the strings;' which having done, he turned down his shirt collar, and laid bare his neck and shoulders, and having again placed his neck upon the block, he pronounced his last words, which were, 'Maria mater gratiæ, mater misericordia: in manus tuas," and then his arms began to tremble, awaiting the blow, which was struck high in the neck too near the head, by which blow his neck was cut only half through; the body fell on the left side of the block on its back, the face turned towards Heaven, moving the legs, and feebly raising the hands. The executioner wanted to turn him over, to finish as he had begun, but terrified by the cries which were raised against him, he struck him two or three blows upon the throat, and thus severed his head, which remained on the scaffold.

"The executioner having stripped him, carried his body, covered with a cloth, to the carriage which had brought them; where he also placed that of M. de Cinq-Mars, and their heads, which both had the eyes still open, especially that of M. de Thou, which appeared alive. Thence they were taken to the Feuillants, where M. de Cinq-Mars was interred before the high altar under the balustrade of the said church, through the goodness and authority of

M. du Gay, the treasurer of France in the district of Lyons. M. de Thou was embalmed by the care of his sister, and placed in a leaden coffin to be carried to the family vault.

"Such was the end of these two persons, who certainly merited to leave to posterity other memory than that of their death. I leave every person to form his own judgment of them, and content myself with pointing out that it is a great lesson for us of the inconstancy of the things of this world and the frailty of our nature."

The last will of these two noble young men have come down to us in the letters which they wrote after their sentence was pronounced. That of M. de Cinq-Mars to the maréchale d'Effiat, his mother, may appear cold to some persons, from the difficulty they may experience in transporting themselves to that epoch, when, in the most serious circumstances, people sought rather to repress their emotions than to express them with warmth, and in which great people, in their writings and conversation, avoided the *pathetic* as much as we cultivate it.

Letter from M. le Grand to his mother the maréchale d'Effiat.

"Madam, my dearest and highly honoured mother; I write to you, since I am not permitted to see you, to intreat you, madam, to give me two last marks of your goodness. The first, madam, that you will give to my soul as many prayers as possible for my salvation; the other, that you obtain from the king the money I expended in my office of master of the horse, and what was owing to me otherwise in respect of it, before it was taken from me; and if this favour be not granted, that you will have the generosity to pay my creditors. All matters of this world are of such trifling interest that you cannot refuse me this last request, which I make for the repose of my soul. Believe me, madam, in this, should your own sentiment be opposed to my wish, since I, whose every step conducts me to a near death, am more capable than yourself of judging the value of the things of this world. Adieu! madam; forgive me if I have ever failed in my

respect towards you during my lifetime, and rest assured that I die,

"My beloved and much honoured mother, your very humble, very obedient, and very obliged son and servant,

"HENRI D'EFFIAT DE CINQ-MARS."

The original manuscript is in the Royal Library at Paris, (MSS. No. 9327,) written in a firm and calm hand.

The last letter of François-Auguste de Thou.

We have seen that, left alone in his prison, M. de Thou wrote a letter which was given to his confessor. "Here," said he, "is the last thought I shall have for this world." We have seen the efforts he made to detach himself from this last thought, and the fervent prayers he repeated; striking his breast, he prays God to have mercy upon him; he rejects the world; he already envelops himself in his shroud. This last thought was the most cruel that can tear the heart of man; it was a last look towards a beloved woman; it was an adieu to his mistress, the princess de Gueméné. Its tone is grave, and the respect for rank is not neglected any more than that of his own personal dignity, and the solemn moment which approaches. I have recently found this precious letter (Biblioth. Royale de Paris, manusc. No. 9276, p. 233). It runs thus:

"Madam—I have never felt under an obligation to you during my whole life until this moment, when about to leave it; I lose it with the less regret that you have rendered it *unhappy* to me. I hope that the life of the other world will be very different for me from this, and that I shall find there happiness as much above the imagination of man, as it should be above his hope; mine, madam, is founded only on the goodness of God and the merits of the passion of his Son, alone capable of effacing my sins, for which I am answerable to his justice, and which are of such excess that nothing but his mercy can exceed them. I entreat your pardon, madam, with my whole heart, for all I may have done which may have displeased you, and I make the same prayer to all *the persons whom I have hated for your sake*, protesting to you, madam, *that*, as far as the fidelity I owe to my God will allow it,

I die, madam, *too assuredly*, your very humble and very obedient servant. DE THOU."

"Lyons, this 12 September, 1642."

How bitter a reproach; how melancholy a recurrence to life! If this woman were worthy of him, how could she have received such a letter and live! Could she ever be consoled for having deserved such a farew ell?

The life of madame la princesse de Gueméné scarcely permits us to think that it was her severity that caused such sorrow, such profound grief. Tallemant des Réaux says, in several places, that M. de Thou was her lover. "*They say*," he adds (tom. 1, p. 418), "*that he wrote to her after his condemnation!*" It is this letter which we have just read. It appears to me to be written by a man like the misanthrope of Molière, but with more piety; *all the persons whom I have hated* for your sake, painfully resembles:

"C'est que tout l' univers est bien reçu de vous."

But let us not seek to pry into griefs which nothing betrays but the last sigh at the foot of the scaffold.

UPON NON-DISCLOSURE.

The life of every celebrated man has one sole and precise meaning, visible at first glance to those who can judge the great events of the past, and which, I hope, has remained in the mind of those who have attentively read *Cinq-Mars*. The blood of François-Auguste de Thou flowed in the name of a sacred idea, and which will remain such so long as the religion of honour shall exist among us; it is the *impossibility of denunciation from the lips of the man of honour*.

Statesmen of every age, who have endeavoured to introduce denunciation, have hitherto completely failed, to the glory of our country. The fact that it was Louis XI., whose character was baseness itself, and his genius treachery, who first attempted this enterprise, is in itself a stain upon it; but this tree of evil, which he planted at Plessis-les-Tours, did not bring forth its poisonous fruit; and no one was found to denounce a citizen.

"Et, sa tête à la main, demander son salaire."

The reward was, however, set forth in the edict of Louis XI., dated *twenty-second day of December, one thousand four hundred and seventy-seven;* an edict easy to comprehend in such a monarch, at the moment when the count de La Marche, Jacques d'Armagnac, had just had his head cut off for high treason, and his lands, an immense property, impudently distributed among his judges; a monstrous inheritance, unheard of since the days of Tiberius and Nero; and which was accomplishing, while they forced the children of the condemned to receive, drop by drop upon their foreheads, the blood of their father from the scaffold above. After this fine stroke, he might go on, and imagine he had a right so to despise France as to cast at her such an edict, and to propose to her new infamies. Accustomed as he was to make a perpetual traffic in consciences for ready money, never making a step without a purse in one hand and an axe in the other, he followed the old maxim, which is no great effort of genius, and which Machiavel has so highly praised; to place men between hope and fear. Louis XI. played his game subtly; but, at last, France arose and nobly played hers, showing him that she had other men than his barber. Despite the word of his invention, for we must honourably give it him, despite the softened translation of *denunciation* into *revelation*, no one person deliberately left his own house to go and repeat a secret which, in the openness of friendship, had escaped another at the table or fireside. The vile ordinance was forgotten, until the time when the cardinal de Richelieu ordered its resurrection. M. de Thou had no stronghold to give in exchange for his pardon, like M. de Bouillon, and his death would add to the terror inspired by that of Cinq-Mars; if he had been pardoned, he would have been a young and virtuous censor; destined to survive the old minister, he would, perhaps, like his father, be an historian, and write the life of the cardinal; and would be a judge in his turn, an inflexible judge, indignant at the death of his friend, M. le Grand. M. de Richelieu thought of all this, and these reasons, which do not escape me, would not escape him. For the sake of mere impartiality, let us *forget his* angry quip about the president de Thou: "*he put*

my name in his history, I'll place his in mine." Acquit him of vengeance, there still remains an inflexible hardness of heart, profound bad faith, and the most immoral egoism.[1] The virtuous life of M. de Thou, which might become useful to a state where everything was becoming corrupt, was disagreeable and dangerous to the minister. He did not hesitate; let us not hesitate, then, to judge this justice. We must by all means ascertain the grounds of these celebrated *state reasons*, which have been converted by some into a kind of holy ark not to be touched. Bad actions leave us the germ of bad laws, and there is no passing minister who does not seek to plant them, to preserve the source of his borrowed power, through love for this doubtful *eclat*. One thing may, however, reassure us, that when such an idea is hatched in the brain of a political person, the gestation is long and painful, the birth would probably prove the death of the parent, and the failure a clear public happiness.

I do not think there is in history a fact more adapted than the trial of Auguste de Thou to testify against this fatal idea, should the evil genius of France ever will that the proposition of a law of non-revelation be renewed.

As nothing more inspires sound replies, or presents them in clearer expressions, than imminent danger to a superior man, I see that from the first M. de Thou went to the bottom of the question of right and possibility, with his reason, and to the bottom of the question of sentiment and honor with his noble heart. Let us listen to him:

"The day of his confrontation with M. de Cinq-Mars, he said:[2] 'that after having deeply communed with himself whether he ought to declare to the king (seeing him every day at the camp of Perpignan) the knowledge he had of this treaty, he resolved for several reasons not to mention it. 1st. he must have accused Monsieur, the king's brother, of a state crime; and monsieur de

[1] Dupuy has it in his Memoires that when the exempt brought him the letter from the chancellor, which announced the sentence:

"And M. de Thou also!" said the cardinal, with an air of satisfaction. "M. le Chancellor has delivered me from a great burthen. But Picart they have no executioner there." We see he thought of everything.

[2] See the interrogation and confrontation (12th September, 1642). Journal of M. le Cardinal duke, written with his own hand (p. 190).

Bouillon, and M. le Grand, *who were all much more powerful* and more accredited than he, and that it was certain he would succumb in this action, of which he had no verifying proof.

"'I could not have cited,' says he, 'the testimony of Fontrailles, who was absent; and monsieur le Grand would, perhaps, have denied then that he had spoken to me of it. I should have then passed for a calumniator, and my honour, which will ever be dearer to me than my life, would have been irreparably lost.

"'2. As to M. le Grand,'" he adds those words which have been already quoted, and which possess an incomparable beauty, in their antique, I might almost say, evangelic simplicity; "he held me to be his only and faithful friend, and I would not betray him."

Whatever may be the secret enterprise assumed, whether against a crowned head, or against the constitution of a democratic state, or against the bodies which represent a nation; whatever may be the nature of the execution of the plot; whether assassination, or expulsion by armed force, or insurrection of the people, or corruption and revolt of the paid soldiery, the situation will be the same between the conspirator and him who has received his confidence. His first thought will be the irreparable and eternal loss of his honour and his name, either as calumniator, if he furnishes no proofs, or as a base informer if he gives them; punished in the first case by ignominious penalties, punished in the second by the public detestation, which points him out with the finger as stained with the blood of his friends.

When M. de Thou deigned to explain this first cause of silence, I believe that it was in order to place himself on a level with the minds which judged him, and in order to enter into the general tone of the trial, and the precise terms of the laws, that ever assume themselves made only for the basest souls, which they circumscribe and press upon by gross barriers, and an inexorable and uniform necessity. He demonstrated that he could not have been an informer, even had he wished it. He implies: "If I had been infamous, I could not have *accom*plished my infamy; no one would have believed

me." But after these few words upon the physical impossibility, he adds the motive of the moral impossibility, a genuine motive, and one of an immutable, eternal verity, which all religions have recognised and sanctified, which all nations have held in honour: "*He held me to be his friend.*"

Not only did he not betray him, but it will be observed that in all his interrogatories and confrontations with M. de Bouillon and M. de Cinq-Mars, he names and compromises no one.[1]

"Immediately I was alone with M. de Thou," says Fontrailles, in his memoirs, "he told me of the journey I had just made into Spain, which much surprised me, for I believed that it had been concealed from him, in conformity with the deliberation which had been taken on the subject. When I asked him how he had learned it, he declared to me very frankly in confidence, 'that he knew it from the queen, and that she had it from Monsieur.'

"I was not ignorant that her majesty had greatly desired a cabal to be got up, and had contributed to it with all her power."[2]

M. de Thou might, then, have supported himself upon this authority; but he knows that he shall thus cause queen Anne of Austria to be persecuted, and he is silent. He is also silent concerning the king himself, and does not deign to repeat what he said to the cardinal in his private interview. He will not receive his life at this price.

As to M. de Cinq-Mars, he has but one reason to give: *he held me to be his friend.* Even had he, instead of being a proved friend, been merely a man connected with M. de Cinq-Mars by transient relations, *he held him to be his friend,* he had faith in him, *and he would not betray him.* Everything is in that.

When the Christian religion instituted confession, it, as I have elsewhere said, deified confidence; as people might have distrusted their confidant, it hastened to declare the priest who should reveal the avowal made to his

[1] See the interrogatory and proces-verbal, prepared by M. le Chancellor, &c., &c., 1642.

[2] Narrative of M. de Fontrailles.

ear, criminal and worthy of eternal death. Nothing less than this could suddenly transform a stranger into a friend, a brother, and cause a Christian to open his soul to the first comer, to the unknown person whom he may never see again, and sleep at night in peace, as sure of his secret as if he had told it to God alone.

Thus, all that the confessor could do, with the assistance of his faith and the authority of the church, has been to attain the being considered by the penitent as a friend, to effect those salutary overflowings, those sacred tears, those complete narratives, those reserveless confidences which grave and true friendship, before the institution of confession, had alone the right to receive; friendship, the holy friendship which returns in virtuous counsel what it receives in guilty avowals.

If, then, the confessor pretends to the tenderness of heart, to the supreme goodness of the friend, what friend ought not to regard as his first duty the entire security of the secret deposited in him, as in the tabernacle of the confessor.

And it is not merely of the old and tried friend that we speak, but of every man who, by another man, has been treated as a friend; of the first comer who, hand linked in hand, has received a serious confidence. The right of hospitality is as old as the institution of the family, old as the human race itself; no tribe, no horde, however savage it may be, conceives the possibility of delivering up its guest. A secret is a guest, seeking refuge in the heart of an honest man, as in an inviolable asylum. Whosoever delivers up that secret, and sells it, is out of the law of nations.

It were a deep shame indeed for the government that could only maintain its brief existence at the price of such barbarian laws, or stand erect except by the aid of such dark supports. But even though it wished to make use of them, it could not. For it to be practicable, civilization must have progressed with the wrong foot foremost. But the world has attained a general delicacy of sentiment, which renders it out of the question even to suggest such public actions. It is quite extraordinary, indeed, how things, perfectly *permissible* and understood only a few centuries back, are

now not done, or said, or even seriously named; and this without any of them having been formally abolished. But this is one of those genuine changes of manners which bring forth genuine and enduring laws. What country is there now, however remote, where the man judging would venture to outrage public opinion by arrogating to himself the spoils of the man judged? All laws are not the work of human hands: the law which prohibits this monstrous inheritance is not a written law; it has tacitly set up its pillar amongst us. By its side is that which says, *that man should not be a denouncer*—and the humblest journalist in our day would not venture to sit down at the table of him who had failed in obedience to this law.

If the politicians of our time must need revive some old engine of barbarian ages, I should, for my part, prefer the bringing out, and cleaning, and polishing, and applying the thumb-screw and the rack; for these and the other instruments of torture would, at all events, defile only the body, and not the soul of God's creatures. They might, perhaps, extort a shriek from the agonized flesh, but the cry of the nerves and the bones under the red-hot pincers were less dishonourable to a government than the frigid buying and selling of a man's head, as it were, over a counter: in the annals of the vile, no name stands lower than that of JUDAS.

Yes; better the peril of the prince, than the demoralization of the whole human species. Better the downfal of a dynasty, or of a particular form of government; better that even of a nation—for all these things may be replaced, may be formed again—than the death of virtue in man.

END OF NOTES.

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